Aug. 25, 1975

THE NEW YORKER

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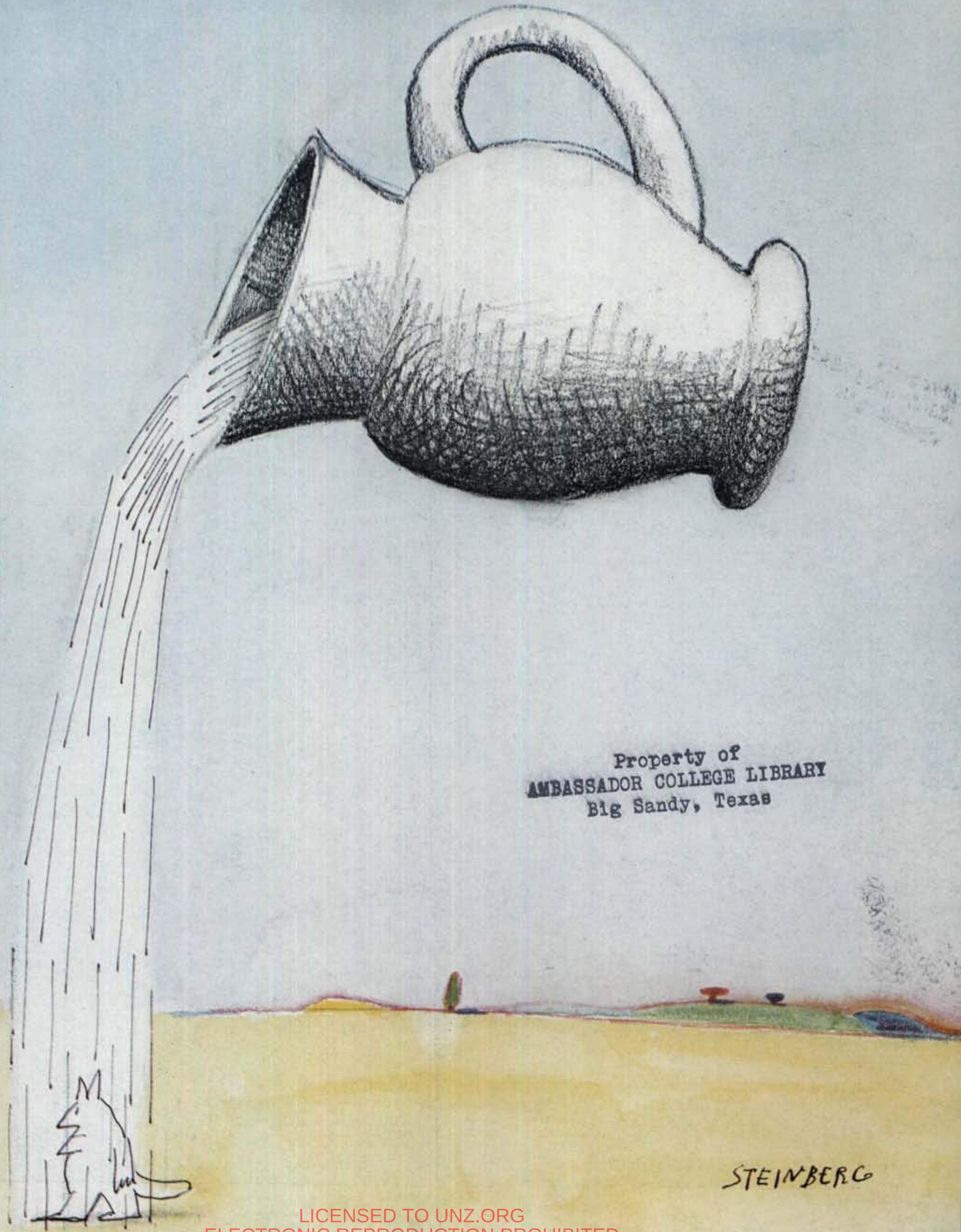

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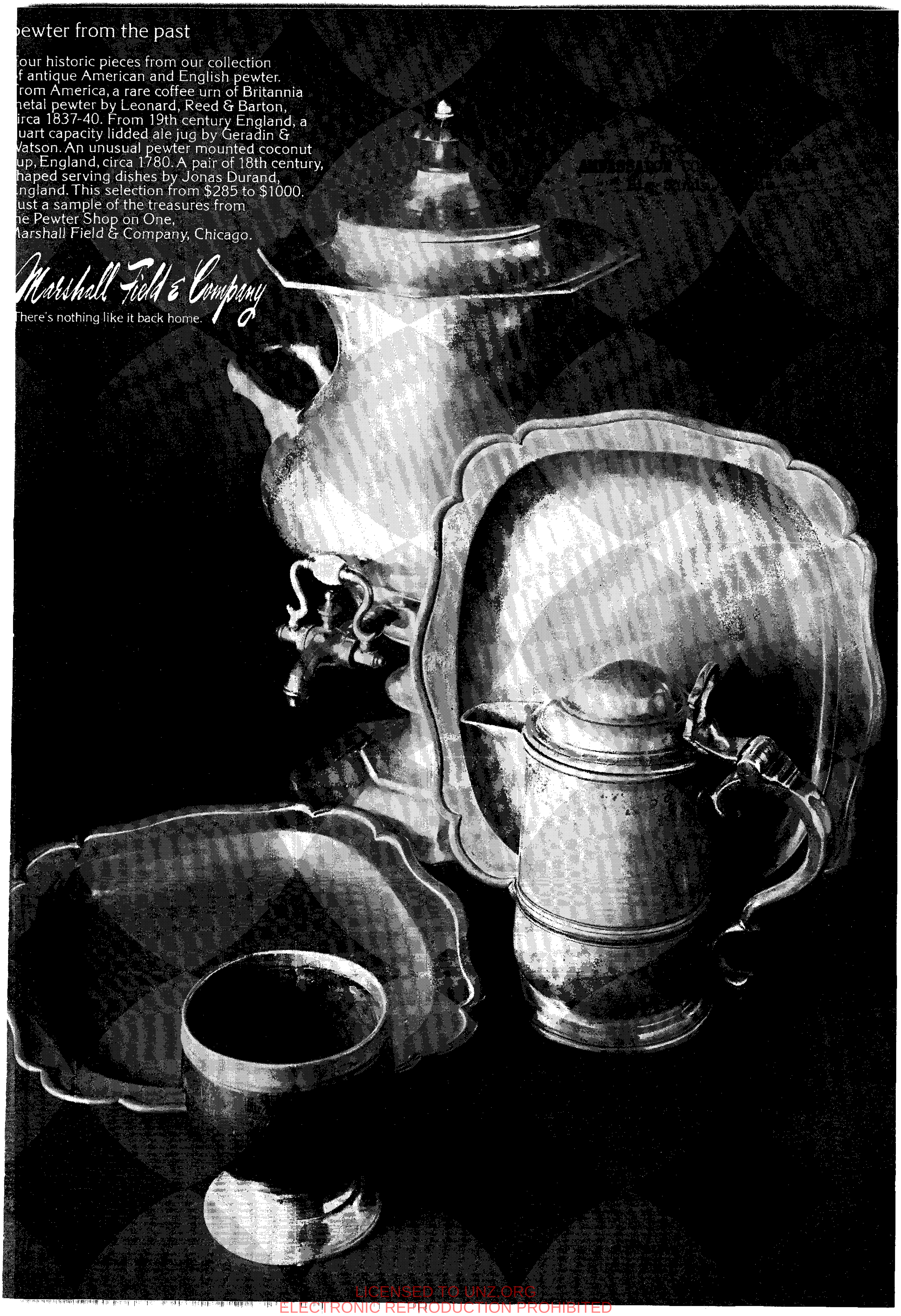

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Liza Minnelli (substituting for Gwen Verdon), Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dance with Me—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of the Arthur Miller play, well worth seeing for George C. Scott's enactment of the dying Willy Loman. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and **Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh**—The management has extended the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Wiz—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**absurd person singular:** Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Geraldine Page, Carol Lynley, Scott McKay, Paul Shyre, Marilyn Clarke, and Curt Dawson. Starting Monday, Aug. 25, Sheila MacRae will replace Miss Page for two weeks. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **candide:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **equus:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Thomas Hulce, and Marian Seldes. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the fantasticks:** 6,377 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **pippin:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **raisin:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **sherlock holmes:** Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with Robert Stephens as Holmes and

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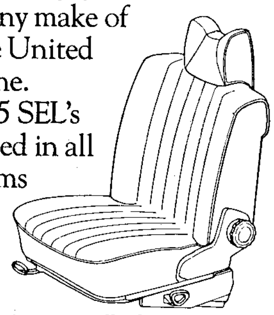

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23. Steel Belted Radial Tires.
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25. Tachometer/Quartz Clock.
26. Tinted Glass (all around).
27. Velour Carpeting.
28. Visor Vanity Mirror.

Mercedes-Benz

Engineered like no other car in the world.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

ALVIN AILEY CITY CENTER DANCE THEATRE—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8: "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "A Song for You," "Portrait of Billie," and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Dance for Six," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2: "Blues Suite," "A Song for You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "The Mooche."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 1: "Blues Suite," "A Song for You," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 7: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Mooche," and "Revelations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Relaxed, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. Pianist Cedar Walton works with tenor saxophonist George Coleman, drummer Billy Higgins, and bassist Sam Jones through Saturday, Aug. 23. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

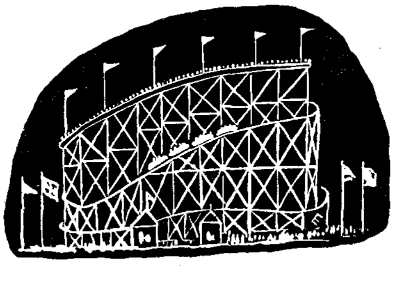
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock-and-rollers Al Kooper and Nils Lofgren share the bill on Wednesday, Aug. 20. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 21-23, rock singer and organist Felix Cavaliere makes his appearance, as do the Outlaws, a rock band whose members look almost as tough as Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 25-27, will be given over to Latin percussionist Ray Barretto and reedman Carlos Garnett and his jazz combo. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show will turn up on Friday, Aug. 29. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist Barry Harris and a bassist perform in this crowded, buzzing, wood-panelled bar Mondays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, a mansion with many rooms, is present with Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH** and his youthful big band finish up a current stand in their ritzy metal-and-glass home base on Saturday, Aug. 23. High-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** and his band will alternate with the Riches on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, and then have the place to themselves the following week. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Dancing on Fridays and Saturdays after the second show. Supper. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one.... ¶ On Sundays, Stella Marrs, an easy-going soul singer and a WRVR-FM radio personality, claims the center of the room for herself and her two backup musicians—bassist Lisle Atkinson and pianist Harold Mabern. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic



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Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** sits in with the regulars on Tuesday, Aug. 26. Pianist Red Richards plays all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**SUN RA** and his Humanitarian Arkestra, a thirteen-person collective, travel through time, space, and, perhaps, the audience. Music from ten to three. Chinese and American snacks. Closed Mondays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Claude Hopkins on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Nick Sassone or Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky takes charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and many others over the past forty years, does quite well with tenorman Flip Phillips, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues in this restaurant, which is situated smack-dab in the middle of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Sundays through Thursdays from ten until three.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Novella Nelson does some dramatic, stylized vocals through Sunday, Aug. 24. **STEVE GOODMAN**, an entertaining folksinger and composer of "City of New Orleans" and "Chicken Cordon Blues," will appear on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 25-26. On Wednesday, Aug. 27, Batdorf & Rodney, a West Coast-rock duo, will start performing. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—This room with a view is presenting harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** and his quartet at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, **LEE KONITZ'S** nonet dominates the room. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23, drummer Tadashi Yasunasa leads a trio, featuring guitarist Masuo. Sunday night, Aug. 24, is **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar-duet night. Music weeknights from nine-thirty; Sunday from nine. Closes after Sunday, Aug. 24, for a week's vacation.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—On Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, the musicians are bassist Mickey Bass and pianist Bert Ekoff. Bassist Jack Six works with guitarist Harry Leahey Friday through Sunday, Aug. 22-24. The Wayne Gabriel trio is here Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 27-28, and pianist Mike Abene, bassist Michael Moore, and guitarist Mike Gary are scheduled from Friday through Sunday, Aug. 29-31. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The excellent Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—**CECIL MC BEE**, a wonderfully colorful bassist, leads a sextet in this pleasant, hassle-free Bowery restaurant on Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, a blues quintet called Cakewalk appears. Music from ten-thirty. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, a musical humanist-explorer who has been there and back, finishes two weeks with his exemplary quintet on Sunday, Aug. 24. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, bassist **CHARLES MINGUS** will start supplying the jazz. Music nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Trumpeter **CLARK TERRY** energizes his fivesome through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Tuesday, Aug. 26, reedman **ARCHIE SHEPP** will arrive with his quintet. Mondays have been turned over to **GIL EVANS** and his youthful, up-to-date, highly percussive sixteen-piece aggregation. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood-and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. The Warren Court, an outfit that includes former Basie-ites Earle Warren on alto sax and pianist Dill Jones, is here on Wednesdays. A bop quintet takes the stand on Thursdays and Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by tenor saxophonists Paul Quinichette and Buddy Tate and their quartet. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

Charlie Parker Tribute—Hank Jones' band, Jackie McLean's septet, Al Haig, Chris Connor, and Tony Middleton. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 8.)

Graham Central Station and **the Commodores**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7:30 and 11:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Calder—A new series of Aubusson tapestries woven from his rollicking designs. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Five large sculptures. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

David Smyth—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through Friday, Aug. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints on the subject of the sea by more than a hundred fifty artists. Through Sept. 13. . . . **far gallery**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Realist paintings and drawings devoted to views of buildings, by fifteen gallery artists. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Karel Appel, Paul Jenkins, and others, plus sculptures by Barbara Hepworth. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by John Heliker, William Glackens, Leonard DeLonga, and others. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St. . . . **arras**, 29 W. 57th St.; Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10 to 5:30. . . . **castelli**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.; weekdays, 11:30 to 4. . . . **larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.; Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St. . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Group Shows—At the **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: An exhibition of holograms done by artists here and abroad during the last ten years. Holography is a recently developed process that uses laser light to create a three-dimensional image on a photographic plate. . . . ¶ Two photo essays concerning California—one, by Richard Misrach, follows the trail of the flower children of the sixties, and the other, by Roger Minick, consists mostly of landscapes. Both exhibitions through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays and Sundays.) . . . **knoedler**, 21 E. 70th St.: Another exhibit of holography. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Conceptual photographs (arranged objects or figures) by Man Ray, Frederick Sommer, Clarence John Laughlin, and Robert Cumming. Through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: A show of Kodak advertisements that ran in the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the *Youth's Companion*, and other publications between 1900 and 1924. Through Wednesday, Aug. 27. (Tuesdays, 1 to 5; Wednesdays, 1 to 7.) . . . **new-york historical society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A reinstallation of part of last year's show of photographs of lower Manhattan. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **nikon house**, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.: Travel photographs (all of them in color) that have appeared in *Travel & Leisure*, by thirteen photographers, among them Burt Glinn, Slim Aarons, and John Lewis Stage. Through Friday, Aug. 29. . . . **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Photographs by Julia Margaret Cameron along with the works of gallery photographers. Through Tuesday, Aug. 26. (Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **whitney downtown museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Photographs by Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and others. Through Wednesday, Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

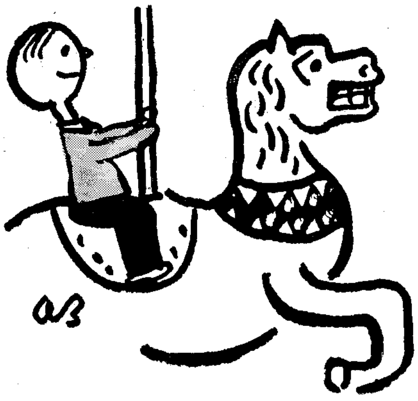
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibit jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "George Washington: Icon for America" is a display of about a hundred everyday objects bearing his likeness—wallpaper, cigar bands, a three-cent stamp—dating from the seventeen seventies to the present. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings that depict this country as seen by Europeans between 1492 and 1776. Through Sept. 14. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45, and Thursday evenings until 8:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Modern Masters: Manet to Matisse," an exhibition of more than a hundred paintings by European artists on loan from both public and private collections. Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A showing of prints celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the French Cubist Jacques Villon (1875-1963). Through Sept. 21. . . . ¶ "Picture Puzzles" is a show of about forty conceptual photographs. Through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Posters, advertisements, record-album covers, book jackets, and magazine illustrations by Milton Glaser. Through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen of his oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition focusses on the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, on Eighth Street. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A couple of hundred items from the museum's collection of abstract art acquired over the past forty-five years and including recent purchases of the work of Stella, Noguchi, and Willem de Kooning. Through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ About twenty portraits in the folk-art tradition by Sheldon Peck, a nineteenth-century Vermont portraitist who divided his time between painting and farming. Through Oct. 5. . . . ¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth) ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)



Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Photographs, primarily abstract images, selected for their emphasis on texture, by such ranking artists as Paul Strand, Edward Weston, and Imogen Cunningham. Through Wednesday, Aug. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition, arranged in conjunction with the International Center of Photography, of photographs of the landscape and people of the Himalayan countries. The prints, most of them in color and most of them taken over the last ten years, are by such photographers as Ernst Haas, Marc Riboud, and Lila and Barry Bishop. Through Monday, Aug. 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime." . . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Illusion in Nature and Art," a show that examines, through such techniques as three-dimensional models and push-button objects, the way we see things. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than a hundred and fifty photographs of lower Manhattan (a partial reinstallation of last year's huge show), including works by André Kertész, Evelyn Hofer, and Andreas Feininger. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5. Through Nov. 1.) . . . ¶ A small showing of prints and drawings, including maps and cartoons, detailing the public and private life of George Washing-

HOW CEREBRAL WON OUT OVER PHYSICAL—IN 60 MINUTES

It happened this year. Problems of energy, sludge, and socialized medicine drew more viewers than any regularly scheduled sports programming. "60 Minutes"—television's thought-leader magazine—engaged the minds of over a third of the audience for its time period.

"60 Minutes" is an upset winner in role as well as in ratings: a journal of urgent issues, reporter on the human condition, gadfly of people in charge. Its audience becomes a commission of inquiry to make its own judgments. Questions of wide-ranging content come under scrutiny, from social and national security to divorce and aching backs.

"60 Minutes" takes its character from its co-editors, Mike Wallace and Morley Safer, and its executive producer, Don Hewitt. They're sixth-sense publishers and innovative journalists. Week after week, they report up a storm. With adroit use of the question and camera, they concentrate volumes of documentation within the sweep of their stopwatch second hand. It's not surprising that the awards they've won could fill a gallery.

Before you see the headlines, "60 Minutes" uncovers the stories. It helps viewers think knowingly about problems before the problems become crises. With an audience exceeding that of any other information program on television, it has emerged as a leading force for people's involvement in shaping tomorrow's world.

Source: Estimates based on Nielsen Television Index. Average audience households and shares January-April 1975, viewers per tuning household January-February and April 1975 projected against households. Subject to qualifications available upon request.

CBS NEWS

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Back when you got married, a wedding band told of that special, hopeful love of youth.

The diamond eternity ring tells of something even more special, more hopeful, for it symbolizes a love that's known the years.

The tradition of the eternity ring goes back centuries... to ancient Greece, where it first reflected eternal love.

Given on an anniversary or at the birth of a child, it takes its place alongside the engagement ring and the wedding ring, on the same finger, in the same spirit.

Because it's a man's way of telling his woman that if he could, he'd marry her all over again.

Your jeweler has a selection of eternity rings to choose from...full circles of diamonds or half circles, set in white gold, yellow gold, and platinum.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9. Through Sept. 30.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 9—Wednesday evening, Aug. 27: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Richard Taylor, and William Justus; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 28: "I Puritani," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 29: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, and Alan Titus; Alexis Hauser. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 30: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Samuel Ramey, and Ermanno Mauro; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 30: "La Traviata," with Karan Armstrong, Sandra Walker, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs (devoted also to the music of Beethoven and Haydn)—Wednesday, Aug. 20: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with Anton Kuerti, piano, and Ransom Wilson, also flute. An hour before the concert, the Messrs. Rampal, Kuerti, and Wilson will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21: Tashi (Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin and viola; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet) and others. An hour before the concert, they will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 22-23: John Nelson directing the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and Chorus in a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Benita Valente, soprano; Seth McCoy, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. An hour before the concert on Friday, the string section of the orchestra will perform Part I of Vivaldi's "The Seasons;" an hour before the concert on Saturday, it will perform Part II of Vivaldi's "The Seasons." (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: A recital by Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting a varied program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa directing an all-Ravel program, with, among others, Phyllis Bryn Julson, soprano; Jan DeGaetani and Joy Davidson, mezzo-sopranos; David Evitts, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 2, with Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 7:30: Linda Ronstadt and Leo Kottke. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7:30: David Crosby and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7:30: Helen Reddy. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: Julius Rudel conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra, with Christine Weidinger, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Arthur Fiedler conducting the orchestra in a pop concert, with Angel Romero, guitar. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing a program of Russian music, with Betty Allen, contralto, and the Saratoga Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Vera Zorina, narrator. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 8:15: Gladys Knight & the Pips. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25, at 8:15: Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, at 7: America, the Captain and Tennille, and John Sebastian. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 7: Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, at 8:15: Roger Williams. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Jefferson Starship. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: Sha Na Na. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 31, at 7: Blue Oyster Cult. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 1, at 7: The Dobbie Brothers. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

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Caramoor Festival—Tashi (Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet), with Daniel Phillips, viola, and Buell Neidlinger, double bass. The final concert of the season. (Katonah, N.Y. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 5:30. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing will close with a program by Lawrence Rhodes and Alba Calzada, the Five by Two Dance Company, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 8:40; Thursday, Aug. 21, at 3; Friday, Aug. 22, at 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 23, at 3 and 8:40. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 20-21, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, Aug. 22, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 23, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 24, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Tuesday through Thursday, Aug. 26-28, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29-30, at 8.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2. A special train will leave Grand Central Station at 11 for New Haven, where special buses will shuttle passengers to the Bowl; returning trains will leave New Haven approximately thirty minutes after the game. Train tickets must be purchased prior to the day of the game.) . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, in another benefit exhibition game. (Palmer Stadium, Princeton. Saturday, Aug. 30, at 2.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 23. The Seneca Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 20; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 22; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 23. . . . BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 25, through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Stymie Handicap, Monday, Aug. 25; the Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 27; and the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Aug. 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. The Choice Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 23, and the Ocean City Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 30.

Tennis—Medi-Quik Women's Tennis Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Tennis Week Open Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Through Sunday, Aug. 24.) . . . ¶ United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 27, through Wednesday, Sept. 3, at 11:30 and 8, and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 4-7, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 20-24.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of a production of THE COMEDY OF ERRORS, which is as chaotic and overloaded with jokes (some pretty good, some not, and most of them carried way beyond their cut-off point) as Shakespeare's original script. But Santo Loquasto's setting—a revolving Neapolitan gingerbread house—and Peter Link's hurdy-gurdy score are witty and truly enchanting. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 24. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

New York Dance Festival—The first six in a series of a dozen performances—Thursday and Friday, Aug. 28-29, at 8: Chuck Davis Dance Company, Annabelle Gamson, Erick Hawkins Dance Company, Kathryn Posin Dance Company, and Eliot Feld Ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 3 (primarily for children): Matteo Ethno-american Dance Theatre, Charles Moore and Ella Thompson Moore, Paul Russell and Elena Carter, and Chuck Davis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 30-31, at 8: Louis Johnson Dance Theatre, Jeff Duncan Dance Repertory Company, Cincinnati Ballet, Movement Projects—Art Bauman, Patricia McBride and Jean Pierre Bonnefous, and Ballet Hispanico of New York. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "Turandot." The last in a series of productions. (Thursday, Aug. 21, at 8; rain date, Tuesday, Aug. 26.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 20, at 7: Frankie Valli & the Four Seasons. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, at 7: Poco and Deadly Nightshade. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 7: Melanie. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, at 2: America. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25, at 6:30: Todd Rundgren's Utopia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 27, at 7: Grover Washington, Jr., Ron Carter, Joe Farrell, Hubert Laws, Idris Muhammad, Chet Baker, Hank Crawford, Bob James, and George Benson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, at 7: Aerosmith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 30, at 7: David Bromberg, Janis Ian, and Eric Andersen. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival of musical comedy, opera, dance, recitals, chamber music, jazz (as well as country, gospel, and Latin music), and street theatre. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 20, the Inter-Art Theatre at 2:30, the Media Age Company at 5, and Tashi (with pianist Peter Serkin and others) at 6:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 21, the National Theatre Company at 2:30 and Rites and Reasons Theatre Company at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 22, the Arioso Woodwind Quintet at 12:30, the Laura Veldhuis Dance Company at 2:30, and the Cuban Cultural Center of New York at 5. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon, the Spanish Theatre Repertory Company at 2:30, and Sounds in Motion at 5. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 24, clowns, jugglers, street musicians, and mime artists at noon, the Theatre for Asian-American Performing Artists at 2:30, the Amas Repertory Theatre at 5, and Odetta and Mary Lou Williams at 9. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 25, Today's Percussion Quartet at 12:30, the Mt. Morris Performing Arts Ensemble at 2:30, and the Growing Theatres Moving Company at 5. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 26, St. John's Church Street Theatre Company at 2:30 and the Rod Rodgers Dance Company at 5. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 28, the LaRocque Bey Dance Theatre at 2:30 and New York Street Theatre Caravan at 5. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 29, the Inscape Company at 2:30 and the Philippine Dance Company of New York at 5. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Friday, Aug. 22, at 8, the New York Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 23, at 8, Marta Pérez with Alfredo Munar and his orchestra. . . . ¶ The Alliance of Latin Arts will present "The Sound of Music," in English, Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 26-31, at 8.

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of OKLAHOMA!, with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 31. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 23: "Good News" and "Take Me Out to the Ball Game."
Aug. 24-26: "The Sea of Grass" and "Little Women."
From Aug. 27: "They Knew What They Wanted" and "My Man Godfrey."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Aug. 26: "Funny Lady" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From Aug. 27: "The Towering Inferno."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 26: "The Great McGonagall."
From Aug. 27: "The Little Rascals Show."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 26: "Funny Lady."
From Aug. 27: "Tommy."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Beyond the Door."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Supervixens."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coonskin."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Aug. 26: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."
From Aug. 27: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?"

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Aug. 21: "Once Is Not Enough."
From Aug. 22: "Rollerball."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Wind and the Lion."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Junior."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Bite the Bullet."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Tommy."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Love and Death."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"A Pain in the A."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Farewell, My Lovely."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 26: "Funny Lady."
From Aug. 27: "French Connection II."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Beyond the Door."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Supervixens."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Dragon Flies."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 26: "Cooley High."
From Aug. 27: "White Line Fever."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 26: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."
From Aug. 27: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 20: "Rules of the Game" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."
Aug. 21: "Smiles of a Summer Night" and "Rules of the Game."
Aug. 22: "Citizen Kane" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."
Aug. 23: "Two English Girls" and "Citizen Kane."
Aug. 24: "Richard III" and "Two English Girls."
Aug. 25: "La Ronde" and "Richard III."
Aug. 26: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "La Ronde."
Aug. 27: "Beauty and the Beast" and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."
Aug. 28: "The Virgin Spring" and "Beauty and the Beast."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Aug. 26: "Tommy."
From Aug. 27: "Cooley High."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 21: "Once Is Not Enough" and "Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice."
From Aug. 22: "Rollerball."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 26 at one or another of the theatres: "The Return of the Pink Panther" and "Take the Money and Run"/"The Passenger" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday"/Two X-rated movies. . . . ¶ Through Aug. 21: "The General" and "The Gold Rush." . . . ¶ Aug. 22-23: "Secret Agent" and "The Man Who Knew Too Much." . . . ¶ Aug. 24-26: "A Star Is Born" and "Svengali."
From Aug. 27: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 20: "Waxworks" and "The Cat and the Canary."
Aug. 21: "King of Hearts" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
Aug. 22-23: "Women in Love" and "The Music Lovers."
Aug. 24: One performance, at noon, of "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
Aug. 24-25: "The Devils" and "The Boy Friend."
Aug. 26: "El Topo" and "Shaft."
Aug. 27: A program of ten short films featuring Robert Benchley, and one in which George Bernard Shaw interviews himself.
Aug. 28: "King of Hearts" and "The Twelve Chairs."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Russian Roulette."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"King Lear."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Aug. 27: "Hennessy."
From Aug. 28: "The Sound of Music."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 21: "Rollerball."
From Aug. 22: "The Jolson Story."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 26: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."
From Aug. 27: "Escape to Witch Mountain" and "Bambi."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 26: "Shampoo" and "Buster and Billie."
From Aug. 27: "The Towering Inferno."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 20: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" and "Tokyo Story."
Aug. 21: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" and "Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime."
Aug. 22: "A Touch of Class" and "Such Good Friends."
Aug. 23: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Decameron."
Aug. 24: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Fire Over England."
Aug. 25: "Tout Va Bien" and "A Letter to Jane."
Aug. 26: "A Man Escaped" and "Pickpocket."
Aug. 27: "Early Spring" and "Late Autumn."
Aug. 28: "All These Women" and "The Devil's Eye."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Charlotte."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 23: "Ben-Hur."
Aug. 24-25: "Bells Are Ringing" and "Butterfield 8."
Aug. 26-27: "Blackboard Jungle" and "Edge of the City."
From Aug. 28: "Bombshell" and "Broadway Melody of 1938."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Loews 83rd St. 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Cooley High."
Theatre 2: "The Drowning Pool."
Theatre 3: "The Land That Time Forgot."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 26: "Papillon" and "Cabaret."
From Aug. 27: "Animal Crackers" and "The Cocoanuts."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 21: "Bite the Bullet" and "The Odessa File."
From Aug. 22: "Rollerball."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Wind and the Lion."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 26: "Funny Lady" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."
From Aug. 27: "Shampoo" and "The Stepford Wives."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nine programs in a series of films directed by John Ford: Aug. 21 at 5:30: "Just Pals" (1920), with Buck Jones. . . . Aug. 21 at 8 and Aug. 22 at 2: "Straight Shooting" (1917), with Harry Carey, Molly Malone, and Hoot Gibson. . . . Aug. 23 at 3: "Just Pals." . . . Aug 23 at 5:30: "Cameo Kirby" (1923), with John Gilbert and Gertrude Olmstead. . . . Aug. 24 at 5:30: "Three Bad Men" (1926), with George O'Brien and

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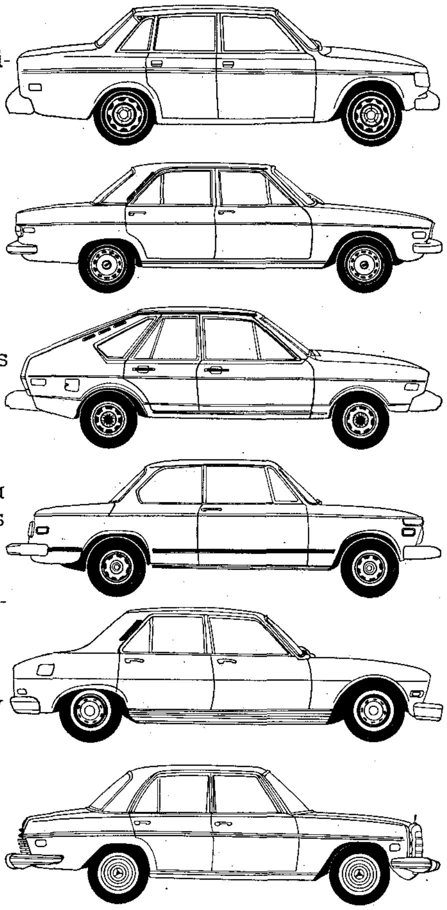

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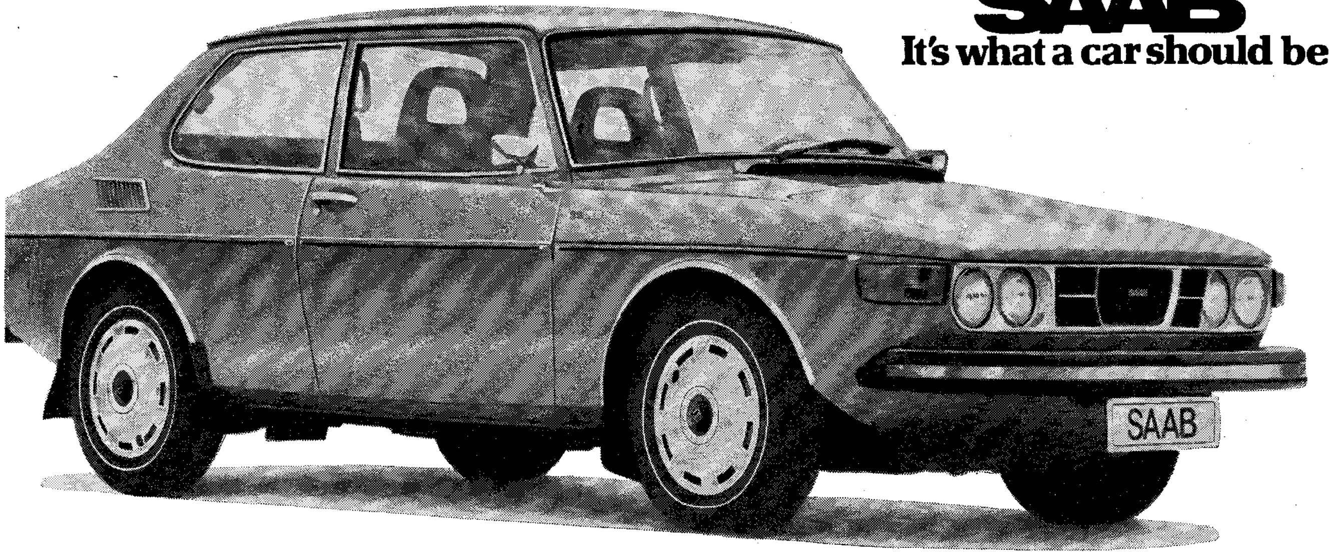

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Olive Borden.... Aug. 27 at 2: "Cameo Kirby."... Aug 28 at 5:30: "Three Bad Men." ... Aug. 28 at 8: "Four Sons" (1928), with Margaret Mann and James Hall.... ¶ Other, non-Ford, films scheduled during this period are: Aug. 20 at 2: "Ulzana's Raid" (1972), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison.... Aug. 20 at 5:30: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks and Kathleen Clifford.... Aug. 22 at 5:30 and Aug. 23 at noon: Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Joseph Cotten. ... Aug. 24 at 12:30 and 3: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1960), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates.... Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30: Two programs of animated films made by John Randolph Bray between 1910 and 1926.... Aug. 26 at 2: "Wild and Woolly" (1917), directed by John Emerson, with Douglas Fairbanks and Eileen Percy. ... Aug. 26 at 5:30: "Romeo and Juliet in the Snow" (1920), a German silent film, d rected by Ernst Lubitsch, no English title and "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921), directed b William deMille, with Lois Wilson.... Au 27 at 5:30: "Wild and Woolly." (A limite number of tickets are available, but only t those applying for them in person at the mu seum after 11 on the day of the showing o if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for th showings at 8 will not be accepted befor 7:30.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 26.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle and the usual Bergman harem. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria, and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") were by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 27.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn, Bambi, who is still dependent on his mother. The mother-child relationship is so tender and close that the children in the audience identify with him, and when his mother is killed by hunters, small children start to scream and cry. Though it all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Félice, this isn't much help to the upset kids in the audience. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. From the Felix Salten novel. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 27.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 27-28.)

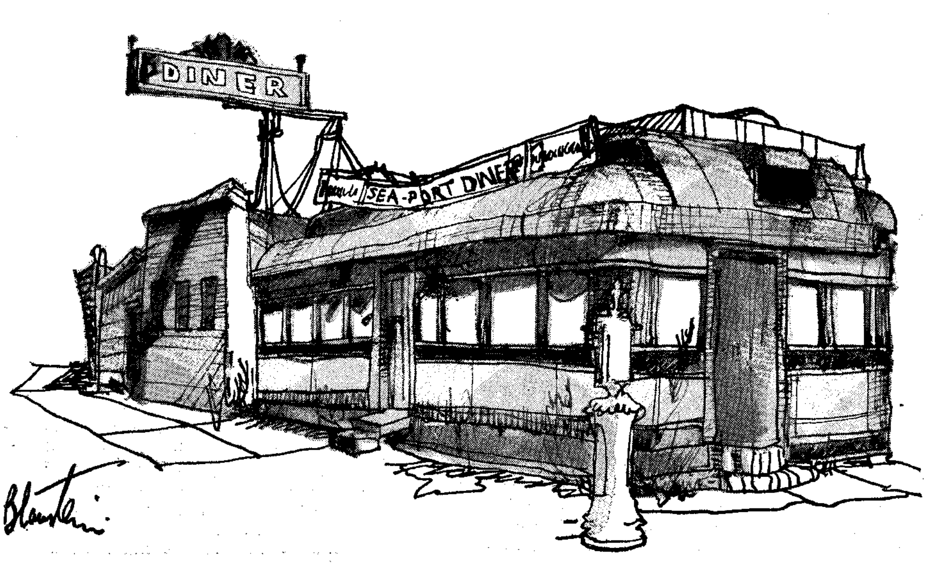
Bells Are Ringing (1960)—The famous Adolph Green-Betty Comden-Jule Styne musical about an answering service that is the hub of New York romance. Lovingly transcribed to the screen by Vincente Minnelli, and including Judy Holliday, who is one of the very few truly funny women comedians, partly because she has such obvious brains. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Movie moguls have always had a real affinity for the grandiosity of the old Roman Empire. Charlton Heston plays the Jewish prince Ben-Hur; when he refuses to rat on the Jews opposed to Roman domination, his childhood friend Messala (Stephen Boyd) packs him off to the galleys and sends his mother (Martha Scott) and his sister (Cathy O'Donnell) to a dungeon. After prolonged slaving at the oars, Ben-Hur escapes and saves the life of a bigwig in the Roman navy (Jack Hawkins), who adopts him. Eventually we get to the chariot race, with Ben-Hur pitted against the treacherous Messala. Lew Wallace's hectic potboiler-classic has everything—even leprosy. M-G-M laid on the cash and William Wyler directed, with several busy assistants; the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Haya Harareet, Hugh Griffith, Finlay Currie, and a corps of stunt men. Has anyone ever been able to detect the contributions to the script of Gore Vidal, Christopher Fry, and S. N. Behrman? Could they? (Regency; through Aug. 23.)

Benji—Loyalty tale, supposedly for children, about a mongrel. Not so much a dog of a film as a puppy. (Guild.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Columbia I.... ¶ Symphony; through Aug. 21.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—Based on a novel by Evan Hunter, and with a mostly sensible and sage screenplay by the director, Richard Brooks. About a wild bunch of city school kids who chivy authority with rape, mayhem, and gutter witticisms. The hero blithely believes that teaching is a creative activity, and tries to inculcate a love of Eng. Lit. in the class. His good will is much strained, but he is of a rare breed. Glenn Ford and Anne Francis, with some welcome horse sense from Louis Calhern. The usual cop-out of films about delinquency occurs in the plot, which says that the answer is to weed out th savable from the beyond hope; the glibness c the story incites easy cynicism in an audienc (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)



Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice (1969)—A ver commercial but also very funny America comedy on modern sexual mores. Dyan Ca non and Elliott Gould give a classic portra of a dreadful modern marriage; Robert Cul and Natalie Wood are the other couple. Wri ten by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucke Mazursky directed. (8th St. Playhous through Aug. 21.)

Bombshell (1933)—Great fun in the uninhibite early-thirties style. A wisecracking comed satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role a a good-hearted dumb blond movie star. Als with Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Mo gan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, and Isabel Jew ell. Victor Fleming directed rather raucousl but from a good screenplay by John Lee M hin and Jules Furthman. (Regency; startin Aug. 28.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turne the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-music and destroyed most of the pleasure the aud ence might have had. The glittering, joyles numbers keep coming at you; you never g any relief from Russell's supposed virtu osity. Twiggy sings adequately (though n well enough for the load of singing she asked to carry), and she dances rather bette but Russell doesn't develop her possibilitie and she remains an appealing blank. (Elgin Aug. 24-25.)

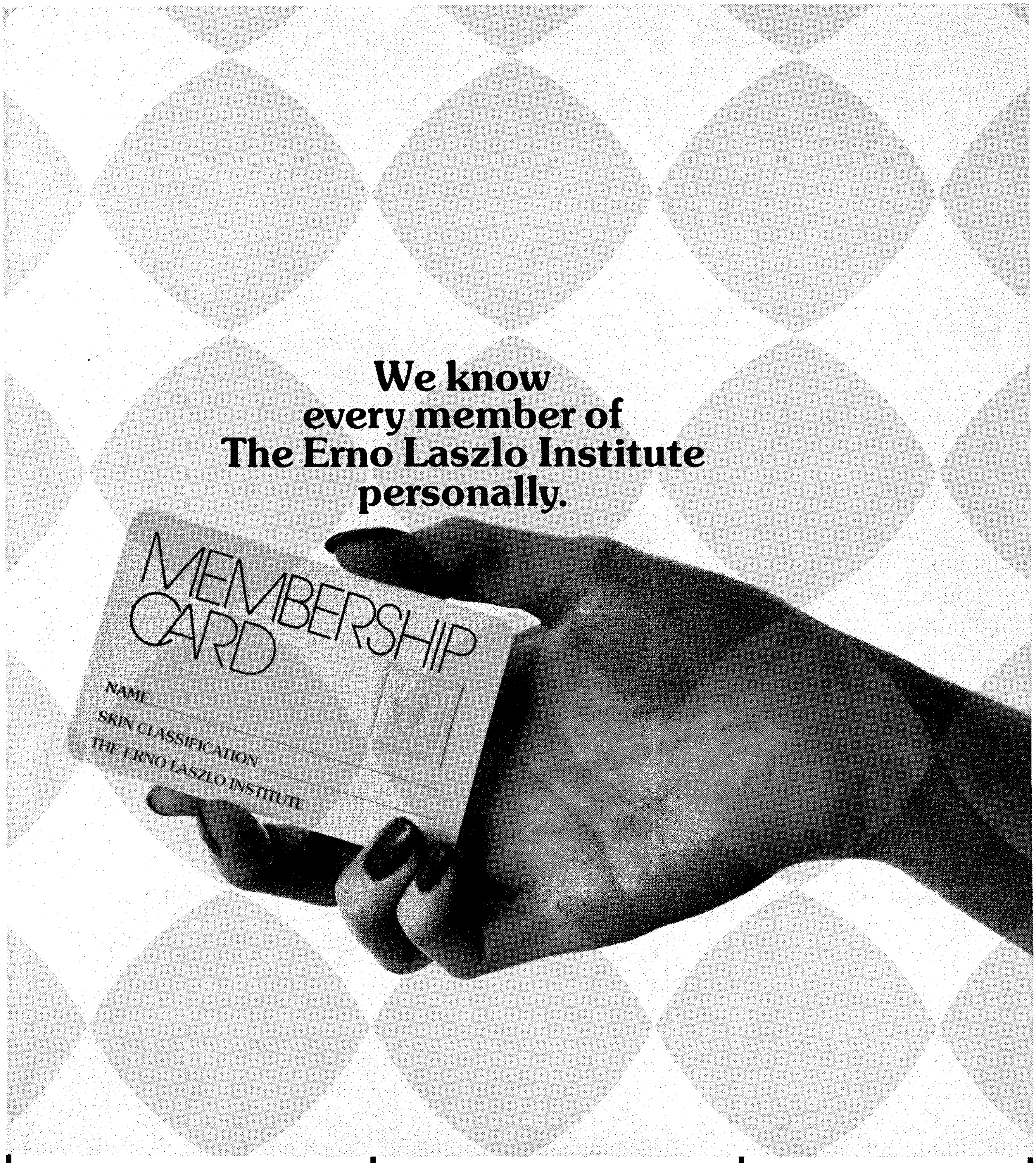
Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M music with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing th memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," an Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Mu phy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchle The score is by Arthur Freed and Nac Herb Brown, but not at their top, and th director is Roy Del Ruth. (Regency; startin Aug. 28.)

Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?—A palimpses film documentary about the Great Depres sion, mixing clips of reportage, staged news reels, home movies, and feature films. Th two anchormen, so to speak, are Roosevel and James Cagney. We see much piercin stuff: unfamiliar Roosevelt moments of iro ny; a statement by the very young Orso Welles about the impact of the Mercury Theatre's radio production of "The War of th Worlds;" De Mille yelling at extras, "Com on now... be a nation;" interviews wit farmers about crop failures; the dead Dillinger's thin father saying, "I tried to rais him right." The director, obviously diligen in research, is Philippe Mora. He belies th seriousness of his purpose by deciding to giv the audience practically no identifying subtitles: we need dates, credits, and some indication of whether what we are looking at i fact, staged fact, or fiction. But see the film (Reviewed in our issue of 8/18/75.)

Buster and Billie (1974)—Set in Georgia i 1948, about coed friendship. The film end with a communal rape and killing, so it's no for the young. It has a faintly faked aura o lyricism and of homesickness for a far fro good time in the forties, which makes it no for anyone else, either, though there are few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Danie Petrie. (Playboy; through Aug. 26.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara nove that seemed perfect for the movies, plus th role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even wors than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Haye script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Regency; Aug. 24-25.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satiri-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cal and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (New Yorker; through Aug. 26.)

THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 26-27.)

THE CAT AND THE CANARY (1927)—A classic horror film, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall, directed by the gifted Expressionist, Paul Leni. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

CHARLOTTE—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 22-23.)

THE COCOANUTS (1929)—The Marx Brothers' first feature, shot in a studio on Long Island, is a transcription of their Broadway musical-comedy hit about the land boom in Florida. With Kay Francis in her then daring mannish hairdo, Margaret Dumont in lace dresses and floppy hats, and a pair of forgettable singing lovers. Written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; songs by Irving Berlin. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 27.)

COOLEY HIGH—A gentle-natured but light-minded and secondhand film about a group of black high-school kids whose escapades are important now mostly because they are committed in 1964, which bestows a bogus dramatic irony. Directed, heftily, by Michael Schultz. (Loews 83rd St. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting Aug. 27.)

COONSKIN—An animated and live action film, written and directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)

THE DAY OF THE LOCUST—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

THE DECAMERON (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

THE DEVILS (1971)—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it. (Elgin; Aug. 24-25.)

THE DEVIL'S EYE (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

THE DRAGON FLIES—A kung-fu film. Directed by Brian Trenchard-Smith. (Loews Ciné.)

THE DROWNING POOL—Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman have the unstressed humor and the readiness for risk to play opposite each other in Restoration comedy, or in Shaw; they shouldn't be misspent in a private-eye story like this, full of dull-eyed mock sophistication and steamy ideas of the South. The picture, directed by Stuart Rosenberg, is a trite celebration of the old maleloner myth. (6/30/75) (Loews 83rd St.)

EARLY SPRING (1956)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

EDGE OF THE CITY (1957)—Sidney Poitier is startlingly good as an intelligent, easygoing foreman on the docks who is destroyed by his friendship with a weak, unstable white man (John Cassavetes). Martin Ritt, directing his first movie, sustains the tension with great skill but cannot resist clinching the case with gratuitous violence; the author, Robert Alan Aurthur (adapting his own television play, "A Man Is Ten Feet Tall"), works with such precision that he reduces his subject to pat melodrama. However, it's a solid, often powerful movie. With Jack Warden and Ruby Dee. The music is by Leonard Rosenman; when he completed the score, he must have cut another notch on his gun—he's certainly out to slaughter the audience. (Regency; Aug. 26-27.)

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN—From the Disney studios, with Eddie Albert, Ray Milland, and Donald Pleasence, directed by John Hough. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting Aug. 27.)

AN EVENING WITH THE ROYAL BALLET (1965)—Precarious filming, at Covent Garden, of "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty," along with a totally triumphant "Le Corsaire," preserving the Fonteyn-Nureyev partnership at its peak. (Elgin; Aug. 24, one performance, at noon.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; through Aug. 26.)

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Dick Richards. (Loews Tower East.)

FELLINI SATYRICON (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball. Cautionary images of depravity and apocalypse that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full-scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to a young, incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense, but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed, James Wong Howe photographed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

THE FLAVOR OF GREEN TEA OVER RICE (1952)—For some people, Ozu is a master; for others, his quiet studies of middle-class life are intolerably thin and banal. By now, you can probably sort out which group you fit in, and can decide if you want to see this film, made the year before "Tokyo Story." A lesser work, this one is about a middle-aged couple whose marriage is in trouble. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

THE FORTUNE—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (Coronet.)

FRENCH CONNECTION II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles. Photographed by Claude Renoir (nephew of Jean Renoir) with too many slam-bang closeups. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (72nd Street East; starting Aug. 27.)

FUNNY LADY—As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. The picture is overproduced and choppily edited; a great deal of talent has been badly used. With James Caan. (3/17/75) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Aug. 26.)

THE GENERAL (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 21.)

THE GOLD RUSH (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 21.)

GOOD NEWS (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. Peter Lawford and June Allyson do the number "The French Lesson" by Comden and Green and Roger Edens, and there's also that memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe," by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin. The rest of the score, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original show by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Charles Walters directed, and the cast includes Mel Tormé and Joan McCracken. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 23.)

THE GREAT MCGONAGALL—With Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers, directed by Joseph McGrath. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema Village; through Aug. 26.)

HENNESSY—A thriller of gripping harmlessness, directed by Don Sharp, about the plan of an Ulsterman named Hennessy (Rod Steiger) to blow up the Houses of Parliament at a State Opening. The Home Secretary (Peter Copley) takes the threat with deep-breathing seriousness: "The whole power structure of the nation will be there." So does the I.R.A., which is heavily emphasized as having nothing to do with the scheme. There is a lot of blandly ingenious cutting between the fictional story and the behavior of the Royal Family in a color newsreel of an actual State Opening. The mixture of fiction and reportage is in a special class of frivolous opportunism. There are two bombs involved here: Rod Steiger, draped in gelignite, and the film. (8/4/75) (Music Hall; through Aug. 27.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (D. W. Griffith.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagey but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 20.)

JAWS—Don't bite. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum.)

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME (1968)—The sorry thing about this dehumanized Alain Resnais film, which comes on with heavy self-depreciation as a science-fiction story, is that it has nothing much but gall, raising most of the big issues of the twentieth century and then dropping them with a clang. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21.)

THE JOLSON STORY (1946)—Larry Parks plays Al Jolson as a living embodiment of all the virtues enumerated in the Boy Scout oath. His only conceivable failing is his complete absorption in his work of bringing jazz to the American public. While Parks kneels and wiggles and rolls his eyes, the actual Jolson sings in his familiar gravelling baritone. From most accounts, Al Jolson was about the opposite of everything this picture shows him to be, but despite the pious falsehoods it had enough energy to be a big hit. Directed by Alfred E. Green; with Evelyn Keyes, William Demarest, and Bill Goodwin. (Ziegfeld; starting Aug. 22.)

KING LEAR—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet" with Smoktunovsky, uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both

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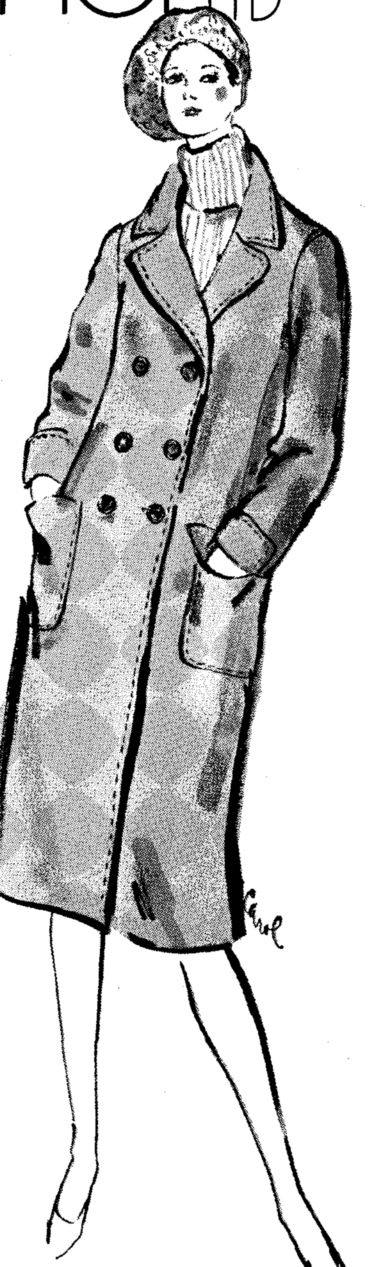

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pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (8/11/75) (Bijou.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 21 and 28.)

The Land That Time Forgot—With Doug McClure, directed by Kevin Connor. (Loews 83rd St.)

Late Autumn (1960)—Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 27.)

A Letter to Jane (1972)—A forty-five-minute-long lecture demonstration that is a movie only in a marginal sense. A single news photograph appears on the screen; it is of tall Jane Fonda towering above some Vietnamese, and on the track Jean-Luc Godard and Jean-Pierre Gorin discuss the implications of the photograph. Their talk is didactic, condescending, and offensively inhuman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

The Little Rascals Show—An anthology of the Our Gang comedies of the thirties. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 27.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naively sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-26.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this lovely picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (6/16/75) (Sutton, Beekman, and Paramount.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—Robert Bresson tells the story of a wartime prisoner's single-minded dedication to escape. An austerely beautiful movie, made at the Montluc fortress with almost fanatic authenticity. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 22-23.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. (5/5/75) (Art, Little Carnegie, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Music Lovers (1971)—Ken Russell seems to have invented a new genre of pornobiography. In this film, Tchaikovsky is the chief victim of Russell's baroque vulgarity. With Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson. (Elgin; Aug. 22-23.)

My Man Godfrey (1936)—Carole Lombard shrieking happily as a beautiful, rich ninny, and William Powell modulating impeccably as a suave, bitter victim of the Depression, in an entertaining (and hugely successful) screwball comedy with a muddled social conscience. The movie starts out with a promising satiric idea and winds up in box-office romance, but it's too silly and good-natured to be offensive. With Mischa Auer doing a simian imitation to amuse his patron, Alice Brady. Also with Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Jean Dixon, Gail Patrick, Alan Mowbray, Eugene Pallette, and, in a bit part, Jane Wyman. Gregory La Cava directed, from a screenplay by Eric Hatch and Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 27.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Symphony; through Aug. 21.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, and 8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 21.)

A Pain in the A.—With Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel, directed by Edouard Molinaro. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Papillon (1973)—A pointlessly gruelling movie in which Steve McQueen keeps trying to escape from Devil's Island and fellow-convict Dustin Hoffman keeps financing his attempts. The picture is so solemn that one would think it the story of a pope, at the very least. Directed by Franklin Schaffner. (12/24/73) (New Yorker; through Aug. 26.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter for whom everything has staled—work and personal life both. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight. With Maria Schneider. (4/14/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

Pickpocket (1958)—Robert Bresson's film about a young man compelled to steal. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 26.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa

Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest somewhere. (Elgin; Aug. 21.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. There is a superlative performance by Herbert Lom as Clouseau's boss. Directed by Blake Edwards. (6/2/75) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 24-25.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in properly to the rules of the mythically curative game is quite an omission, considering this can count only as a sports film and not remotely as prophetic. (7/7/75) (Ziegfeld; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 8th St. Playhouse, and Symphony; starting Aug. 22.)

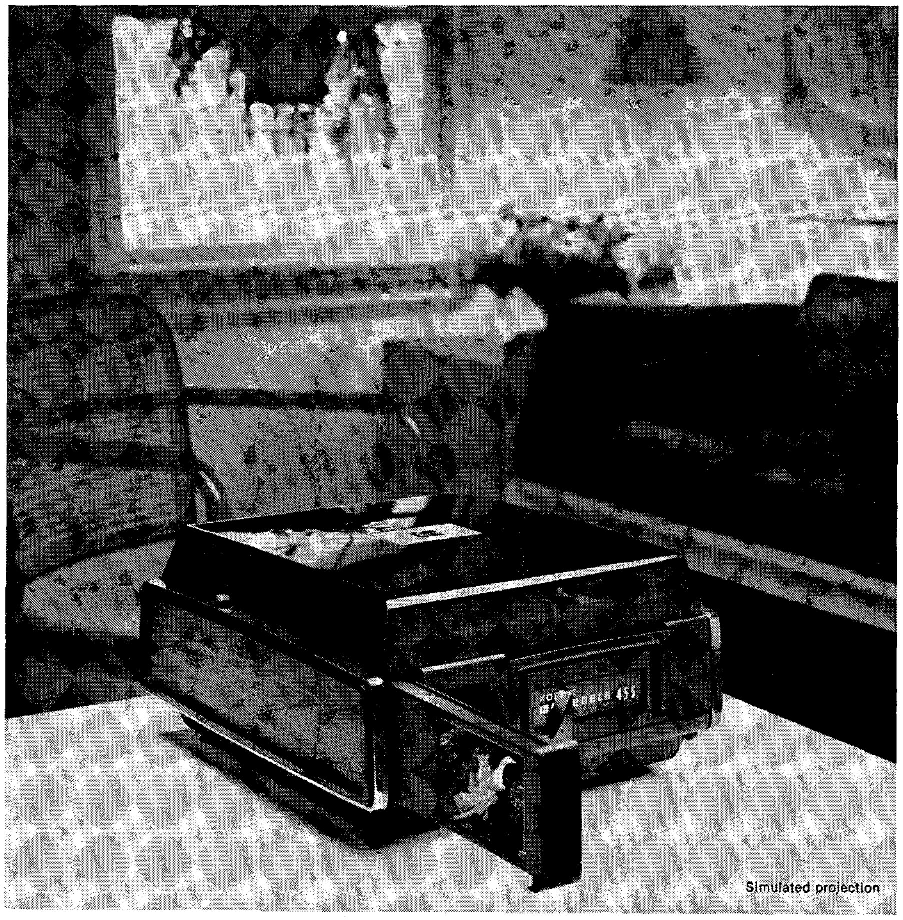
La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 25-26.)

Rules of the Game (1939)—Jean Renoir's legendary butchered and then restored masterpiece: a farce about a large houseparty, gathered for a hunt, where the servants and masters begin to chase and shoot each other. Perhaps the most influential of all French films, and one of the most richly entertaining. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 20-21.)

Russian Roulette—No click. (Loews Astor Plaza.)

The Sea of Grass (1947)—A big clinker that Elia Kazan would probably just as soon forget. Spencer Tracy plays a grim Southwestern cow-country baron who tries unsuccessfully to keep homesteaders off the land he considers his own. His wife (Katharine Hepburn) finds his antipathy for the homesteaders almost as trying as his mooning over his "sea of grass;" she has a brief fling with the homesteaders' dour lawyer (Melvyn Douglas) and presents her husband with a chubby boy. Tracy throws her out but keeps the child, who grows up to be Robert Walker. It takes a wild burst of melodramatics to bring Tracy and Hepburn together again, and they wind up preparing to spend the twilight of their lives peering at the grass. The scriptwriters should have been run out of Hollywood. With Edgar Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, and Harry Carey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 24-26.)

Secret Agent (1936)—Not altogether successful Hitchcock version of Somerset Maugham's spy thriller, "Ashenden," but it has a bright, quick, fresh touch, and it's fascinating partly because the two male leads, John Gielgud and Peter Lorre, are so ill used. Gielgud looks like a tailor's dummy for Leslie How-



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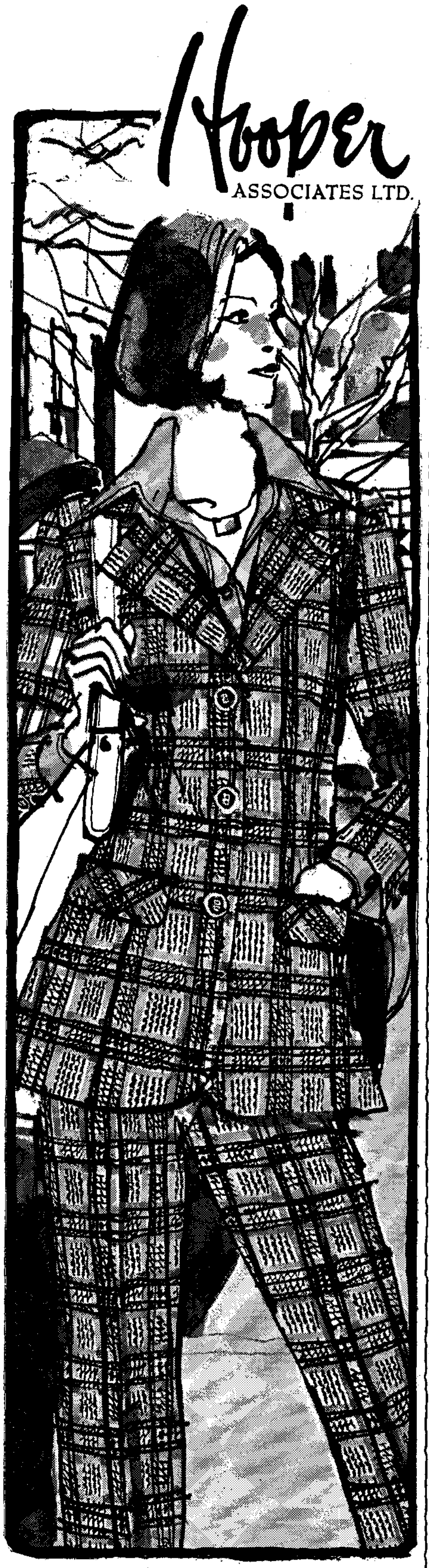

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ard, and Lorre plays a cheerful little killer who speaks in a Mexican dialect and wears a single earring. With Madeleine Carroll and Robert Young. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 22-23.)

Shaft (1971)—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamorized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncomfortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (Elgin; Aug. 26.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. The way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who was also the producer). (2/17/75) (Playboy; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 27.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (D. W. Griffith.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 21-22.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—With Julie Andrews and Christopher Plummer, directed by Robert Wise. Gigantic sniffles. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 28.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. A later, box-office-failure version starred Judy Garland and James Mason, and a new one is threatened; there have also been countless rip-offs in movies and on TV, and more of those are also impending. The director here, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, bigheaded husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. Maybe it's a clue to the essential phoniness of the idea that the story has actually worked in reverse: in both the big versions so far, the top women stars who played the rising young stars were actually on their way down, while the men who played the sinking-into-oblivion Norman Maine both went on to fine careers. The cast here includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 24-26.)

The Stepford Wives—The first women's-lib gothic—hardly the landmark the world has been waiting for. Besides, it's so tastefully tame that there's no suspense. Taken from an Ira Levin novel that might have been written by a computer, it's about the encroaching horror of suburban blandness; in this account, the responsibility for suburban women's becoming overgroomed deadheads, obsessed with waxed, antiseptic households, is placed totally on the men. Katharine Ross plays the young New Yorker who moves to Stepford and discovers that the wives have been robotized by their husbands. Written by William Goldman and directed by Bryan Forbes, the picture is literal in a way that seems a wasting disease. With Paula Prentiss, Nanette Newman, Peter Masterson, and Patrick O'Neal. (2/24/75) (Olympia; starting Aug. 27.)

Such Good Friends (1971)—Otto Preminger is not a director who bothers much with interior emotional states, and without that, this movie is not about anything. One detects that it is meant to deal with the self-abasement of the mistreated heroine (Dyan Cannon), but Preminger plays for cheap laughs—and fails to get most of them at that. It's a sour, crude movie, with an atrocious performance by James Coco. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams (1973)—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through Aug. 26.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

Supervixens—A Russ Meyer film. X-rated. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

Svengali (1931)—John Barrymore's love of bizarre roles and outré makeup (no man had less reason to cover his face) led him to take on George Du Maurier's wonderful hokum about the sly, sinister musician who hypnotizes beautiful, blue-eyed little Trilby (Marian Marsh) into becoming a great singer. In one startling sequence, Svengali, his eyes a blank white, stands at a window and casts his spell over the rooftops to the room where Trilby lives, and there are affecting moments, too, like the failure of Trilby's voice when Svengali's influence wanes. Barrymore, long and lank here, with greasy locks, never needed occult powers to be magnetic; one's interest flags when he's offscreen, however. The scene designs and Archie Mayo's direction occasionally suggest the German Expressionist films of the preceding decade. With Bramwell Fletcher, Donald Crisp, Lumsden Hare, and Carmel Myers. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 24-26.)

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (1949)—This big M-G-M musical, set in the early part of the century, began with a not-too-inspired script idea from Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, and after it went through a series of cast changes and then got assigned to Busby Berkeley to direct, it was a full-scale mess. Kelly and Frank Sinatra are vaudevillians who are also baseball players; Esther Williams, the manager of the baseball team, is in love with Kelly, but Sinatra is in love with her. And there are gangsters trying to get the boys to double-cross her and lose a game. This asinine story just about smothers the good-natured hoofing. Comden and Green and Roger Edens did the songs, but the musical numbers have that flag-waving Irish-American cheeriness which also blighted many Fox musicals made in the same period. With Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin, who work well with Kelly and Sinatra. They all got together—*sans* Esther Williams—the following year in "On the Town." The finale here isn't by Berkeley; it was co-directed by Kelly and Donen, and served to convince the studio to let them co-direct "On the Town." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 23.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 26.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—With Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton, directed by Garson Kanin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 27.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grownup children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 20.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. With Ann-Margret and Roger Daltrey. (4/7/75) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 27.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; Aug. 26.)

A Touch of Class (1973)—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. Mild, muddled fun. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Godard-Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 25.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced, Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that make up the script. (12/30/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; starting Aug. 27.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Elgin; Aug. 28.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 23-24.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 28.)

Waxworks (1924)—The three episodes of this engaging, too-little-known German horror fantasy feature extravagantly villainous performances—Conrad Veidt as Ivan the Terrible, Emil Jannings (in one of his rare comic portraits) as Haroun-al-Raschid, and Werner (Caligari) Krauss as Jack the Ripper. In the Veidt-Ivan sequence, which was obviously a major influence on Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Ivan is a jokester-poisoner who enjoys presenting his victims with hourglasses timed for the precise moment of their deaths; one day he discovers an hourglass labelled "Ivan." The director, Paul Leni, a former Max Reinhardt collaborator, was an extraordinarily gifted scenic artist; the macabre expressionistic décor for the Jack-the-Ripper sequence is made entirely from sheets of painted paper. William Dieterle is also in the cast. (Elgin; Aug. 20.)

White Line Fever—With Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Aug. 27.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia.)

Women in Love (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Elgin; Aug. 22-23.)

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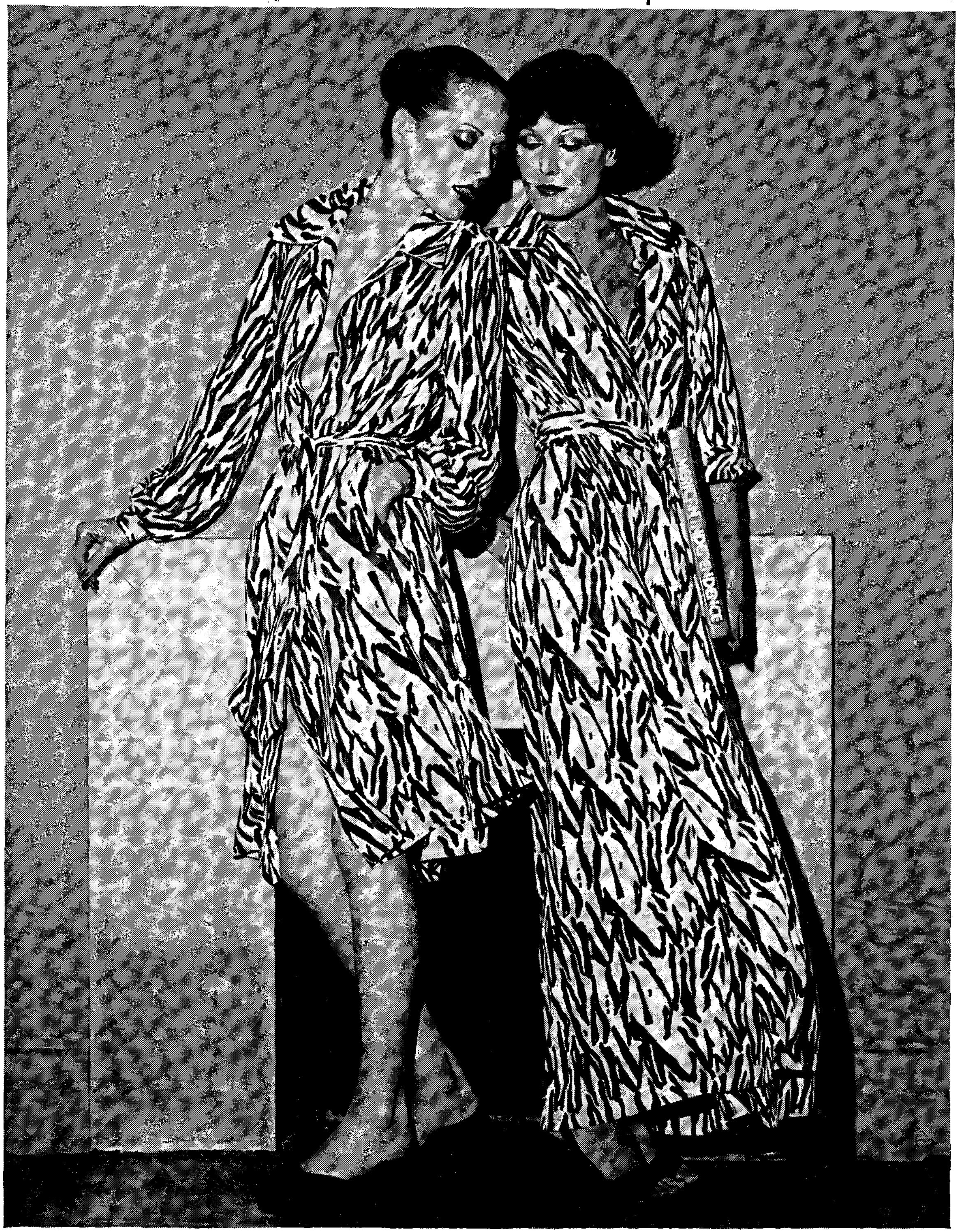

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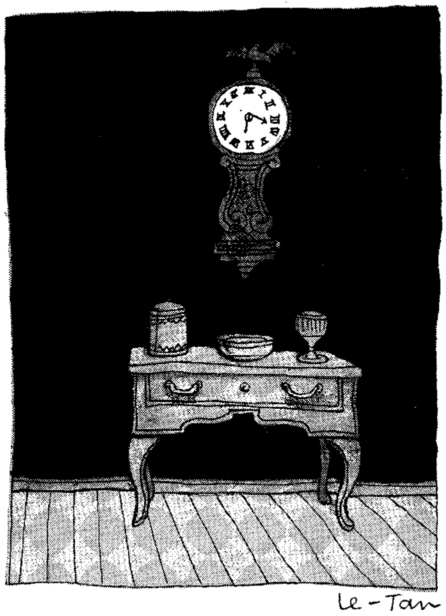
THE
NEW YORKER

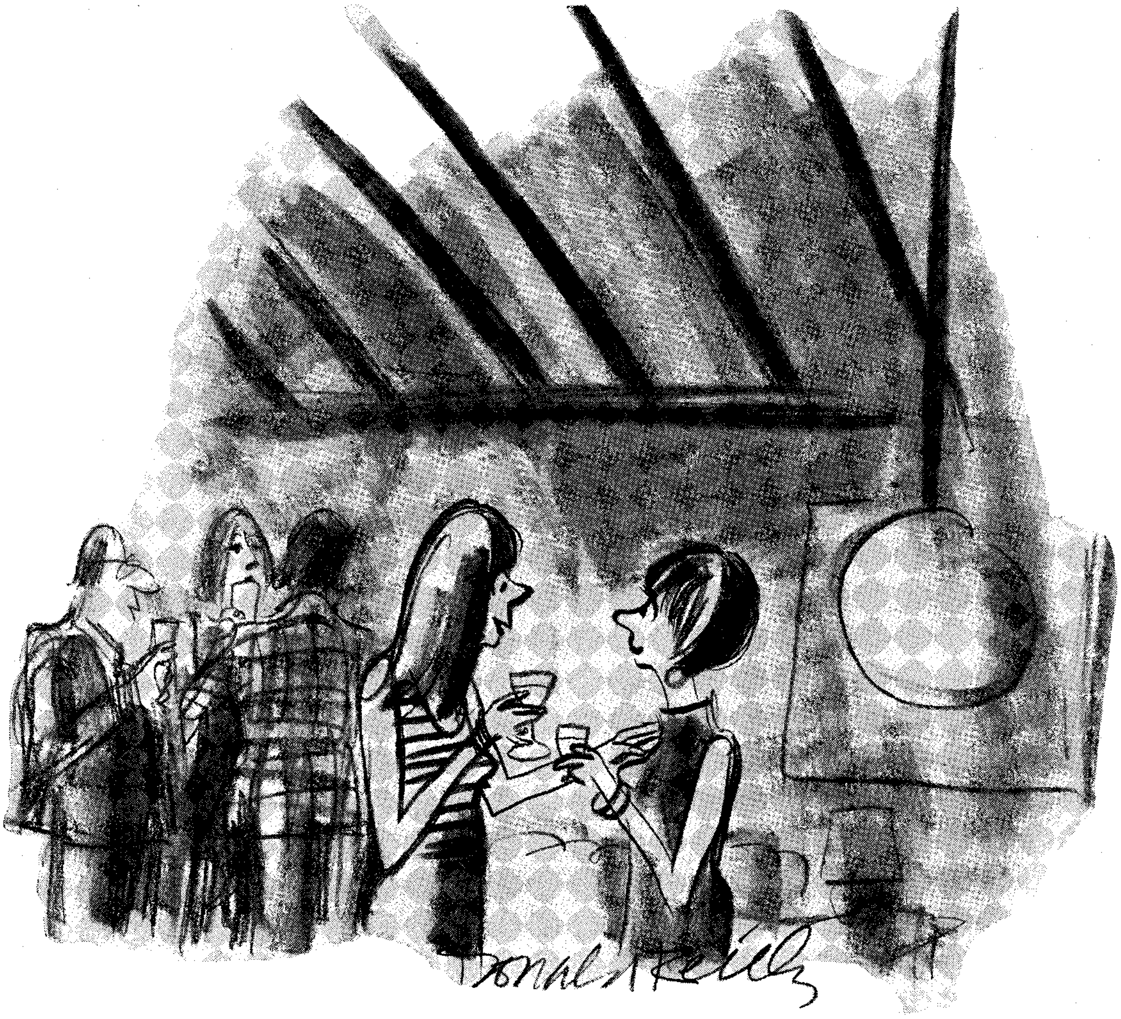
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Indian Constitution, like many other constitutions, allows the government to assume emergency powers in time of extraordinary external or internal threat to the security of the country, such as an invasion or a civil war, and since June 26th Prime Minister Indira Gandhi has been governing India under emergency provisions set out in Article 352 of its Constitution. She has apparently stuck closely to the letter of Article 352. She has neither documented nor demonstrated any real threat to the security of India, which she claims is what made her declare an "emergency"—but then the emergency provisions do not require her to. She has jailed indefinitely anywhere from twenty thousand to sixty thousand prisoners (some of them old and sick) without preferring charges against them or setting dates for their hearings or trials—but, again, the emergency provisions do not require her to. She has proscribed all Indian newspapers from publishing the names and whereabouts of her prisoners and has instituted rigid censorship of news stories, comment, cartoons, and advertisements, going to such lengths as to imprison Kuldip Nayar, an editor of the most popular English-language daily, for, among other things, quoting Voltaire on freedom—but the emergency provisions do not require her to account for any of these acts, either. She has tried to draw a curtain of silence around the country, so that practically no foreign newspapers can get in and no uncensored foreign dispatches can get out, and has expelled five American and British correspondents for filing uncensored dispatches and threatened others with a new "emergency" law that makes foreigners as vulnerable to summary imprisonment as Indians; one expelled correspondent, Loren Jenkins, of *Newsweek*, who has reported from both Franco's Spain and Mao Tse-tung's China, says he has never experienced such stringent censorship—but this censorship, too, is within the purview of her powers under the emergency provisions. She has put all the state governments on notice that if they show any laxity in enforcing her "emergency" measures she will dismiss them and govern the states from New Delhi—but here, too, she is within her rights under the emergency provisions. She has called into session a rump Parliament—many members of both the Opposition and her own Congress Party are in prison—and got it to pass several extraordinary laws in a matter of a few days. One law ratifies the existence of the "emergency," and so permits her to rule by proclamation indefinitely, without holding the general election that is due in 1976. A second bars the courts from reviewing her "emergency" proclamations. A third law alters the election law retroactively, and has the effect of absolving her of her criminal conviction on June 12th, now under appeal to the Supreme Court, for corrupt electoral practices—the conviction that started the chain of events resulting in the "emergency." The law is such a brazen attempt to preëmpt the pending Supreme Court appeal that it states that any court judgment declaring the election of a Prime Minister void "shall be deemed always to have been void and of no effect." (For the sake of propriety, the elections of the President, the Vice-President, and the speaker of the lower house of Parliament are also immunized from judicial review.) In other words, what actually happened is now to be deemed not to have happened. And if a criminal act can be retroactively made an innocent act, cannot an innocent act also be retroactively made a criminal act? Moreover, the main beneficiary of the law is the lawmaker herself. Such a law would seem to defy all accepted legal custom. But, obviously, Parliament is empowered to enact any law it likes. Still, all these laws are so radical and sweeping, and so alter the Constitutionally guaranteed balance among the Parliament, the courts, and the executive, that Mrs. Gandhi has had to resort to enacting them in the form of Constitutional amendments—something she has been able to do because her party has enjoyed an unprecedented two-thirds majority in Parliament since the 1971 general election, and substantial majorities in most state legislatures. She has been going through the motions of calling the state legislatures into session to ratify her amendments by taking *pro-forma* votes on them. But here, again, unseemly haste notwithstanding, Mrs. Gandhi has followed the relevant Constitutional procedures to a T.



As is all too clear, Mrs. Gandhi has been punctilious, almost to the point of absurdity, in keeping up appearances. Part of her show is, of course, for the benefit of the Army, whose loyalty she must have if she is to stay in power. But she has also put on a good show for the rest of her constituency. She



"Jane's brother has a partner whose uncle is sitting on a whole warehouse full of canning lids."

has spruced up her new regime with attractive social and economic reforms—some debt relief for the poor peasants, some tax relief for the hard-pressed well-to-do. She has seized, with much fanfare, hoarders and black marketeers, and paraded them off to jail, but since they, like the political prisoners, are without any legal remedies, it is hard to know the degree of their culpability. For the time being, however, the prices of rice, flour, and cooking oil have been halved in some places. Her censors, who now sit eagle-eyed in newspaper offices, count the number of times the newspapers print her picture, and she projects, as always, the image of a handsome, gracious, cosmopolitan woman of good breeding, dressed in a simple sari, going about the great business of running a country.

Of course, in India the small number of people with money and power, who still tend to have been educated, like Mrs. Gandhi, in Western-type schools, have always been preoccupied with appearances, as though the ugly and desperate Indian reality of poverty around them had created in them an urgent need to escape from it, if only by trying to put a good face on it. Since Independence, they have tried to give India the façade of a modern, Western-type, democratic nation, with an enlightened Constitution, an elected Parliament, an independent judiciary and Civil Service, and the civil liberties of a civilized society. But, not surprisingly, it has turned out that the lofty spirit of the Constitution has touched mostly the lives of these same few—the only Indians who have the literacy and the economic means to understand and avail themselves of the letter of the Constitution. The Parliament, by and large, has been the preserve of the privileged. The judiciary and the Civil Service have often been so preoccupied by loyalty to a sentimental conception of British tradition—a conception that in fact bears more relation to the form than to the substance of the original—as to neglect the pressing needs of the Indian poor: Nor have the poor enjoyed the blessings of civil liberties. Similarly, the Indian economic system has turned out to be simply a monument to the aspirations of Westernized Indians. Although over the years the government has produced a succession of impressive five-year plans for economic development, and, in line with them, big irrigation projects and big steel mills have been constructed, the whole economic edifice, like the political one, has risen almost independently of the underlying Indian reality, and with the passing of each year has become more alienated from it, for the economic edifice, too, is a grotesque Western relic.

Mrs. Gandhi's "emergency" now threatens to make permanent this old gap between appearances and reality. In recent days, it has been reported that she is thinking of turning the rump Parliament into a constituent assembly to draft a new Constitution, which would effectively institutionalize the "emergency." Her rationale for drafting a new Constitution, as for the "emergency" itself, is that she wishes to free the government from the encumbrances of press criticism, judicial interference, and political decentralization, which she now says are unsuited to the exigencies of Indian reality and have thus far prevented the government from attaining its social and economic goals. But here, again, even as she tries to get rid of the old Constitution, she is most anxious to observe its formalities—as if these formalities could somehow legitimize the underlying fact of her establishment of a dictatorship in the classic mode: assumption of complete power, and ruthless political repression and censorship, reinforced by relentless image-building and propagandizing, and touched up with a few token and a few genuine economic reforms. Of course, she can point—and has pointed—to the fact that she and her party are in a dominant position by virtue of their landslide victory at the polls in the general election of 1971. But Indian elections are notorious for the buying and selling of votes. And, ultimately, political legitimacy, like the letter of any Constitution, rests on the spirit animating it. Mrs. Gandhi has been in power for almost ten years. For the last four years, she has functioned as a dictator, in fact if not in name. No leader before her—not even her father, Jawaharlal Nehru—enjoyed the power and the party backing that she has enjoyed, especially since her victory over Pakistan in 1971 and the creation of the new nation of Bangladesh. Yet she seems to have used that power mostly in an effort to hold on to it. Certainly she has not used it on behalf of any significant social and economic reforms; on the contrary, the reports from India in the past four years have portrayed increasingly desperate conditions among the poor and an increasingly cynical power game among the politicians.

Mrs. Gandhi has put on such a show of activity in the last eight weeks that it is easy to lose sight of the fact that the original impulse behind the "emergency" was her effort to save her own skin. If, before the retroactive change in the law, her conviction had been upheld, she not only would have lost her office but also would have been barred from holding any elective office for six years. She may have identified her own survival with the survival of the country. But the survival of the country can really be identified only with the survival of its Constitution—not the letter but the living spirit. Nor is a self-serving, narrowly based dictatorship, whatever the "emergency" propaganda may suggest, necessarily more "realistic" for India than democracy. The threat to the survival of the democratic Indian Constitution, then, may now be the only real emergency.

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Day Off

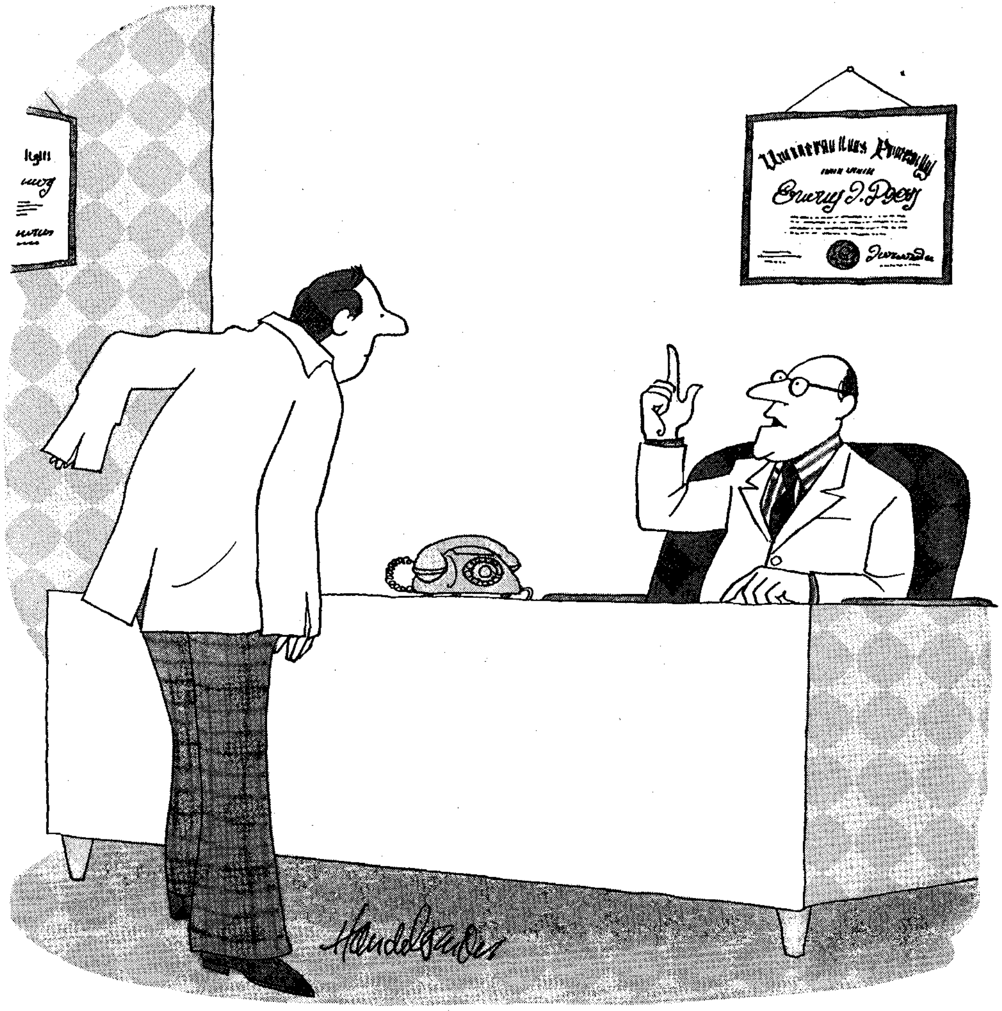
OUR friend Henry Korman, the architect, is building a Girl Scout camp up in the mountains near the Hawk's Nest, a five-hundred-foot-deep gorge in the Delaware River, upriver from the Water Gap, in the pretty corner of the world that is trisected by New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. The country around there is quite grand, rather like Marin County, north of San Francisco, and when he had to drive up there the other day to inspect the progress of construction—and happened to mention to us that the weather was going to be good upstate—we hopped in the car. "Fine," said Korman. "Now you can see what cookies can buy."

"Our client is the Girl Scout Council of Bergen County," said Henry's partner, Claude Samton, who was also in the car, which, in fact, belonged to him. "And every meeting we had with them, they served us different cookies. They're getting into crackers, and they're experimenting with new sesame cookies."

"It's a gingerbread house," said Korman.

We crossed the George Washington Bridge, took the Palisades Parkway to the Thruway, got off at Exit 16 (Harriman), and got on Route 6 headed toward Glen Spey. The car wobbled for a second, coming off the Thruway, because Korman, who was driving, was looking at a beautiful barn. Samton told us that Glen Spey is in the Ukrainian Catskills, that the Scouts have six hundred wooded acres there with a seventy-acre lake, and that the Council had commissioned a "year-round thing" that could be rented out in the wintertime as a conference center. He and Korman had designed what sounded like an enormous and enormously long tepee, fronting on the lake, constructed of seventy-foot-long, three-inch-thick laminated pine beams made of fifteen planks glued together under pressure, which were fabricated by Unadilla Laminated Products, a division of the Unadilla Silo Company, in Unadilla, New York. The tepee will sleep forty and have kitchen and dining facilities for two hundred and fifty. Samton also described the Girl Scouts' Glen Spey caretaker, who catches rattlesnakes on the property and once nabbed a fox with his bare hands, and then the two architects talked shop. Were the frames up yet? Was everything on schedule?

We passed the Respite Villa. We passed the St. Volodymar Ukrainian Catholic Church and Lodge, and the Bel-Air Miensk Hotel. We passed a woman driving a United States Mail car. We turned off on a dirt road to the building site, and passed some tents. Then we came on the site. The giant beams had been installed, and a series of them jutted strikingly and elegantly into the air at a thirty-five-degree angle to the ground. The



"Nowadays, Mr. Lambert, we practice preventive medicine. In laymen's terms, this means I don't do a damn thing until I talk to my lawyer."

building looked like the ribs of Jonah's whale. "Woo-hoo!" said Korman. "Mother of Pearl! Hey, Claude, they're all in the wrong place!"

"They are?" said Samton.

"It's a little small," said Korman.

Pine trees sighed in a breeze, and the lake, which has snapping turtles fifteen inches long, sparkled in the sun. The air was cool and delightful. Workmen from the construction crew were sitting down eating sandwiches. The two contractors, Mike Miller and Paul Nelson, came over. "So no problems, huh?" said Samton.

"Plenty of problems," said Paul Nelson. "But we're getting over them."

Korman made notes of the construction progress: "All frames erected and braced. Kitchen deck framed. 75% Dining Hall deck framed." Mike Miller, who has muttonchop whiskers and was wearing a St. Andrew's Golf Club cap, said it had taken the Unadilla men a whole morning to move the seventy-foot beams over the half-mile dirt road from the main road to the campsite. Both contractors told stories about thefts of building materials in the area. Samton told a story about a New York architect who had bought a watchdog that was so fierce he was afraid to enter his own apartment. While he was out, it was stolen. There was some ritual banter between the two architects and the two contractors at the expense of architects and contractors.

"You architects never figure on the guy who's going to have to build a place," said Mike Miller.

"Oh," said Korman, "the structural engineer changed the plans."

Then the architects and the contractors shook hands and parted amicably.

We stopped for lunch at Homer's, in Glen Spey ("THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOMER'S"), and Korman and Samton both said they thought things were going pretty well. We had a bit of a sunburn on our arms, and when Samton drove back to the great rain forest of New York we opened the backseat windows and fell asleep in the cool, dry air.

Small Talk

WE sent a friend of ours, Sheldon, the Graduate Student, over to cover a big Polish-vodka reception recently. He brought back this report:

Clutching at the rigging of a hundred-and-twenty-year-old genuine Chinese junk, which once belonged to Bob Ripley, of Ripley's Believe It or Not—it was bobbing in unexpectedly choppy water at the foot of East Twenty-third Street—I just had a short exclusive conversation with the surefooted Mrs. Wanda Moscicka, who is the chief of vodka export at Agros, a firm that is part of the National Foreign Trade Enterprise of Poland. How, you will ask, did this come to be? As of this year, vodka is the No. 1 drink in the U.S.A., replacing bourbon. There are more Poles in Chicago than there are in Warsaw. One has been able to buy Wyborowa Polish vodka (say "Vi-bore-ova") over here for some time, but up to now most of us haven't. So Agros, through Schieffelin & Company, the importers, has just started a big American Wyborowa campaign, and Wanda is here to push the product, and some public-relations man or other put her on the junk for a big press-and-diplomatic reception, and you told me to go over there. At my liquor store, Crossroads, on West Fourteenth Street, 100-proof Wyborowa sells for $7.97 a fifth, 80-proof Stolichnaya (Russian vodka) goes for $7.14, and 80-proof Smirnoff (biggest-selling domestic brand) is $6.07. Wanda is most attractive—a knockout, quite young, blond, married—and she was wearing a purple floral-print dress with circles that swam before my eyes. It is surprising the way the East River does not look rough from Manhattan. In our conversation, Wanda did most of the talking.

"Why don't you have a drink?" she began.

"Not right now."

"Polish vodka is good for the balance," said Wanda, who holds a degree in philology. "It is sweet and smooth, and milder-tasting than Russian vodka, but American law prohibits you from describing the taste of vodka in advertising, because, according to the American government, vodka is supposed to be odorless and tasteless. Scientific research has proved that vodka was invented in Poland, in the sixteenth century. If Wyborowa does well here, then we will offer large quantities of the aromatic and herbal Zubrowka Bison Brand vodka, which has in every bottle a stalk of bison grass from the Bialowieza National Forest, home of the largest herd of bison in Europe. In Poland, we drink ice-cold vodka throughout the meal. If you wish to drink it our way, put a bottle of vodka in a milk carton, fill the carton with water, and put it in the freezer until the water freezes. Polish industry this year is producing handmade rugs with an Americana design for your Bicentennial—also wall plaques with pictures of your Presidents. In Warsaw, we do not tell Polish jokes, we tell Fiat jokes, because we have a Fiat factory there now: 'Fiats are made so small that they can ride up and down in an elevator.' And 'Fiats are so small I've got one on my key ring.' "

Washington Square Park

THE day was not cataclysmically hot, but it was nevertheless hot, and it was not until evening that people came out for pleasure; Washington Square Park and the lower portion of Fifth Avenue, usually filled with the gentle motion of promenaders, came to life only after the sun had gone down. When the public spaces in the neighborhood finally were reinhabited, the mood was a very special one, unique to New York in August. Faces, gestures, and body movements were open, as though relaxed by the heat; that sense was in the air of New Yorkers' having known each other intimately for a long time—not effusive friendliness but a sense of people comfortably half-noticing each other with familial amusement. Evenings like this one exist on the other side of violence. They are characterized by the placidity of relief and something more. On this particular evening, black leaves, stirring overhead, let through instants of dazzling light, as though giving off sparks. Above the leaves, the tall, ornate buildings along lower Fifth, the churches, and Washington Square Arch (wreathed by trajectories of Frisbees) were magnificent beyond their finite parts. The more modest side streets, colored saffron by the "crime lights," looked like stage sets for a simple but romantic opera. The complicated personality of the city was for a spell resolved, and its essential character, usually blurred by its contradic-

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tions and quotidian harshness, was revealed. The greatest pleasure of all, perhaps, was in being at home with that character—to feel a closeness to it.

In Washington Square, a group of about twenty musicians sat in a small acoustical shell and tuned their instruments before an audience that had earlier laid claim to folding chairs set up for the occasion. Nearby park benches were already filled as well, and as the cacophonous tune-up worked to a harmonious crescendo, many more people gathered on the fringes, where they leaned against their bikes, sat on the pavement, or simply stood, dogs and children in hand. The small orchestra, in shirtsleeves, looked as orchestras always do—as if they were drawn in pen-and-ink. The conductor, Igor Buketoff, came out, was applauded, gathered the attention of the musicians like so many lightly held reins, and the concert began.

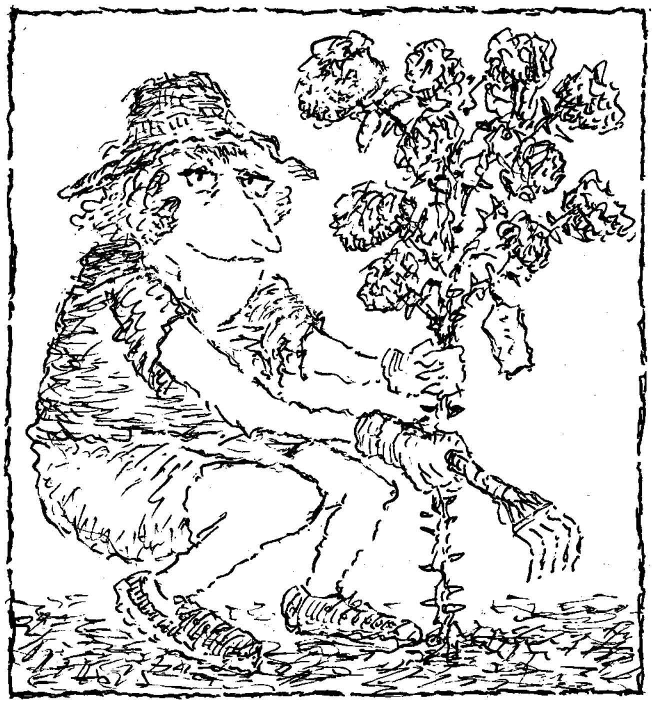
This was the third of five concerts in the eighteenth season of the Music Festival in Washington Square Park. The program was "A Salute to Living New York State Composers" (as though it were remarkable for a composer to be in that condition), and the pieces were "modern" music—music that many find difficult to comprehend. It is usually heard in the sanctity (some might say imprisonment) of small concert halls, attended to by a devoted handful of connoisseurs. This evening, there were a few people who looked like connoisseurs—only a few among the hundreds present. There was no sanctity—not among dogs, Frisbees, children, crap games on the far side of the fountain, and the fountain itself, a single great stream plying the sky in the middle of the park and falling back into the wide basin with an abandoned, unorderable sound. But the difficult music did not suffer from this unorthodox background. Rather, it was enhanced by it. The sounds and motions of the park were like the palm of a great hand that cupped the music and cradled it with knowing carelessness as something full and alive and utterly captivating.

There was an overture by Donald Waxman; a concerto for woodwinds and strings by Lester Trimble; an arrangement for soprano (Paulette Schmidt), electronic tape, and orchestra by John Watts; a text by James Agee called "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," set as a song cycle by Samuel Barber; and a concerto for flute, clarinet, bassoon, and strings by John Lessard. To an untrained ear, some pieces were much better than others, but all of them had good moments, and some had splendid moments, which came through in this context with a vividness and dramatic surprise rare in the dampening, self-conscious hush of a concert hall. The distortions inevitably caused by amplification, and the occasional blurring of the sounds by airplanes, or the ever-present life of the park, were detractions, but not nearly as damaging as one might think. The ear learns quickly to compensate, and is sharper for having listened harder. Perhaps the music on this New York evening was like what music used to be before instruments were highly developed precision machines. This was not a perfect concert, but it was a wonderful one, and wonderfully at home among the sights and sounds of the great, maligned metropolis, which, under the influence of an August night, had revealed for a few hours, to its most tenacious children, another side of its nature.

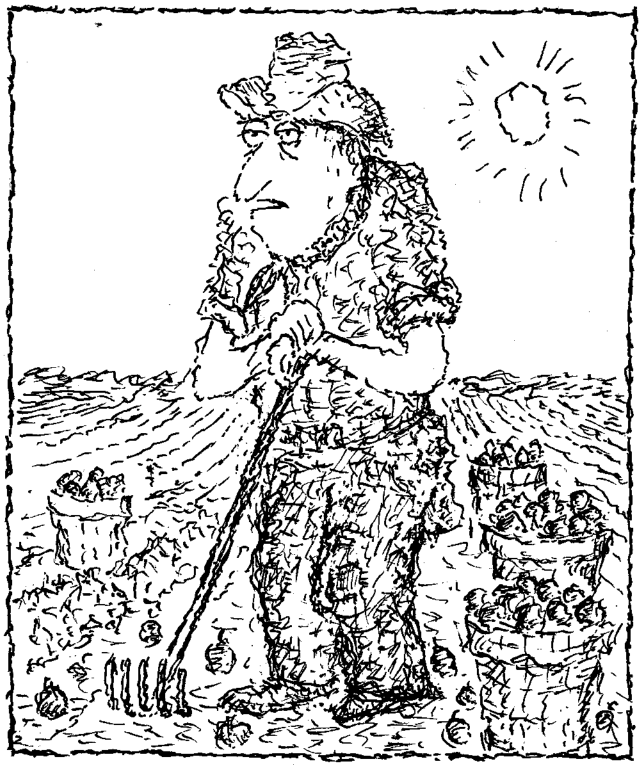
THE INQUIRING DEMOGRAPHER

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION: HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ANY GARDENING THIS SUMMER?

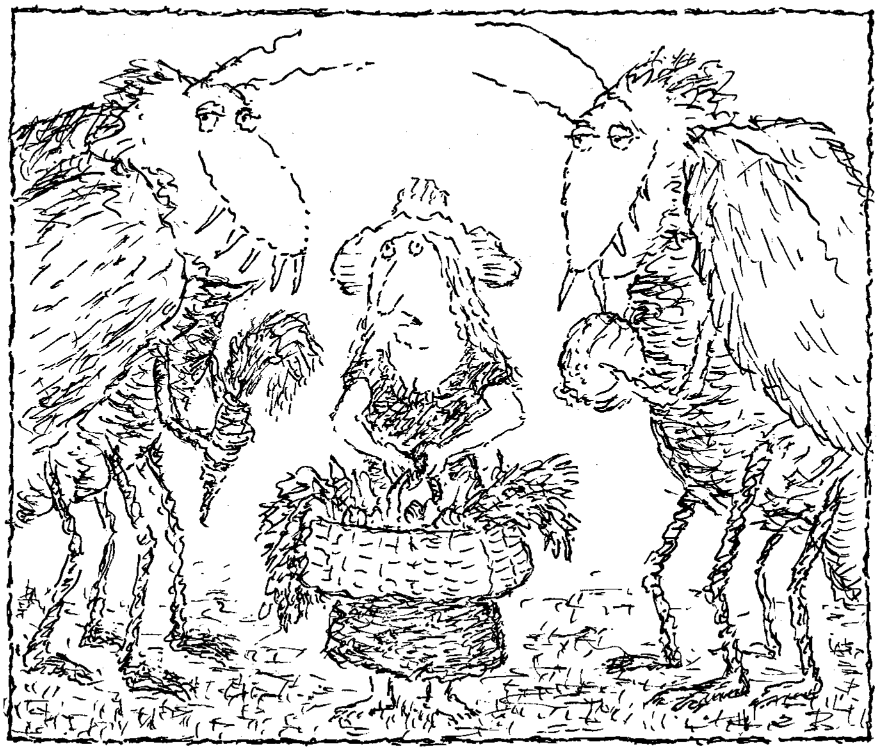
(Asked in Connection with National Cutworm-and-Slug Week)



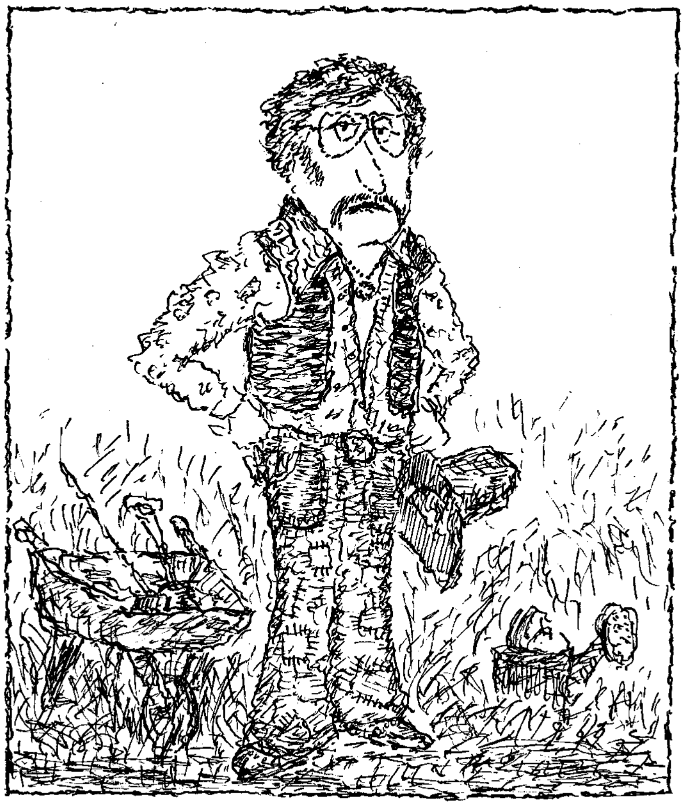
Mrs. Millicent Hardy, Program Chairman of the Westchester County Rose Society, Purchase, New York: Darwin, my husband, always says the Rose Society is "a lot of nice little ladies trying to grow the Mamie Eisenhower Rose." What Darwin doesn't happen to know is that the absolutely stunning mauve-and-ochre hybrid I've finally developed is going to be called the Bella Abzug Rose. The revolution is everywhere, sisters.



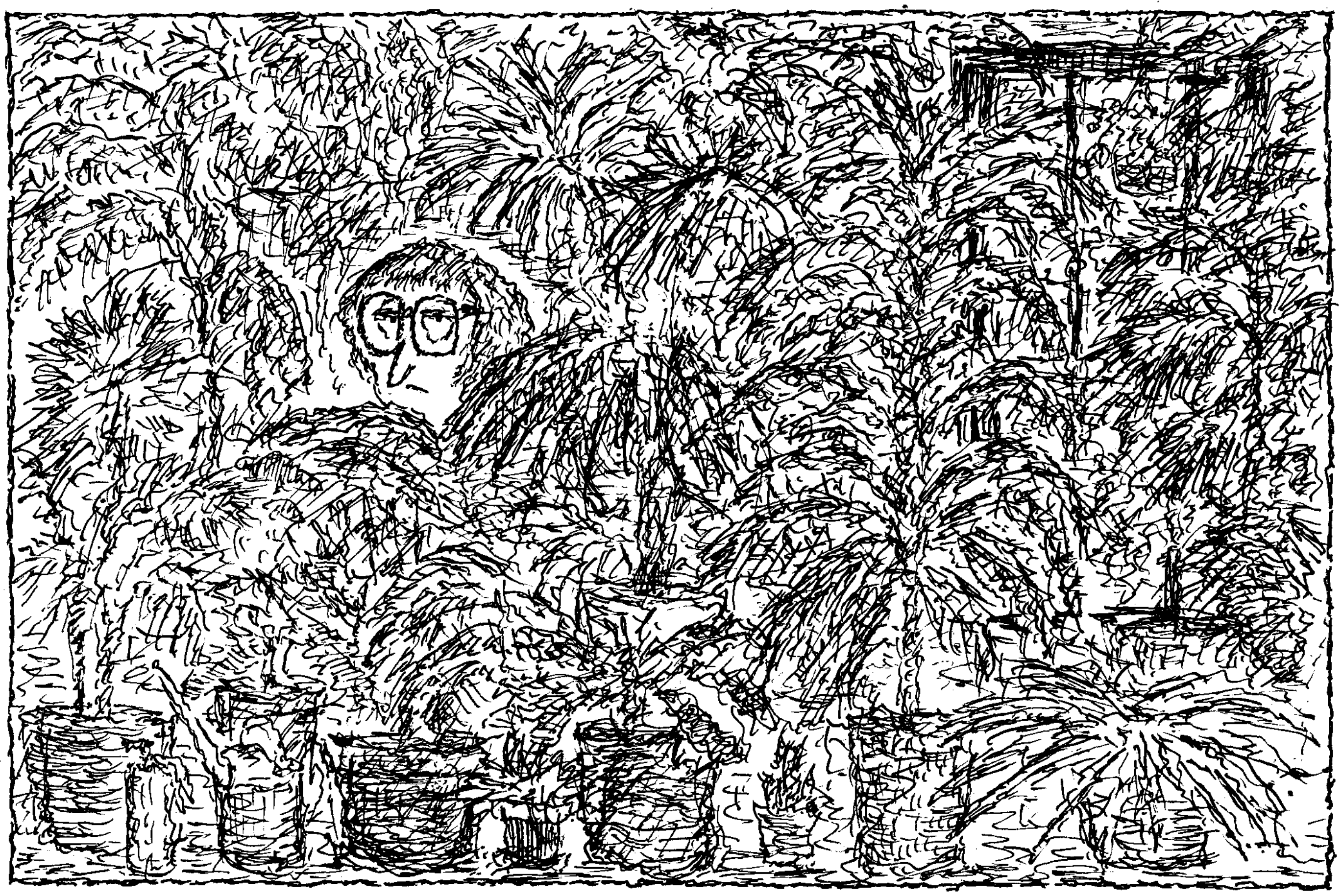
Luis Valdez, Stoop Laborer, Del Rio, Texas (Interviewed, with the permission of management, on the property of Agribeet, Inc., near Weiser, Idaho): Yes.



Claire Berman, Organic-Gardening Instructor, Sausalito, California: We do have difficulties with bugs, but I consider the use of chemicals on innocent insects the equivalent of—well, pesticide. So we tried saucers of beer to discourage the slugs and we put jackets on the tomatoes to keep away the cutworms, but we couldn't seem to get rid of the rabbits. A friend who had read "Watership Down" suggested that we put up a little sign saying "We would appreciate your leaving this patch alone." It was kind of cute, but they ate it.



Doug Parker, Sales Trainee, Minneapolis: At first I thought gardening would be a great opportunity for wearing the new overalls my girl friend and I got at Eunice's Unisex Universe this spring, but the soil-energizer we were using seemed to stain the Ultrasuede. So I thought I'd switch to my dungarees—I have some terrific ones, prepatched and with just a little flare—but the dungarees turned out to be too tight for bending over to weed. I just don't understand how real farmers get any work done.



Linda Woodson, Housewife, Manhattan: I'm quitting. You try to bring a spot of green into this hideous city and all you get is persecution by the concrete-worshippers. First the landlord said my mango trees put a strain on his precious beams, and then the busybody in the apartment upstairs complained that my cotton had caused a boll-weevil infestation in her dining alcove. Now the United Parcel man claims he was lost in the tropical section of our living room for twenty minutes and was snapped at by a crocodile. That is absolutely ridiculous. A crocodile that is not tormented will not snap.

—Calvin Trillin
and Edward Koren

GRAY SKIES

"OH, the living hell with it!" I said, slumped over the rail, looking into the Irish Sea.

Wanda's face came pink out of the mist. She said, "Yes, and don't start telling me about the girl from Texas, Harry. It's too boring for words. Don't tell me about how great she was and how you should have married her. God, she sounds stupid. Like some awful, pathetic little hick. You really deserved one another."

She was talking about a girl from El Paso whom I knew when I was stationed at Fort Bliss, in the late fifties. She was a wonderful girl, sensitive and kind and very pretty, with brown hair and green eyes that really had a light in them. I would have married her, but I felt we were from two different worlds, and I was only twenty-one and didn't feel I'd seen enough of life. Years after I got out of the Army, I got involved with Wanda, and we were married in the spring of the year. We were from the same world, and almost from the start we didn't get along. As I often said, she made me feel a certain way—not too well.

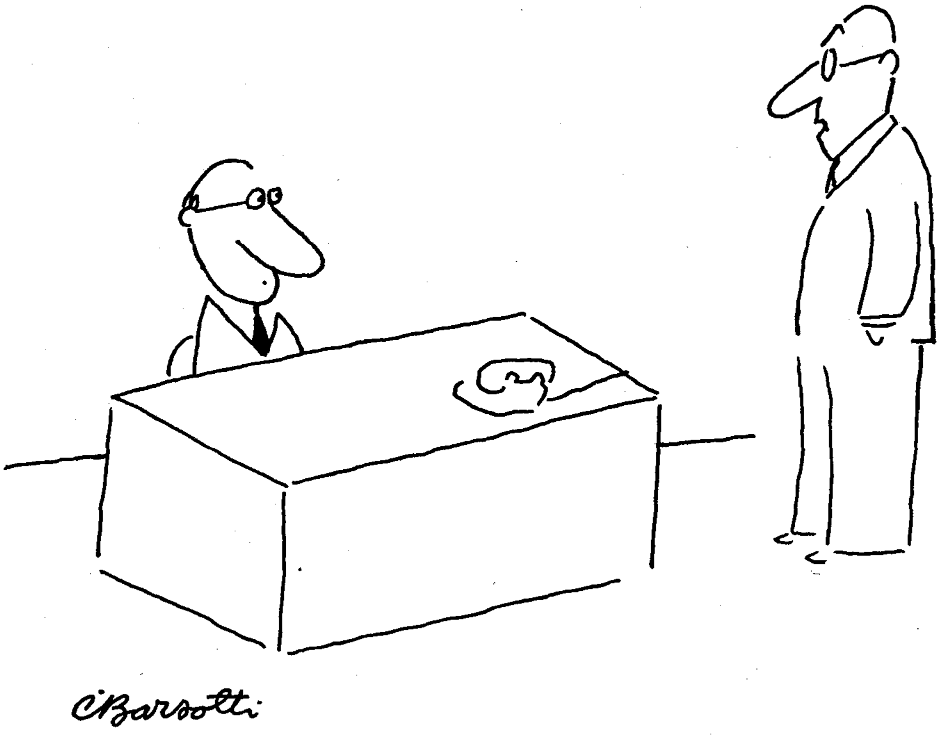
It was a gray Sunday morning. The ferry sailed slowly into Cork, and the city looked altogether beautiful and mysterious—so calm and quiet and a little poor. Wanda, a red shawl around her head, smoked a Player's cigarette. She had a hurt expression on her face. Our son, Walter, wore a gray coat with a hood that was pulled up over his head. He was two and a half years old. The three of us huddled together on the deck. It was damp and cold.

Later, in our blue Volkswagen, a used car we bought in London, we travelled along the southern coast through Kinsale and Skibbereen, and then moved north through Bantry and Glengariff. On the same day, we went around the Ring of Kerry, and we stayed the night in Killarney. On the following day, we saw some of the Dingle Peninsula and reached the River Shannon. We spent the night in a Limerick hotel. It inspired Wanda to recite a little jingle of her girlhood in Providence. "Did you know this one, Harry?" she asked. " 'The Irish are so dirty/ They never wash their clothes/ There are no Chinese laundries/ Where the River Shannon flows.' "

"No, Wanda, I hadn't heard that one," I said.

DURING the early time in Ireland, we got along fairly well. There were, of course, the pained expressions, the sarcasm, and the withholding of support. Perhaps we were fundamentally incompatible. For example, I liked to take life slowly, and she preferred it quick and frantic. She was always telling me to hurry up, and my favorite advice to her was "Take it easy, Wanda. Relax, if you can."

It was in the west of Ireland, in County Galway, that we finally settled down. We lived in a whitewashed cottage with a sloping corrugated roof and modern conveniences—good plumbing, electricity, and a stove that worked on a cylinder of gas. Through our bedroom window we could see pastureland and gentle hills and, far off on a rise, a tower and battlement of a ruined castle. There were pink and blue flowers that grew along the base of the cottage walls. It was quite a tranquil setting, and different from anything I had ever known. When we were under clouds, there were nights of pitch-black darkness, with no distraction of city lights or signs of habitation. On some evenings, you could see the moon drifting through the mist as we stood outside our cottage door, or there might be the rich, deep-blue surprise of a starry night. And there was this great quiet, with only the pastoral sounds and the wind and rain and our own voices to break the silence. Once in a while, you could hear a motorcar—usually an old black Austin moving slowly in the distance, or our own car starting out on a trip to Galway for groceries or up to the lay-by on the Limerick road to dispose of our garbage.



"Ogden, you're not centered!"

We burned turf in our grate to take the chill off in the morning and at night. It was a simple country life; we took little trips and got to know the Irish. If Wanda and I had got along, it would have been a Celtic idyll; but even with things as they were—and they got worse—it was for me quite wonderful.

We had said "so long" to the U.S.A., had bade farewell to the discourtesy and peevishness, the want of dignity, the lack of kindness, the absence of brotherhood, to the nervous hysteria and mental unbalance, to the hostility, to the growing strain of insanity and the war—in short, to the obscenity of American life in our time.

Still, it was not that easy to say goodbye. I had a lot of friends back there, and there were our families to consider. We were rather fond of our own, though not of each other's. Our time abroad was made possible by a bequest I'd received from an aunt in Philadelphia.

We went over in the winter of 1969 and lived in London for a while before going to Ireland, in the early spring. I was thirty-four, not at my physical peak.

A year passed.

"I HAD another Yank come in here a few days ago, and I still have not got over it," the gas-station man said, taking out the gas-pump nozzle

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and placing the cap on my tank. He was a thin man in his fifties, with blue, watery eyes and a ruddy complexion. I offered him several pound notes, but he did not seem interested in concluding the sale.

There was a light, misty rain. I looked toward the station office and saw Wanda standing inside. She had just lit a cigarette and was trying to compose herself. We'd had a terrible argument before we'd pulled in for gas. When I stopped the car, she had said that she felt "a great need" to get away from me.

"May I fall over dead if I'm a liar, but I put ninety gallons of gas in his car," the man said. "He had a big car, a Cadillac, but God knows it was not an airplane. I thought there was something wrong with the gauge or pump. When it said thirty-seven gallons, I remember looking under the car to see if a leak was spreading out on the ground, but it was dry. And finally, when the gauge said sixty-four gallons, I said to him, 'I think there's something wrong, sir,' and he said, 'No, everything's fine.' I remember the chill went up me. I kept pumping the gas until I'd put in ninety gallons, and the tank overflowed. It was fantastic. The price of the sale was thirty-four pounds nineteen shillings and sevenpence. I said to the Yank, 'I've never seen anything like this,' and it was then that he told me that he'd had a custom-made tank put in his car. He explained how he'd been living up in the American state of Michigan, in the northern part, where it's so wild and lonely, and there are only a few gas stations, and he wanted to be able to drive for weeks on end without worrying about running low and finding himself stuck in the wilderness. So he had this special tank built by an engineer in Detroit. It held a hundred gallons. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would have called the man who told me this a dirty liar. The car appeared normal in every way, except it was low-slung and heavy in the middle; but it was not something you noticed right away. It came with knowing about the tank. You see, it was welded onto the bottom and covered the entire underside of the car. When I took the money into the office and told the manager that it came from the sale of gas to an American with a Cadillac, he started to laugh so loud that I thought he was going to keel over, but when I took him out and showed him the car and the gauge, with the numbers still showing, he became very sober, very quiet, and he said very little for the rest of the day."

I looked at the man without quite knowing what to say, though I'd enjoyed the story very much; and then I said, finally, "Well, that's very interesting. Thanks for telling me about it."

I gave him the pound notes, and then signalled to Wanda that we were ready. She opened up her raincoat and drew it over her head, then stepped out of the office and ran quickly to the car. It was raining hard again.

"There's one more thing," he said

as he handed me my change through the window. "The gas tank was a failure. The American was inclined to get overconfident, and he ran out of gas up in Michigan, just as he feared he would before he went to all the trouble. You can't escape your destiny. Well, don't get too wet, now."

I said goodbye to him and pulled out on the road.

"What was that all about?" Wanda said.

"Just a little story."

"You certainly took your time."

"I didn't want to be rude and cut him short," I said.

"Not you, certainly not. You probably dragged it out."

"No, I was just listening, Wanda. He only wanted to tell me something, and I listened to him."

"God, you're really perfect for this country," she said.

The rain stopped when we were a few miles out of Galway, and I turned off the windshield wipers. There were light streaks in the gray sky, and it appeared that the sun was about to break through.

"It's clearing up," I said.

"I think you're the most selfish and irresponsible person I've ever known."

"Oh, come on, Wanda."

"Why do you force me to be a nag! Harry, I want to turn around right now. I mean it. I'm getting very worried. Will you please turn around?"

I kept going straight ahead. We were on our way to the Galway Meeting.

She was close to tears again. "I ask you, will you please turn around?"

"Relax. Everything's all right," I said.

"It's not all right. Nothing's all right. If anything happens to Walter, if he gets hurt, or worse, if—"

"That's enough. Now, for the hundredth time, Walter's in good hands. Nancy's a greathearted person, and there's nothing to worry about," I said.

"Oh, please shut up. You know she's just a negligent Irish girl. My God, Harry, she lets her own little boy run out on the road. I don't know why I ever let you talk me into it, but you put so much pressure on me—and God help me if I were to thwart you in any way, if I interfered with your day at the races. It's no great pleasure to listen to you go on about how I ruin your life with my joyless temperament. The problem is that you have no respect for me."

"I do respect you. I only said that sometimes you get so nervous where Walter is concerned that it makes you a little joyless, and that's practically all I said."

She wiped the corners of her eyes with a handkerchief.

"You know, it's very depressing to have another person always make you feel that you're a little sickening," she said.

"I'm sorry I make you feel that way."

"Oh, you're not sorry. It's the pleasure of your life."

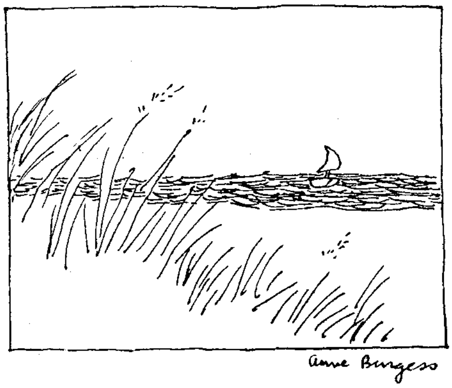
I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Look, Wanda, let's start over. Say, did I tell you what Nancy said to me when I told her I was going to pay her for her trouble? She said, 'Harry, we're friends, and that's all that matters, so don't be thinking of giving me any money. I wouldn't take it if you held a gun to me.' "

"God, Harry, all that banter goes to your head. But I'm telling you one thing. If anything happens to Walter, I'll never talk to you again. Never, never, never—"

"Will you please shut up?" I said.

"I will not shut up!"

A light rain began to fall again. The wipers went back and forth. They made a pleasant sound and along with the rain helped create in the car a feeling of warm coziness. I turned on the radio and listened to a program of old Gaelic songs. Wanda was slouched low in her seat, her arms folded across her chest. After a while, I turned off the radio. It occurred to me that I might cheer her up by telling her the story that I had heard in the gas station. I should have merely reported it as it was told, but I made the mistake of saying that it sounded plausible.



She leaned forward in her seat and laughed. "Oh, they must be laughing at you now, and no wonder, you're so incredibly naïve. Do you really think it would fit under a car? One thing's for sure, Harry, your strong point never was a sense of reality. It falls apart at the slightest provocation. I watched your face as he talked to you, and it was so rapt and respectful. Do you realize that he made a complete fool out of you, Harry? He'll be telling his friends about this tonight in the local pub, about this naïve American, and they'll be laughing themselves sick."

"Jesus, but you're irritating," I said.

"Irish fancy—that's what they call it, Harry."

"No, you're wrong. I talked to the man. I watched him, sensed his sincerity. He seemed truly mystified himself," I said.

She broke into laughter again, and I went on. "Look, maybe the tank took up all the trunk space as well as the underside. You see, it was welded onto the bottom. I don't know if I told you that."

"I'm going to write my father this little story," she said. "It merely confirms everything he ever felt about you. I'm going to write him tonight."

"You do that. And while you're at it, would you tell him for me to take a flying leap?" I said.

She took a pained, spasmodic breath.

AGAIN

Again, great season, sing it through again
Before we fall asleep, sing the slow change
That makes October burn out red and gold
And color bleed into the world and die,
And butterflies among the fluttering leaves
Disguise themselves until the few last leaves
Spin to the ground or to the skimming streams
That carry them along until they sink,
And through the muted land, the nevergreen
Needles and mull and duff of the forest floor,
The wind go ashen, till one afternoon
The cold snow cloud comes down the intervale
Above the river on whose slow black flood
The few first flakes come hurrying in to drown.

—Howard Nemerov

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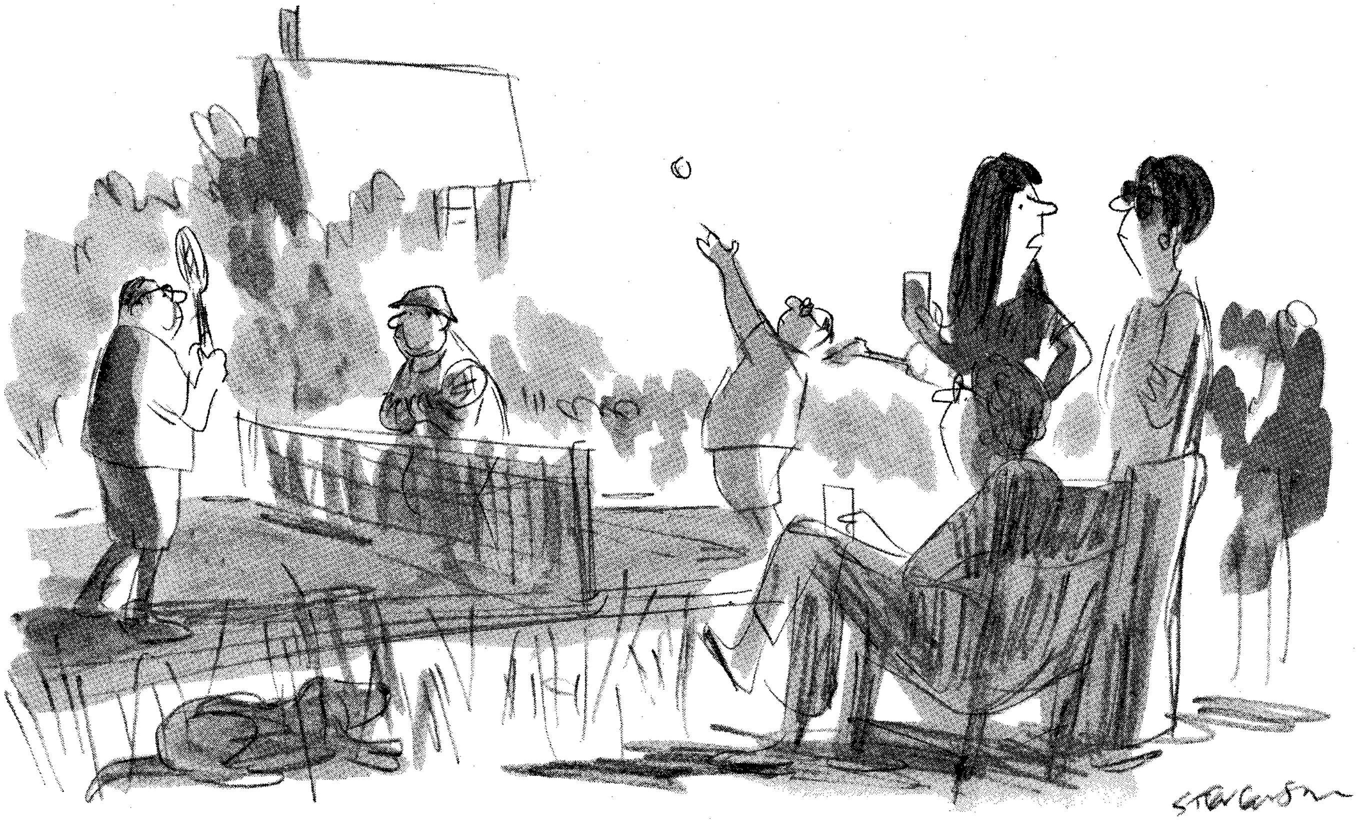

"It's the Greater Hamptons Semifinals—the Amagansett Aces versus the Quogue Lobs."

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"Oh, God, I hate you, Harry. I hate your dirty guts."

I slowed down at a curve and shifted down into third. The gear stick collided with her leg.

"Move your bloody knee," I said. I gave a slapping push to her thigh, and then heard her groan and whimper, and before I knew what was happening she threw herself on me and started hitting me on the shoulders and the top of my head. The car lurched to the right, and I managed to push her against the opposite side, while quickly turning the wheel with my free hand, and I applied the brakes. I pulled over to the soft shoulder of the road, near a fence of piled stones. Beyond the fence was a green and rocky field.

She slumped against the car door and began to cry.

I was out of breath and angry, and I lit a cigarette and tried to calm down.

"Oh, I'm so unhappy. I can't stand it anymore," she said.

She rose and leaned out the window, as though she were about to be sick, and then she fell back in her seat.

WHEN we arrived at the Galway Meeting, the first race was over. The rain had stopped and the sky had partially cleared. Broken dark clouds were moving eastward. I parked the car on a grassy field, and we walked toward the grandstand. Wanda remained a little to the rear. We had not spoken for twenty minutes.

I had looked forward to seeing the Meeting, and I started to feel good again. The horses had not yet come out for the second race. We went through a gate and crossed the grass track, then passed through another gate to the grandstand section. I felt this tremendous happiness. I liked the track in its pastoral setting, the Irish crowd, and the changing sky, and the air, which was a little cold and wet.

Wanda looked despondent and half-heartedly regarded her program. She finally spoke. "Where are the betting windows?" she asked.

I tried to explain it to her—how there were no betting windows, no pari-mutuel system, that you placed your bet with the bookmaker who gave you the most attractive odds, and that the bookmakers were in a special area.

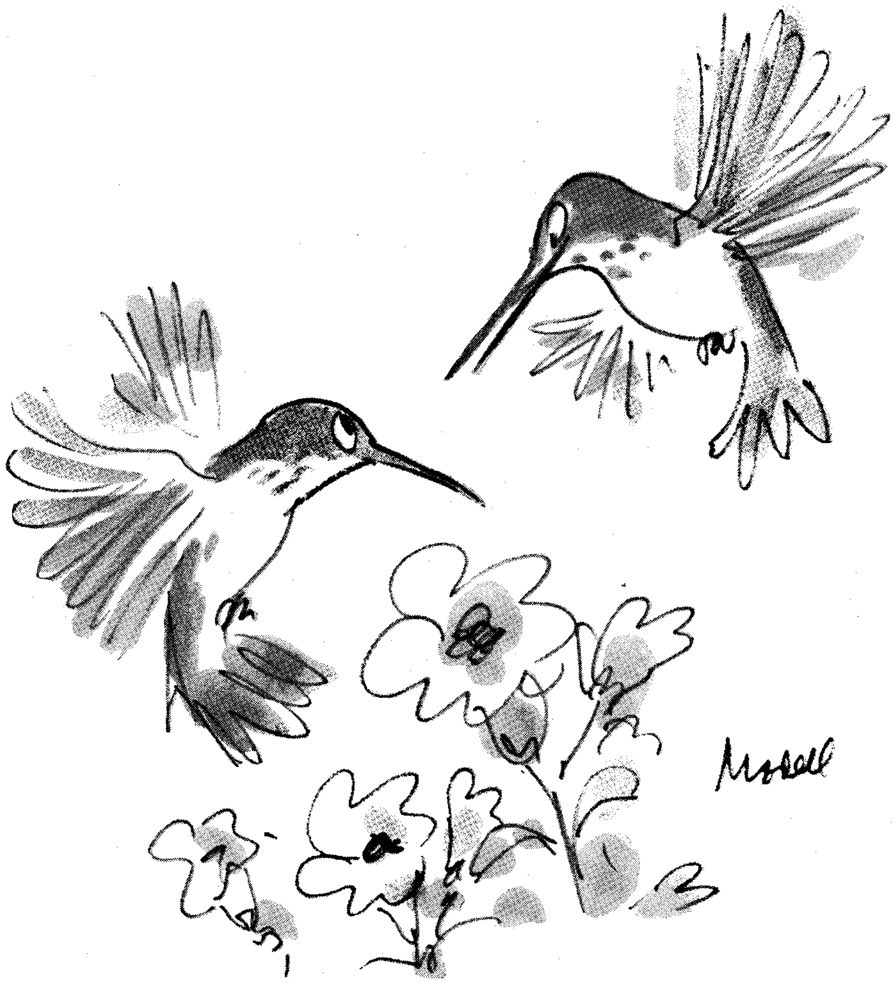
"I don't need a lecture, Harry. I'll figure it out for myself," she said. "Look, I think I'd like to watch the races alone, so why don't you go somewhere?"

"What do you mean by that?" I said.

"I think I made it very clear," she said, looking remote and tired. She turned and walked away toward the grandstand.

"You'll find me on the rail," I yelled after her, and then I walked across the track again, just as the horses were coming out from the paddock. I entered the infield and took up a position beside the rail. The second race was coming up, and I thought of going across again and placing a bet with a bookmaker on the other side, but I didn't want to take a chance of running into Wanda. I was disappointed not to see the betting area. The bookmakers were a colorful and dedicated lot. I'd seen them in Kildare at the Curragh, one afternoon, while Wanda stayed with Walter at the hotel. Each bookmaker seemed to have his own following of loyal patrons. It was an interesting profession, the way it was practiced in Ireland, and it appealed to me. I wouldn't have minded being a member of their little fraternity. It was a healthy life in the out-of-doors.

The sun came out briefly, and the lovely colors of the jockey silks took me by surprise. Then the sun went behind gray clouds again. The horses moved in a tightly reined trot, and then the jockeys, up a little in their saddles, broke them into a gallop that



"Mind if I hum along?"

took them past the grandstand and around the turn.

A couple of Irish boys climbed up on the rail. I judged them to be about fifteen. One was small, slight, and dark-haired, with green-blue eyes. The other boy was of a larger, more husky build, with broad sloping shoulders and red hair. They began talking about the horses with great cheerfulness. The dark-haired boy spoke rapidly, rubbing the knuckles of his hand along his cheek.

Then the race started. It was a handicap for three-year-olds, at six furlongs.

The boys began screaming at one of the riders as the horses moved around the turn, and then the smaller boy said to his friend, "He's going to make it, Martin, and remember that I said it." Shortly, a great roar went up, and then the race was over.

"Was I right now, Martin? Can you say it clearly now?" the smaller boy said.

"Oh, you were right, Jerry. I can't deny it."

I couldn't help smiling at the exchange, and almost immediately got into conversation with them. The slight boy, called Jerry, looked down at me from the rail.

"The jockey Curran on Destiny's Child, he takes out my sister," he said.

"He rode a good race," I said. Destiny's Child had won by three lengths.

"Oh, he isn't bad for an apprentice rider," he said, and then he paused. "You're an American, aren't you?"

I said that I was.

"I have an uncle in Boston and another in Chicago," he said. "And they've sent us no money in five years."

His friend laughed. "Jerry's an awful person. He's worse than a Belfast Protestant on a holiday in Rome."

"Oh, God, Martin, that's good, that's very good, but you said it yesterday as well," Jerry said.

"Did I, now!"

"And I expect it tomorrow, too—if I happen to see you then," he said. He looked at me. "My name's Jerry O'Neill, and this sad person is Martin Leary."

I introduced myself, and we shook hands all around.

"Do you like the horses?" Jerry asked.

I said that I did.

"I plan to be a trainer someday, after my career as a jockey is over," he said.

Martin shook his head. "It's over already, Jerry. I'm afraid it was over before it started."

Jerry laughed. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes from his shirt pocket and offered one to me, and then he took one for himself.

"None for you, Martin," he said.

"I don't want another today. You're just stunting your growth, Jerry, which is a poor thing as it is."

"Well, that's good. There'll be no trouble making the weight."

"Oh, you'll be lucky to get a horse, unless an owner has lost his mind. Now give me a fag, will you?" Martin said.

Jerry handed him the pack, and Martin took out two cigarettes. "I'll keep one for later," he said.

The horses for the next race came out on the track. We smoked and looked them over. The race coming up was for three-year-old fillies at a mile and a quarter.

"Harry, put a few pounds on Broken Heart, and I think you'll do well," Jerry said.

I said that I was thinking of Gray Lady, that she had placed second in her last two races and Curran was riding her.

"Oh, don't think of him. He may fall off his horse this race," Jerry said. Martin agreed.

While we were talking it over, I noticed Wanda coming toward us. It did not appear that she had been having a pleasant time.

"Now, she is good-looking," Martin said.

And then Jerry said, "She's a little haughty and angry. Do I like her? I'm not sure that I do."

"She's coming this way. She seems to be looking at us," Martin said.

I felt that it had gone far enough, and I told them that she was my wife. They broke into a wild laughter, and had scarcely suppressed it as Wanda walked up to us. I introduced them to her. They could not quite look at her, out of embarrassment, and remained seated up on the rail.

"Thank you, I'm glad I provided a good laugh," she said.

Jerry, who wore the trace of a smile, got down from the rail. "It was not at you we were laughing but ourselves," he said. He held his cigarette cupped in his hand, as though this were somehow an act of respect. His face took on a look of sobriety. "It was only our natural surprise at finding you were Harry's wife, after our saying, 'Now, there's an attractive woman.' "

"That's true," Martin said, only half looking at her.

Wanda ignored them.

"How long do you intend to stay?" she asked.

"Until it's over," I said. I looked up at the cloudy sky.

"I'm wondering about Walter," she said.

"He's all right," I said.

"How do you know?"

"Well, why shouldn't he be?" I said, feeling helpless before a rising anger.

I looked out at the track. Jerry pointed to the No. 4 horse, Gray Lady, who was galloping in front of us.

"There goes Curran," he said. Curran, leaning forward and slightly up in the saddle, had a long face with a wide mouth, and there was dark hair coming out from under his cap.

"Wanda, that jockey takes out Jerry's sister," I said.

"Oh, how good for her."

"I'm not sure it is," Jerry said.

Martin laughed. "She's daft anyway. It runs in the family," he said.

Wanda sighed. "Harry, I want to leave right now," she said.

I gripped the rail and said nothing for a few moments, and then I said, "Go down that road and turn left. It's about fifteen miles."

I should never have said it. Wanda's lower lip trembled and tears welled up in her eyes. The boys regarded her with a kind of wonder.

"Oh, how could you, Harry?" she said, turning her back on them.

"Well, boys, I guess I'll have to leave," I said. I shook hands with them and gave them what was left of a pack of cigarettes.

"Thank you, Harry, and good luck," Martin said.

"We hope to see you before it's all over," Jerry said. He climbed back up on the rail and smiled. "Goodbye. And goodbye to your wife, Harry," he said.

"Yes, goodbye to her, too," Martin said.

I could hardly look at Wanda. We walked without speaking to the parking lot and got into the car. As soon as she sat down, she began to cry. "I'll never forget how you humiliated me before those boys," she said. "I hope you're happy now."

I felt that it was getting hard to breathe, that the oxygen was leaving the air. As I put the key in the ignition, I thought that I had been a kinder, more compassionate person in my twenties, when I seemed to have more hope as a human being. In all fairness, though, I'd also been happier then.

IN a drizzling rain, Walter was running across a field with Nancy's four-year-old son, Jack. Several brown-and-white cows and a horse were grazing there. A large dog ran between them and the boys, who ran and screamed with their arms stretched out. Nancy sat on the steps of her cottage, nursing her infant daughter. When she saw us, she rose slowly and covered her breast. "You're back early. Who won the Guinness Hurdle?" she said.

"We did not stay for it," I said. "We thought we'd go on a picnic out in Connemara." This had just occurred to me.

She laughed. She was a slim, attractive, and cheerful girl of about twenty-eight. "Oh, Harry, you're going out there again, are you?" she said. "I'm sure you'll end up herding sheep." She looked out at the field. "Walter was lovely. He is great company for Jack." The boys came over. They were flushed and sweaty with excitement. Walter grasped me around my legs and then ran to his mother, who picked him up.

"I no' 'fraid of cows," he said excitedly. He had large brown eyes and brown hair and wore a blue sweater. Young Jack, with his open, ruddy face, was big and husky for his age. He wore only a thin yellow polo shirt.

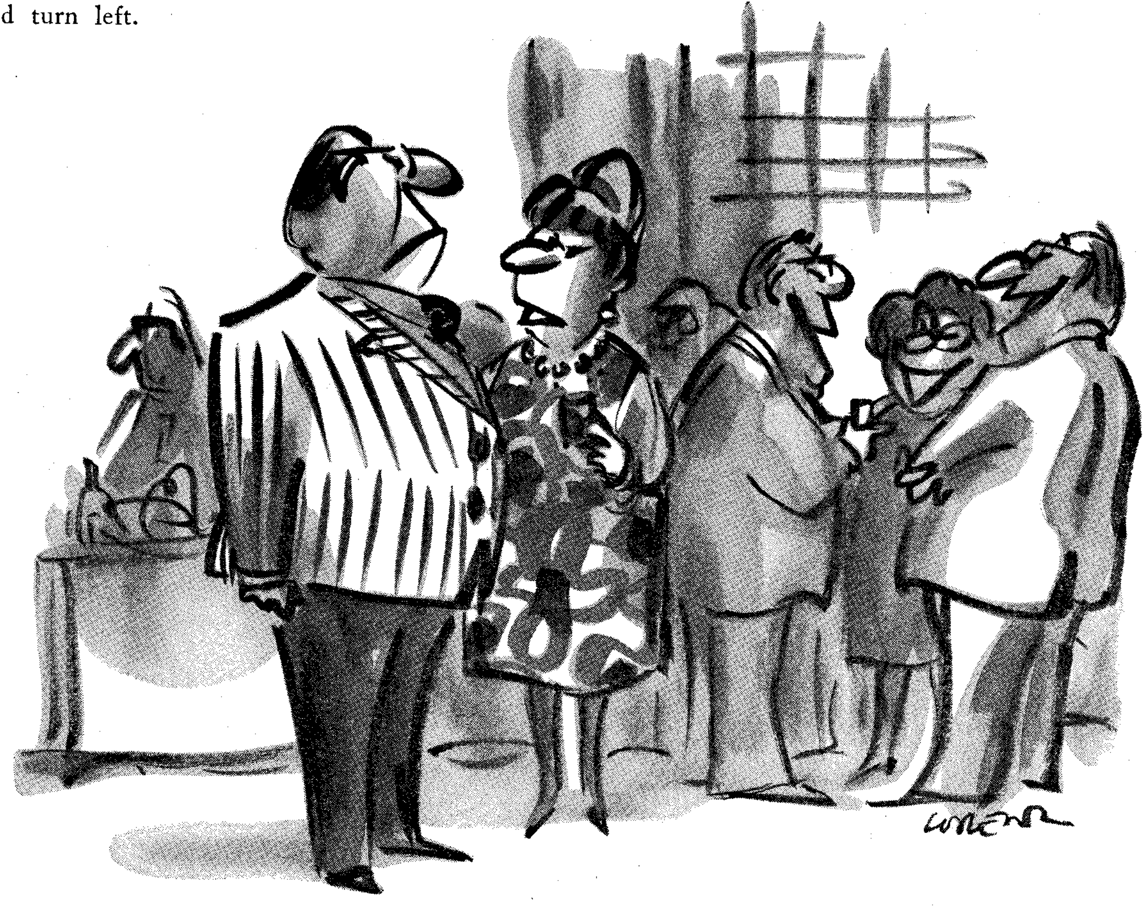
I tried to give Nancy some money, and she refused me again.

"Please don't think of it, Harry," she said. "Have yourselves a lovely time, now. Are you going as far as Clifden?"

"I don't know," I said.

Nancy laughed. "What a terrible man you are," she said. Walter came over, and she knelt down and put a hand on his shoulder. "The sooner you're leaving me, the sooner I'll see you again." He put his arms around her neck. "Oh, you're a great man, Walter," she said.

She stood up and turned to me. "Matt's out in the river. I think he'll



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Edgar! These days, everyone is foulmouthed."

be bringing in some salmon. Do you want a fish?"

"That would be fine," I said.

"Good, I'll send him over tonight. Well, goodbye now, Harry—goodbye, Wanda."

"Goodbye," Wanda said, getting into the car. "And thank you."

Jack ran out on the road and waved to us as we pulled away.

IT was hard to tell about the weather. Overhead, the sky was gray, and a light rain was falling, but farther west it was brighter, with blue openings in the clouds.

"I think it's clearing out in Connemara," I said. "I've got all the gear in the trunk, the stove and some canned goods in the knapsack, and we can pick up some other things in Galway."

Wanda lit a cigarette and said nothing for a few moments, and then she said, "It's a shame you can't take Nancy. She's so much fun, isn't she?"

"What are you talking about now, Wanda?" I said.

"You're both so chummy, that's all. It's always Harry this and Harry that, and she hardly even looks my way. I think she hates me for some Irish reason of her own."

"She doesn't hate you, Wanda. I'm sure she feels that you don't like her much. That's all there is to it. I genuinely like her, and she knows it, and she responds to me."

"Please shut up, Harry," she said. "You're so pompous and smug. I mean, smugness is really a secret disease with you."

After we drove into Galway, Wanda went into the Five Star Market with a cloth shopping bag that we always kept in the car, and she came out with some bread and milk. At another place, we picked up four bottles of Guinness. We put it all in a Styrofoam box in the trunk.

I drove down to the waterfront and maneuvered the car for the sheer joy of it through the Spanish Arch, an old and beautifully weathered archway of stone, and then I turned the car around and drove through it again and started off for Connemara.

As we passed through Salthill, we stopped to look out at the nearly deserted beach. Three young girls, having been not long out of the water, stood smiling and shivering in their towels, with their wet hair matted to their foreheads, their lips blue with cold. Then one shouted gaily, "It's now or never, Kathleen!" They dropped their towels and went running toward the water again just as we pulled away.

Wanda shook her head. "What idiots."

The sky was darker, and it began to rain harder again. I told Wanda not to get disheartened, as it was obviously clearing in the west.

I turned on the radio. A theatre group was doing "The Shadow of a Gunman," and I felt wonderful listening to it.

I looked at Walter through the rearview mirror. He was strapped in his elevated safety seat, looking out at the passing country. He looked so honest and openhearted. I felt a fresh surge of love for him.

Wanda opened her window slightly and flipped her cigarette out on the road. "This country makes me nervous," she said. "The weather's so changeable. It makes me changeable."

"Don't blame your moods on the weather," I said. "The truth is, you're always the same. Impossible." I laughed.

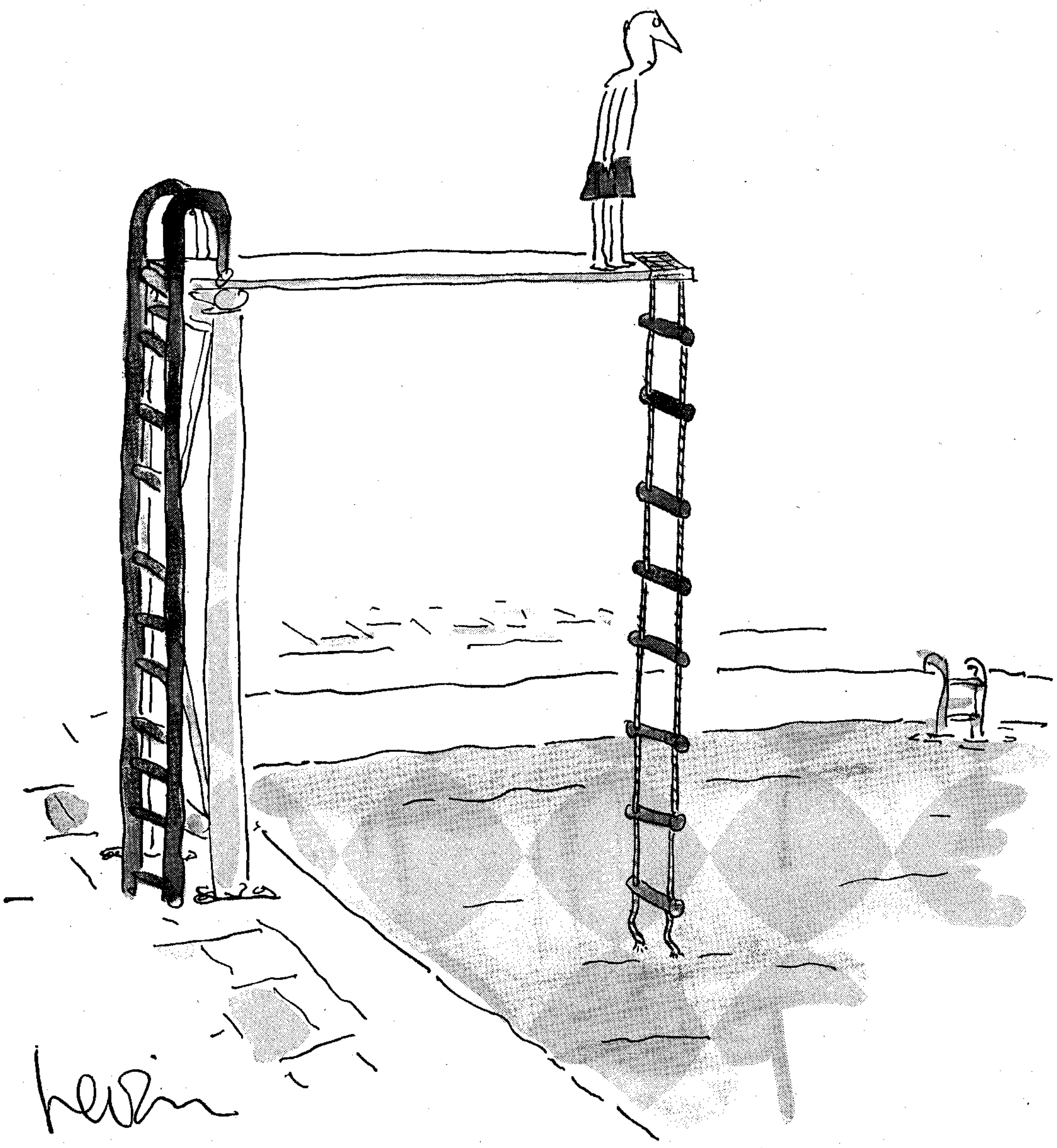
"You're so witty, Harry. May I thank you for everything?" she said.

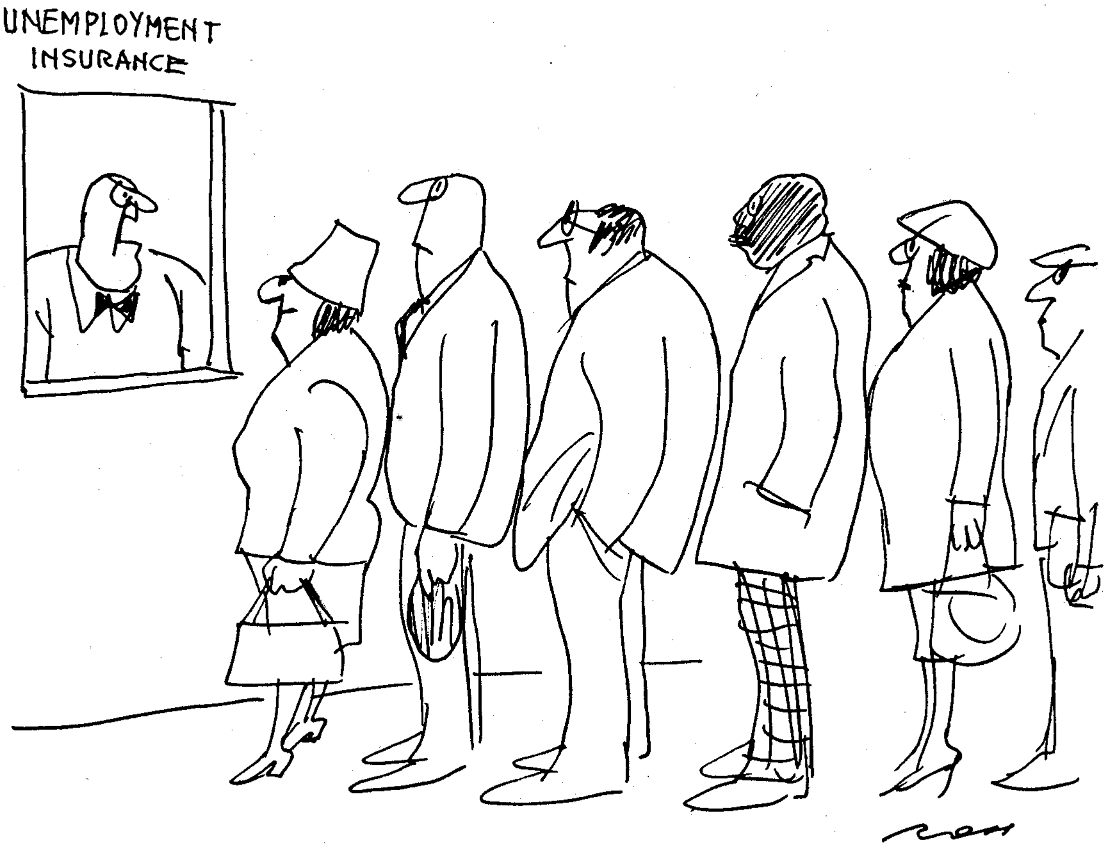
We were on the road to Clifden. On the outskirts of Moycullen, the rain was pouring against the windshield so hard that we couldn't see out. I had to pull over to the side of the road.

"Only you could pick a day like this for a picnic," Wanda said, shaking her head.

"It will definitely let up. You can see that it's clearing in the west," I said. "And besides, Wanda, try to be a little accepting. Why don't you try to enjoy the rain instead of resenting the fact that the sun isn't shining?"

"Please don't lecture me on how to behave, and don't patronize me, Harry. I'm not one of those stupid girls who





"Go home, I tell you! The recession is over!"

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think you're so marvelous."

"No, but you're lovely all the same," I said.

"You're so pompous. You're so sickening."

"Thank you very much."

"I hate you. God, I hate you."

I looked back at Walter to see how he was taking it, to see the expression on his face. It was unsmiling and inscrutable. "I don't think we're doing him any good, Wanda. I've told you that before."

She began to scream at me. "You bastard, I'm going to express myself, so don't use Walter as an excuse to stifle me!" She took a halting breath, and then started breathing rapidly and blinking. "And besides, you're the one who goes berserk and has tantrums and says all the hateful things, and then afterward has the gall to pretend he's so balanced and fair, when all the time—" She began to cry into her hands. Walter misunderstood. Thinking that his mother was laughing, he commenced in a high, screechy monotone to laugh as well.

We continued westward, passing through Oughterard, and drove along the edge of some small lakes. It was very beautiful. The rain had let up, and fog and mist lay over the water.

I pulled to the side of the road and turned off the engine. I wanted to experience it all in the quiet. I persuaded Wanda to get out of the car, and then I unstrapped Walter from his seat and lifted him up on my shoulders.

There was a deep stillness. It made all the difference in the world without the distraction of the motor. I tried to catch Wanda's eye, to get her to look my way and smile and forgive me and forgive herself. She stood there in her British raincoat as though she were enduring a punishment, her arms folded across her chest, her eyes slightly squinting at the fine mist. If it had not been for the unhappiness around her mouth, accented by a faint vertical line dropping from one corner, she would have been one of those girls I fell in love with at first sight. She was quite good-looking for thirty—for any age, really—with her faintly rosy face and auburn hair and blue, unhappy eyes.

I walked slowly around the car with Walter on my back. A breeze came up, and the clouds and fog started to drift away. Some mountains could be seen vaguely in the distance. "Can you see those hills?" I said to Walter.

Wanda opened the car door. "Let's get back inside. We're all going to get the flu," she said.

I strapped Walter back in his seat, then dried his face and hair with a handkerchief. His sweater was a little damp. I made a mental note to get him a poncho at the first opportunity. We started out again.

"You're incredibly inconsiderate," Wanda said. "Just plain selfish. For your aesthetic pleasure, everyone has to get soaked through."

"You'll live," I said.

"No thanks to you, Harry. I want you to know that I still remember how you treated me at the race track—"

"Racecourse," I amended.

"Don't think I've forgotten how you and those Irish boys humiliated me—"

"I know you have perfect recall, Wanda, but the thing is, you get everything wrong, because you have no judgment," I said.

An expression of utter disgust came over her face. "Oh, I wish you'd shut up. I'm sick to death of how you go on in that smug, critical way of yours, killing me a little bit at a time. Why don't you just come out and say you hate me, Harry? I did a terrible thing. I took away a little of your precious freedom and forced you to accept some responsibility. I married you and gave you a child. I committed an awful crime. Poor Harry! You hate me constantly and with a passion. God, why don't you be a man and admit it?"

"I don't hate you, Wanda," I said. I turned around, looking back at Walter. "How are you, Walt? Here, give me a shake," I said, extending my hand. Walter smiled and took a few fingers and shook them.

"Can you honestly say you love me, Harry?" she said.

I didn't say anything, as at that moment I really despised her.

"It's a simple question. I ask you now," she said.

I kept my eyes on the road and did not reply.

"Oh, God, I've really had it with you, Harry."

"Well, there's always a way out."

"Yes, and I'll get Walter," she said.

"Like hell you will," I said.

We were approaching Recess. The small mountain ranges, the Maamturks and the Twelve Bens, came into view, looking gray in the mist. The rain was letting up again, and there were seams of light in the sky overhead. Farther west there were great splits in the clouds.

Near Ballynahinch, an old deserted castle rose up from a small island in the middle of a lake. It was an ancient fortress of the O'Flaherty family. I pulled over to the side of the road and got out of the car by myself. It was lovely there, with the lake and the ruined castle and the mountains and the wooded hills on the far side of the lake, and nearby there were purple wild flowers growing in the rocks. The rain was light and a little cold. In the west, rays of sunlight appeared between the clouds, and there was some pale-blue sky.

It wasn't long before we could see the spires of Clifden. We had reached the western coast, and I felt suddenly elated at being near the North Atlantic.

"Shall we stop for some tea?" I asked.

Wanda rubbed her eyes. "Yes, I guess so."

I parked the car. I picked up Walter, who had fallen asleep. He woke up as I carried him through the rain to an old hotel on the main street. We entered a small room off the lobby and sat down in a couple of soft chairs near a small, round tea table. It was cozy and warm in the room, with a dismal gray light coming in through the windows. We ordered tea, some milk and cookies for Walter, and some bread-and-butter sandwiches. We ate all the sandwiches and finished off the pot of tea and the milk. Then I took Walter to the bathroom. When we got back to the table, Walter climbed up on his mother's lap and fell asleep. Wanda had put on her dark glasses and was smoking a cigarette. I put an empty teacup to my lips from time to time.

"What do you think, Harry?" she finally said.

"About what?"

"Us."

"Not very much," I said.

"You don't even think it's worth the effort, do you?" she said.

"Well, it certainly has been an effort, hasn't it?"

She took off her glasses and wiped her eyes with her napkin, and then she put them back on. "That's what I mean. I'm making an effort, taking certain emotional risks, and you respond with sarcasm? It's very cheap, Harry." She took a shaky breath and absently rubbed Walter's shoulder. "I'm sure now we're going to divorce. Oh, God, you've told me often enough how you need your freedom. May I tell you something? What you're craving is a little license to go berserk. You want the freedom to wreck your life. I guess you need to be adored by some boring, stupid little English girl. Like that awful Cynthia in London, who pretended she was my friend."

"Leave her out of it," I said.

"Do you miss her, Harry? She was nothing much, just young and pretty, and she knew how to flatter you. Harry, I've never known anyone more vulnerable and less gracious about compliments than you. And do you know why? Because you *believe* them. Oh, Jesus, you deserve a girl like her. I can still hear her clapping her hands and saying, 'Oh, well done!' after you had made some perfectly banal observation. It was sickening. And do you remember her awful habit of saying 'super' at least forty times an hour? I know you felt that indicated she had enthusiasm for life. You're so blind and undiscriminating when it comes to women. Why don't you live in the real world? You're always somewhere over there, over the rainbow someplace. Why don't you grow up? It's about time, don't you think?"

I said nothing.

"I'm asking you, Harry. Isn't it about time?"

"Wanda, you're an intelligent girl, but you have a lot of problems."

"You won't intimidate me, Harry. You're in such sad, awful, pathetic shape. I mean, I'd feel sorry for you if you weren't such a bastard."

d. ehrenberg

"Yeah, I'm pretty terrible," I said.

"Did you ever once care about my needs? Or show me any kindness? No, I'm just a bit player in your life that you can neglect and look down on. That's all you think I'm good for. Do you know the warmest response you ever show me? Sad resignation. That's right, Harry. And, oh, yes, I don't want to leave out cold formality. You know how to do your duty, Harry. You're good at that, but you always let me know how much it costs you. You make it plain how bravely you're restraining your true feelings."

"What in the hell are you talking about?" I said.

"Are you ever affectionate? Do you ever put your arms around me anymore? I need affection, Harry. There's more to love than lovemaking, than sex in bed—"

"Oh, Jesus."

"Well, it's true."

"I'm not affectionate. That's true. But you don't make me feel affectionate."

"You're always angry," she said.

"No, that's not it. I often wake up feeling fine, and *then* you make me angry. You get on my nerves, Wanda."

She shook her head and sighed. "Do you know what's wrong with you? You're having a middle-age crisis. And you've got it bad, Harry."

"Wanda, let's end this comedy."

"Yes, it's a comedy, all right, living over here, playing the role of an ex-

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AT THE GRAVEYARD: MINNIE PATTERSON (1873–1971)

We have come a little early. Minutes away in the small town
You painted your pictures of, where you wrote your cheerful verse,
They are turning the screws of a gray coffin. Your coffin.

We wander among the headstones, killing time, saying what we have said
All day, *What a beautiful day*, meaning the high clouds, the high wind,
The blue there is no name for, except sky, except beautiful.

We have come to the stones of the far side, the stones of the last century.
There are so many children here, and here is a man born in Damascus—
A Country Doctor for 40 Years to Our County—

And his wife—Clara, a Descendant of Jonathan Edwards.
The day is beautiful, the sky is blue, the clouds are clouds
You cannot read anything into. They are simply clouds.

The hearse comes down the highway, and turns, and stops.
We make our way toward you, past the Lieutenant of Cavalry,
The Native of Iowa, Our Beloved Father, His Sweet Child.

—HENRI COULETTE

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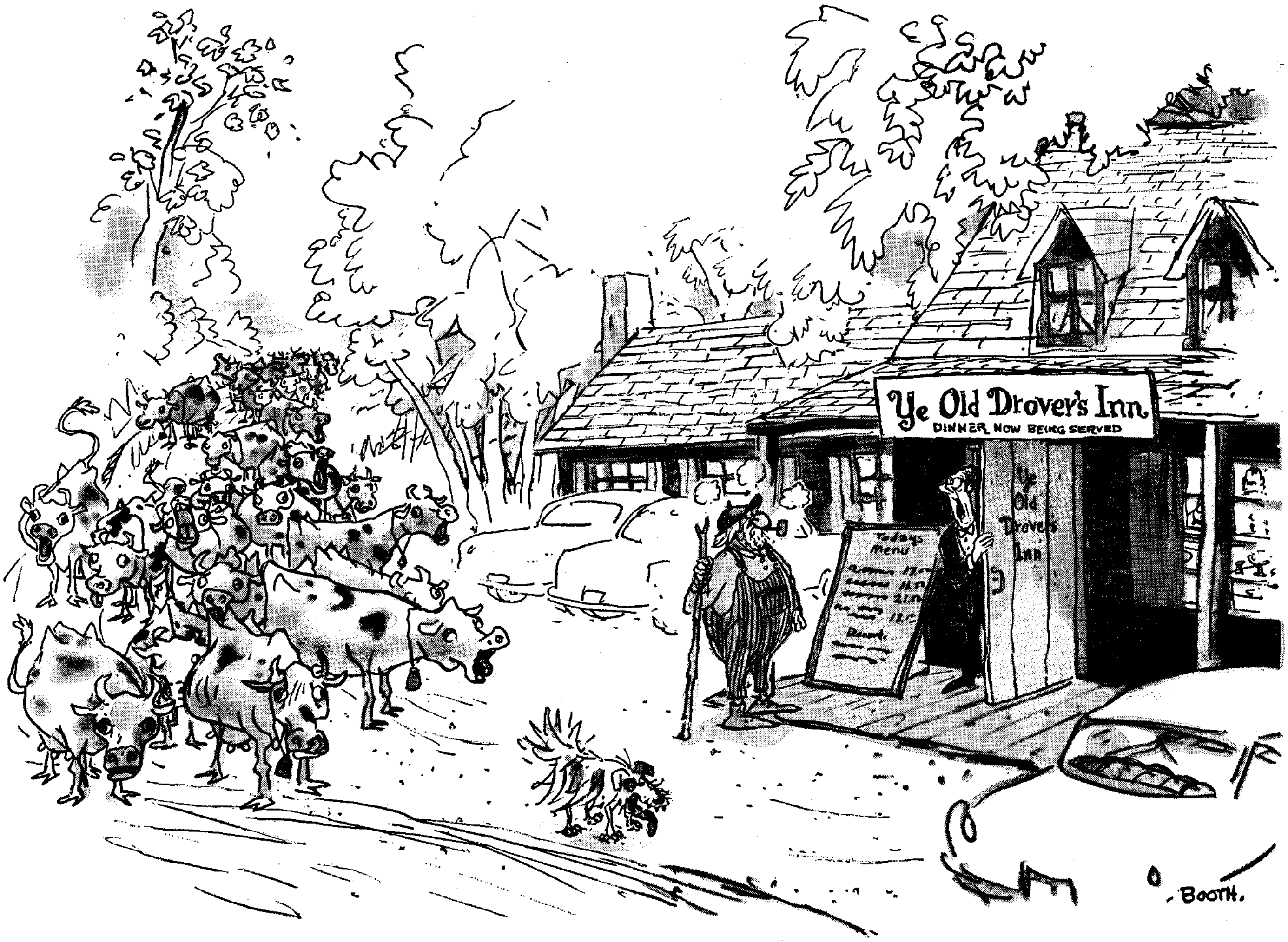


"Do you have a dinner jacket, sir?"

• •

patriate. I find it amusing myself. Do you know the only true pleasure you get out of life? It's going into Galway and buying *Time* magazine. I see the feverish look in your eyes when you read the news of America. I tell you, Harry, when you read the *Irish Times*, it's a pose. Your heart isn't in it."

"No, you're quite wrong. It's true I'm curious about life back there, but I love it in Ireland."

"Oh yes, you love it here. That's true enough," she said. She took a deep breath. "You know, I've just figured out your fascination with Ireland. It's behind the times, like you. Over here, the *déjà vu* gives you a sense of security, and you don't have all the terrible anxiety of social change, women's liberation—of contemporary life in general."

"Wanda," I said, "I'm a little sick of this."

"Well, I'm sick of you, Harry."

I felt quite exhausted. My mind wandered to the time we were in Dublin and stayed at the Shelbourne Hotel, across from St. Stephen's Green. I had taken Walter to Trinity College to see the Book of Kells. It was a lovely, cool sunny day. Afterward, we were standing on Grafton Street, and I was admiring the great Palladian façade of Trinity, when a lovely young Irish girl of about nineteen stopped and began to admire Walter. "Oh, he's gorgeous. He's the playboy of the western world," she said.

We exchanged a few pleasantries, and then Walter suddenly hugged her around the legs. "Oh, I'm so flattered," she said. We all laughed, and then she went on her way.

Back at the hotel, I told Wanda of our little encounter. "I can imagine how it really was," she said. "She thought *you* were the playboy. Did you get her phone number? Oh, I bet you tried so hard to please her, and she thought you were wonderful. Of course, she doesn't know you like I do, Harry."

"You're absolutely wrong. She didn't notice me at all. It was Walter she was interested in," I said.

"But I imagine you were quite interested in her," Wanda said. "You're not terribly observant, Harry, but one thing you do notice is a pretty girl, unless she happens to be your wife. Well, I'm very attractive, Harry, and I'm damned sexy, and there are plenty of men who think so."

I left the room, feeling nauseated and hollow inside. I felt like throwing myself in the River Liffey, but I merely took a walk down Lower Baggott Street. When I returned to the hotel, a few hours later, the door was locked, and Wanda refused to let me inside. As I saw it, I had no alternative but to stay out all night. It was far less unseemly than begging someone to open a door. I went to various pubs, and really enjoyed myself talking to the people there. When the pubs closed, I wandered around, waiting for morning. I walked along the river, as far west as the Kilmainham Jail; and then I strolled across the Island Bridge to Phoenix Park. It was a beautiful night, sort of balmy for Dublin, and the stars were out. I slowly walked east again, just taking my time, drawing clear, free breaths. Outside the Customs House, I saw the sun rise. It had been one of the happiest experiences of my life.

When I saw Wanda later that morning, she was in tears; she probably thought I'd met with a bad accident or, worse, deserted her, but when she finally realized I was standing before her in one piece, intact, with all my faults, both real and imagined, she began to accuse me of infidelity. It was so pathetic and sad that I felt no anger at all.

Other women were always a sore point with Wanda, for despite all her flash and sparkle and genuine quality, she basically had no confidence in herself. Or perhaps she had none in me.

“SHALL we order another pot of tea?” I asked, watching the rain fall in Clifden.

“If you want, Harry. It's up to you.”

I ordered the tea.

“I guess we're through,” I said, finally.

“I did my best. I honestly did,” she said.

I lit a cigarette. I wasn't quite ready to call it a day with Wanda. The thought of floating around without responsibility gave me a pleasant but uneasy feeling, and leaving Walter was out of the question. I would try to stick it out a little longer—at least, until the fall of the year.

A group of Americans, consisting of two married couples in their mid- or late fifties, entered the room and sat down. By their general demeanor, they appeared to be Midwestern, and they seemed to be having an awful time. One of them, a stout man in a brown suit, was complaining about the weather. He said that he was disappointed in Ireland—in the entire British Isles, for that matter. His wife said that they should definitely have gone to a Mediterranean country and had some fun, for this was definitely a waste of money and time.

“It's so gloomy, and I'm sick of it,” she said. She was a large-boned, hefty woman, and wore white powder on her face.

The other man, a thin figure in a red plaid coat, said, “They can all go to hell, as far as I'm concerned.”

I supposed that he meant the Irish.

Shortly after a young girl brought in a tray with four glasses of whiskey, the heavier man shook his head and said, “This is the damn last straw. Did she put Irish whiskey in your glass, that Paddy junk? We asked for Scotch.”

The others tasted their whiskey. It wasn't what they had ordered.

“And where's the ice, Frank? She didn't bring the ice,” his wife said. “Will you get her over here and change the order right now?”

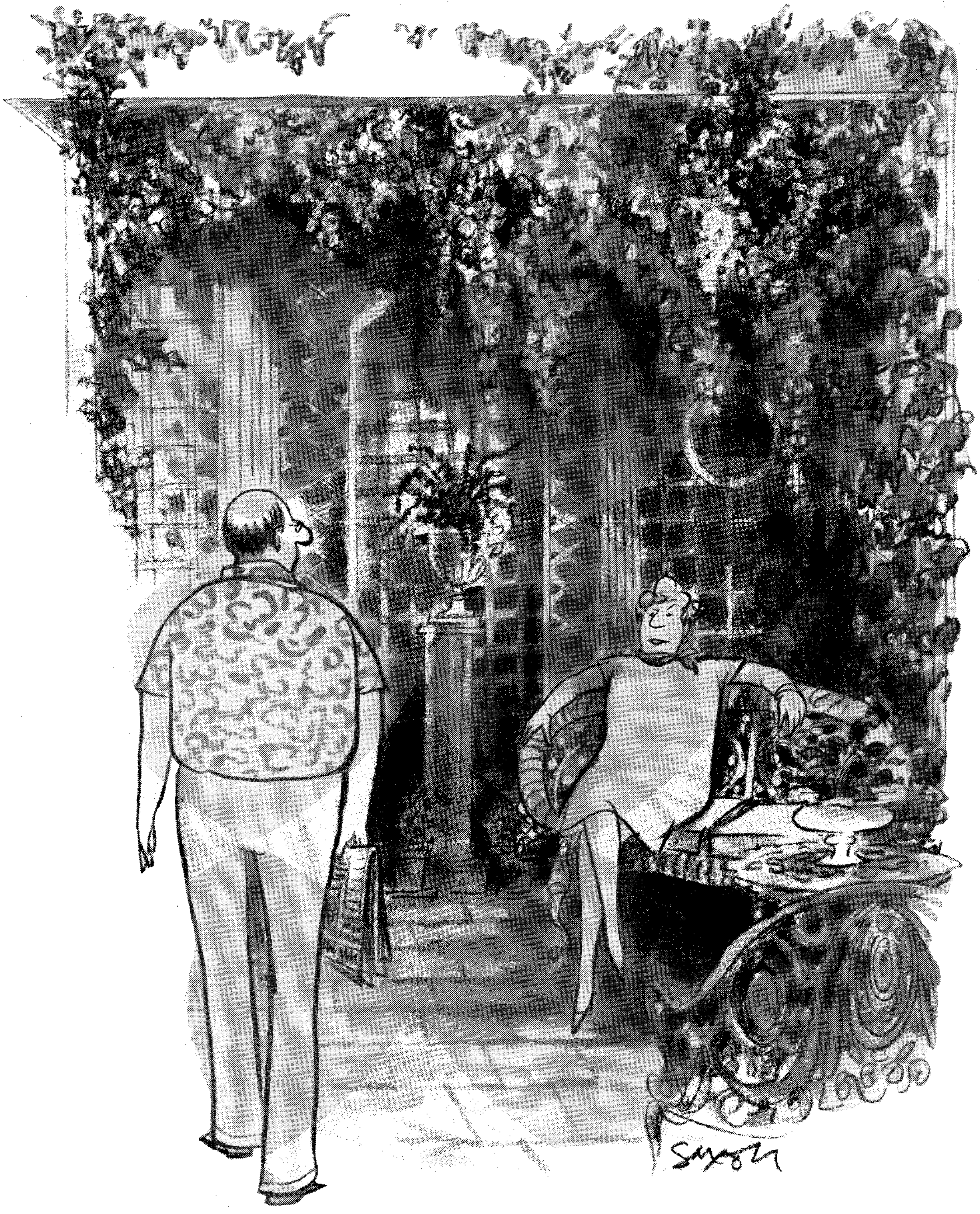
The waitress came into the room, carrying an empty tray. She was a pale, slight girl of about sixteen, with a pleasant face and a distracted manner. When she appeared, the heavier man took the initiative.

“What did we order?” he said to her.

“Whiskey, sir,” she said, reddening slightly.

“You're God-damned right we ordered whiskey, but not this Irish stuff. We asked for Scotch,” he said.

“I'll speak to the bar-



“Tell me, Norman, does anyone ever ask you what I'm really like?”

man, sir," she said, putting their glasses on the tray. "It's my mistake."

"And the ice, Frank," his wife said.

"Bring some ice. Do you think you can remember all that?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

I was surprised he didn't order her to bring them some sunny weather and an interesting life.

"Maybe he'll send in the Strategic Air Command and bomb her back to the Stone Age," Wanda said. "God, they're ridiculous, Harry. They're why we left America."

"Sure, that and a thousand other things," I said.

She shook her head.

"I hate that sort of brutality," she said.

"Yeah, it wasn't too pleasant," I said.

"Look at the little fat man. He's just so contemptuous of everything—and so stupid and vile—and why must he come over here and ruin it for everybody else? Oh, I loathe them."

"It's a sad little spectacle," I observed.

"I hate it when you get so detached. It's just an affectation," she said. "It's more than a 'sad little spectacle.' "

"You're right, I'm terribly affected," I said.

"You hate them as much as I do, but you have to be above it all. I feel what I feel, and that's that."

"That's not that, Wanda. You said that they 'come over here and ruin it for everybody else,' but let me remind you of one thing. We've ruined it for each other."

"I'm not talking about that, Harry, and you know what I mean," she said. "I just hate them, and I know you hate them. So why don't you admit it?"

"I refuse to hate them, Wanda. I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"You're such a bloody fraud," she said. "But I know to what lengths you'll go just to turn the knife in me a little and play the saint."

Walter woke up. He lay there for some time, breathing evenly, with his eyes open. Then he sat up and yawned. Wanda leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, and he suddenly hugged her. I looked at the Americans across the room, and I saw that they were looking at us. I gave Wanda a slight nudge. The thin man's wife, a gaunt-faced woman wearing a blue satin turban and a dress of the same material, suddenly exclaimed, in a loud, confident voice, "Why do the Irish raise such fat children?" And then the other woman said, "He's not very cute, either. He's bloated-looking."

"A little beer belly!" said the man in the red plaid coat.

General laughter followed. We were stunned. I never saw Wanda look so stricken. "Did you hear that, Harry?" she said in a heavy whisper. "Those filthy peasants don't even think we can understand English. Oh, those stupid bastards! Walter is a lovely, beautiful, robust boy, and they called him fat and bloated."

"Forget it, Wanda. They just can't see very well," I said.

"What is it with them? Do they think we speak only in Gaelic? They won't get away with this," she said.

She was at a high pitch, even for her, and I knew we would not get out without an incident. Her one great talent was telling people off. I called for the check and left the young waitress, as a form of consolation, a sizable tip.

As we rose to leave, the Americans regarded us with a kind of dumb hostility. On the way out, Walter took my hand, and Wanda said, "Excuse me for one moment."

She walked over to their table, with a vague, frozen smile on her face, and she said, "I want you to know that my mother tongue is English and I think you're disgusting and a disgrace, and I hate you. I hate everything about you. I hate the clothes you wear and the things you talk about and the stupid expressions on your faces. I hate the sounds of your voices and your dirty mean little souls, and most of all I hate that you're Americans and that we share the same country, and that you can make me feel so mortified."

As we walked out to the small lobby, we could hear fragments of conversation.

"Did you ever!"

"What the hell's the matter with her?"

Then the stout man's voice came through clearly. "I'll tell you what's wrong. That crazy bitch has got more nerve than brains."

"They ought to lock her up—"

"And throw away the key."

IN a little while, we were driving south along the western coast toward Ballinaboy. The sea was on our right, and on the left were low walls of piled stones and grassland strewn with large boulders. In the fields, sheep were grazing. The sun broke through and the fields brightened into greenness. White gulls flew over the water, which was blue in the sunlight. It was turning out to be a fine day.

"We can still have our picnic, Wanda. It's seven o'clock, but there'll be light for another two hours, and it should be great to get out on the beach—or on the strand, as we say in London. That is, if it's all right with you. I don't want to selfishly impose my will on our little party."

She laughed. "You're so thoughtful, Harry."

We passed through Ballyconneely and continued southeast down the western coast. Then we left the water and moved southeastward on the way to Roundstone. I remembered a wonderful beach in Dog's Bay from a previous trip. We'd looked down on it from high up on the road, and there'd been no one there.

Our blue Volkswagen appeared on the southern coast just as the sky clouded over again, and a light rain began to fall.

I turned right on a bumpy dirt road, drove a little way, then stopped by a huge boulder. We were up on a small hill, and down below, in the shape of a crescent, was a beautiful white beach. It was deserted.

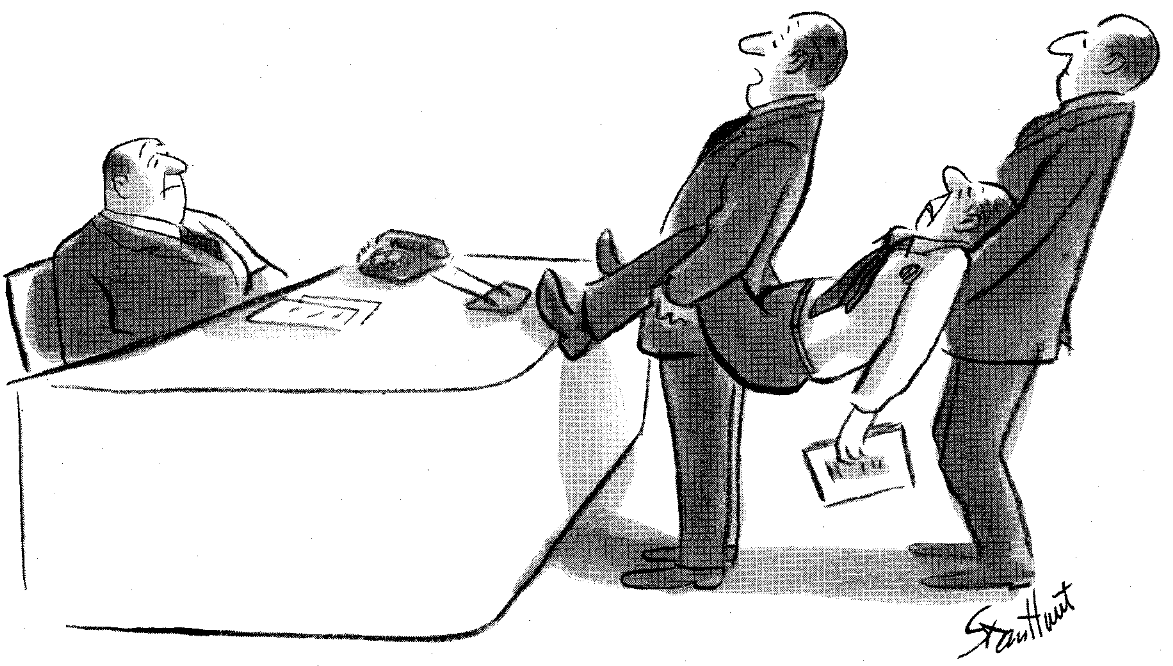
We sat there for a while, looking out. I thought of the Spanish Armada. Many of their ships had cracked up off the western coast of Ireland in a terrible storm nearly four hundred years before, and I wondered if it was in those very waters that the ships went down. The rain had let up to a drizzling mist. I suggested that we go down the hill and set up our campsite behind some large rocks, as shelter against the breeze.

We unloaded the car. I handed Wanda the knapsack filled with canned goods—tins of beef stew, tuna fish, and kidney beans. I picked up the folded ground cloth, the camper's stove, and the Styrofoam box that contained the bottles of Guinness, the milk, and the loaf of white bread. With Walter holding on to my pants leg, we walked to the edge of the hill overlooking the beach. Then I stooped down and Walter climbed up on my back. In this way, we slowly walked down a sandy path to the shore.

I turned on the gas cylinder of the camp stove, lighting it with a match. After I opened a can of beans, I poured the contents into a tin pot, which I put on the stove.

"Daddy cook," Walter said, getting to his feet and looking down at the beans.

I made some tuna-fish sandwiches,



"He knocked himself out on that report you wanted, Chief, but he insisted on giving it to you in person."

• •

and then I put the pot of beans on the lid of the Styrofoam box that rested on the ground cloth. After the beans cooled, we dipped our spoons in the pot and ate communally.

Wanda sat cross-legged on the ground cloth and smoked. "Harry, when are we going back?" she asked.

"It's hardly raining, and it's early enough," I said.

"Oh, I don't mean to the cottage. I mean back to America," she said.

I poured some Guinness into a tin cup and drank a little. "I'm having a grand time," I said, at last.

She put her head in her hands and rubbed her eyes with the heels of her palms, and then she regarded me with a look of urgency.

"Harry, I know it's terrible, but I want to go home. At least, I understand it there. I don't want to go to the Aran Islands anymore, or to County Donegal. I'm tired of all this pastoral beauty. I want to get on with my life. It's passing fast enough. I know it's terrible back there. God knows, I remember what it was like, but we're Americans, aren't we? I mean, apart from everything else, don't we have an obligation to return, to improve the situation, instead of turning our backs? I'm awfully homesick, Harry."

I drank and looked out at the water and the sky. Westward, below the dark clouds, the sky was pale orange, with a line of red at the horizon. The sea was gray, and small frothy waves were coming into shore. Walter kept holding his sandwich up to the rain. He enjoyed making the bread soggy before he ate it.

Wanda drank from a bottle of Guinness. Though our marriage was quite shaky, possibly doomed, and my hopes had more or less collapsed, I felt a sudden rush of warmth for her and a terrible remorse for the way I'd treated her, for having been so critical and intolerant of her faults. I felt a great sympathy for the sincerity of her unhappiness. I walked over to her and put an arm around her shoulders and kissed her on the side of her face. She responded with a look of pleasant surprise and gratefully took my hand. "We're going back to the States, Wanda," I said.

She looked startled, and pulled Walter to her.

"It was just a matter of time," I said. "We're running out of money. I guess I'll have to get a job, you know."

We had enough money left over from the inheritance for a few months' rent on an apartment in Boston, with something left for food and necessities.

"Harry, I wasn't going to force you to return. I know you like it here, but if we have to go, then please don't worry about anything. It could be wonderful. We'll go back and start a new life. It could be the making of us."

The thing is, my favorite way of being an American was at a distance of three thousand miles.

While Wanda wrapped the trash in a copy of the *Irish Times*, I took Walter for a walk down the beach on the smooth, wet part of the sand near the water. I picked up some broken shells and seaweed, and I gave the shells to Walter. He regarded them with interest, then dropped them on the sand.

We drove home by way of Roundstone and Toombeola and Ballinafad, and then, a few miles from Recess, we entered on the main road to Galway. Wanda was asleep, slumped against the side of the door, with her arms covering her head, as though she were protecting herself.

Walter was awake in the back seat. "All dark out. I can't see no sheeps, Daddy," he said.

I started saying farewell to Ireland.

IN a week's time, we drove down to Cork in the evening, and on the following day boarded the ferry to Swansea.

It was a beautiful morning, crystal clear, with the sky deep blue and a sparkling sunlight on the little houses on the banks of the hills of Cobh Harbor. We stood on the deck as the ship pulled out. I smoked and watched the Irish coast grow smaller until it was a fading line.

All the way to Swansea, I had thought about entering the mainstream of American life.

And I considered the matter during our brief stay in London, where we saw friends and sold our car.

And when the plane touched down at Kennedy Airport, with Walter on my lap and Wanda smiling and saying, "Oh, God, we're home!," I was feeling fairly apprehensive about it all.

—JULIAN MAZOR

•

The possibility of a father-son team in the United States Senate was raised Thursday, when a committee was formed to assay the chances of Representative Harry Goldwater Jr. of Los Angeles as the 1976 Republican opponent of Senator John V. Tummy of California.—*The Times.*

Tummy and Aiken would have made a great ticket.

Cream Some Chocolate.

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1 oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint
1 oz. Hiram Walker's California Brandy
1 oz. cream
Shake with ice and pour.
Add grated chocolate

Chocolate Stinger
1½ oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Cherry
½ oz. Hiram Walker Peppermint Schnapps
1 oz. cream
Shake with ice cubes.
Strain into cocktail glass.

Chiquita Sombrero
1½ oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Cherry
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1 oz. cream. Shake with cracked ice, pour unstrained into brandy snifter.

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*Base sticker prices excluding title, taxes and destination charges. Dealer prep extra on Granada and VW. Price comparison based on sticker prices excluding title, taxes and dealer prep which may affect comparison in some areas. Granada shown with optional WSW tires ($33) and paint stripes ($24).

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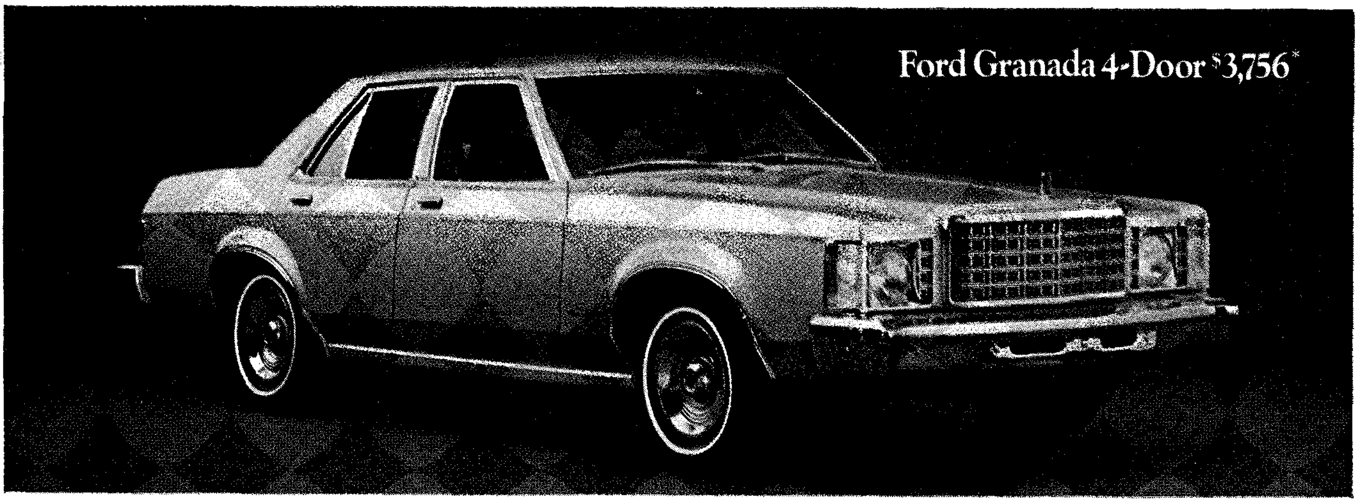
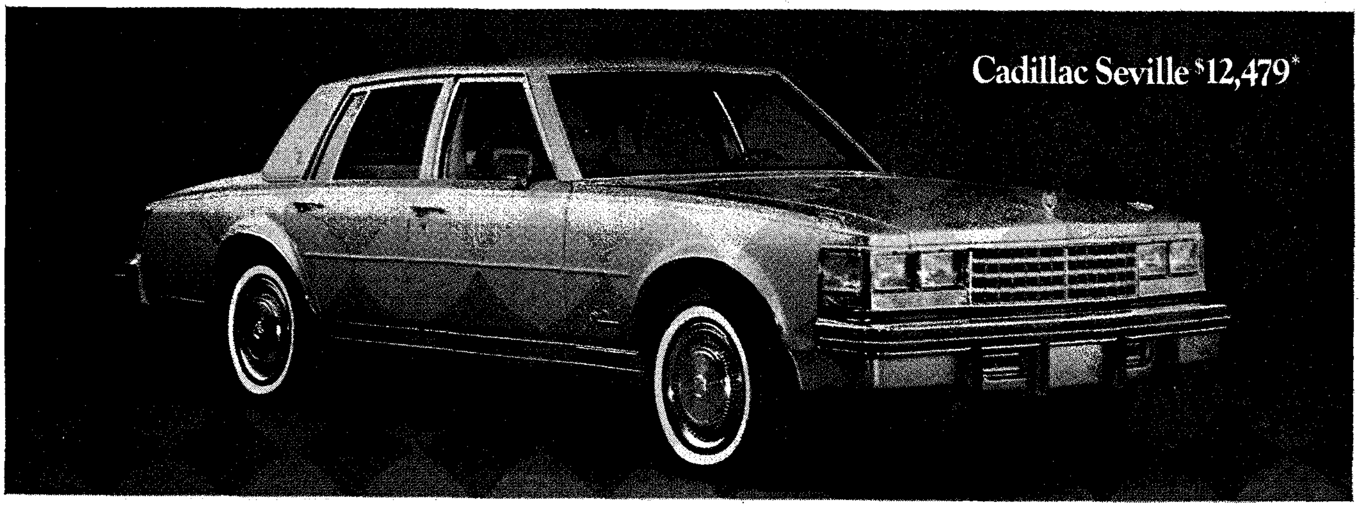

Ford Granada 4-Door $3,756*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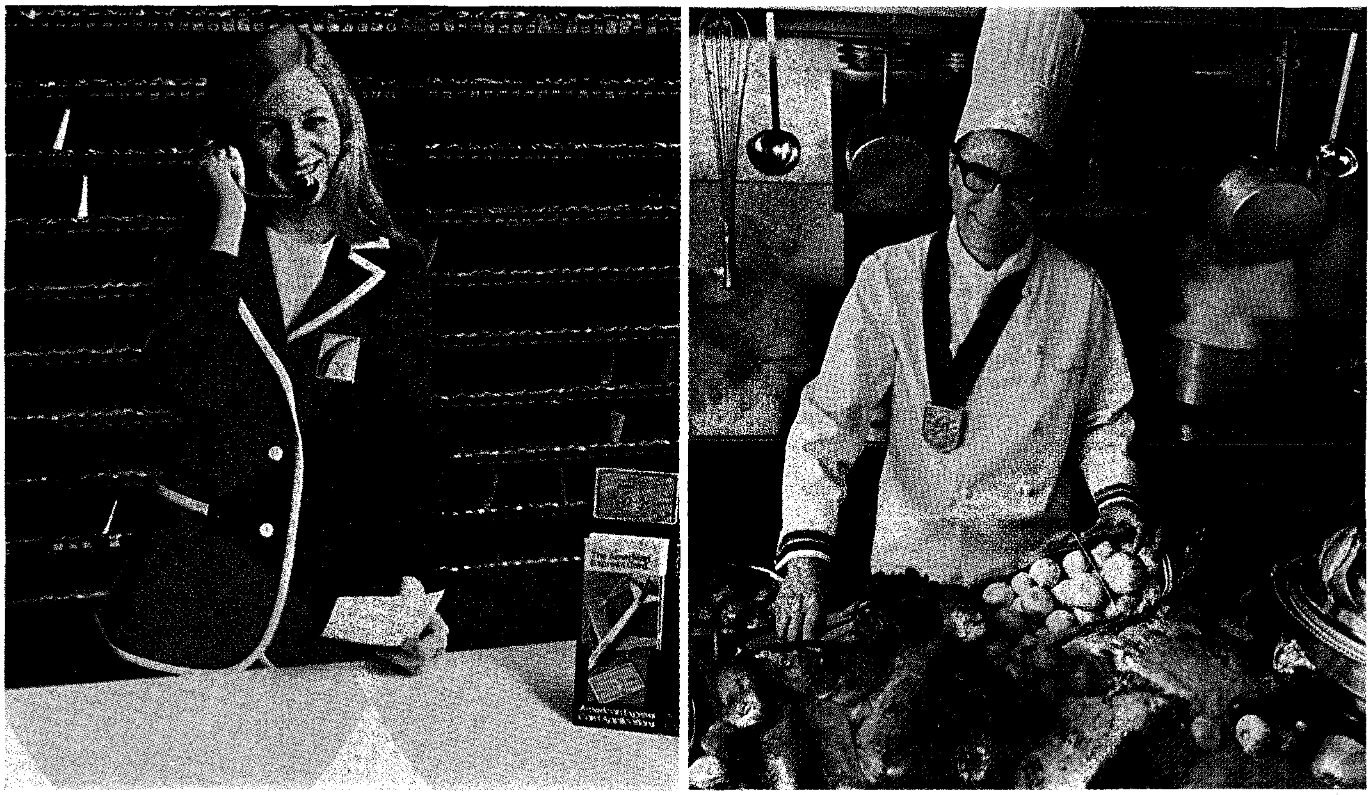

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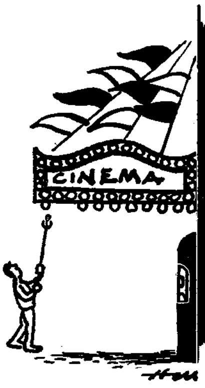
THE CURRENT CINEMA

High Bravado from the Lower Depths



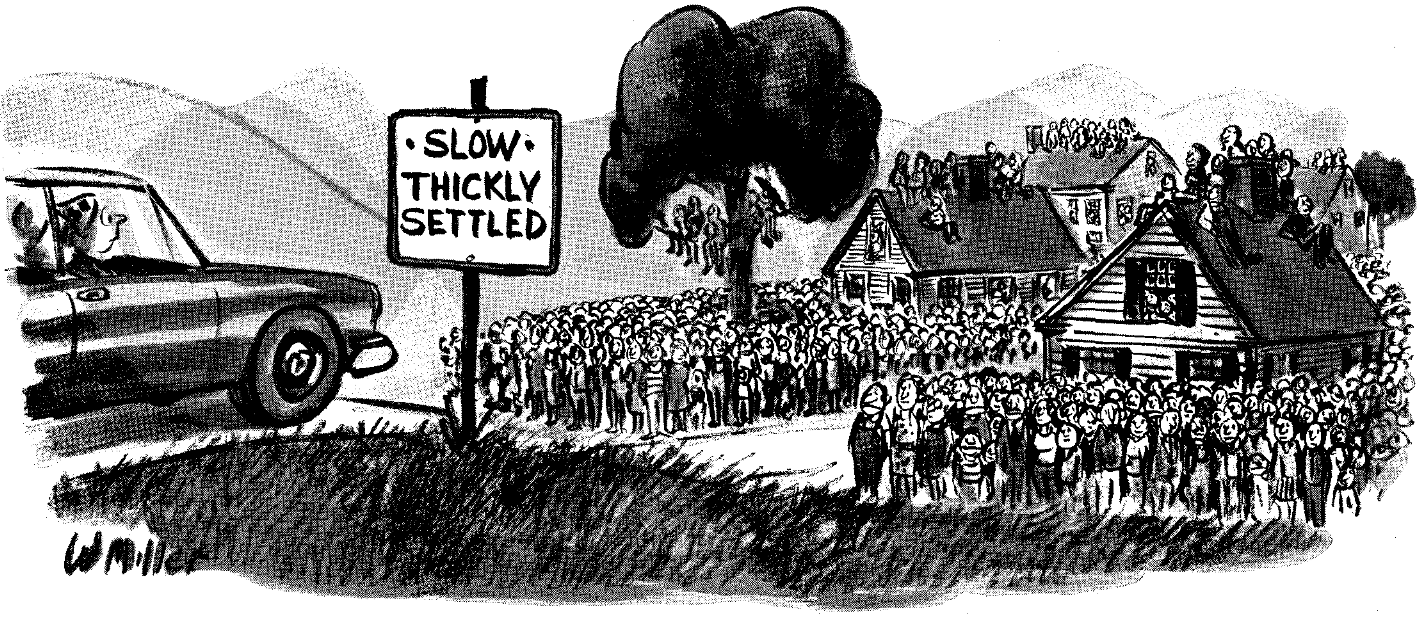
WE are in a Baptist church in a dusty place. A down-home black preacher is imploring a congregation of two—a small black boy of about ten, in charge of a smaller black boy—standing hand in hand beside a door that lets in powdery light. "I sees you, Lord! I sees you, Lord!" wails the preacher passionately. The smaller child waves back in agreement—a minimal, shy gesture that seems to hold the screen for a long time, although it actually passes in a flash. "Coonskin," written and directed by Ralph Bakshi (of "Fritz the Cat" and "Heavy Traffic"), is at its most eloquent when it does things quietly, which is to say that a work whose whole immensely talented premise is its exuberance slows down to its best when it is temperate. There is another ineradicable moment that inhabits this air of stalled time: a trumpeter seen in full-height profile in the middle of an empty Harlem street, playing his lungs out in a shot that elongates his silhouette and the glistening parked cars on each side of it. It is an image full of strangeness and obscure loneliness, with the colors held back and the objects looking arrested in perpetuity, as they do more often in painting than in photography.

"Coonskin" is a full-length feature film in which things move smoothly from animation to photography or—most interesting visually—to a mixture of the two. It is made in lewd honor of Manhattan and other melting pots, in which, Bakshi suggests, the ethnic and sexual mixing has actually long since passed the molten stage to become as cool as the sort of jazz this film so much likes. To begin with, we are in a story about an attempt by the aforementioned preacher and a gross, grumpy man called Samson to spring a soul mate called Randy from prison. A seasoned black con called Pops sits with his back to a brick wall in the jug and talks to Randy in a spirit of some surprise about the idea of anyone's thinking of ever being able to leave prison, especially if he's black. The implication is that Pops mildly puts the difference of expectation down to Randy's youth. The point isn't pressed home, but there it is. There wasn't no fire around me, boy: I'm old; but O.K., the fire next time.

Then we slide into a caustic, blustery version of a Brer Rabbit tale, in which the characters are figments of peculiarly ferocious animation. Randy becomes Brother Rabbit, a jet-black bunny with clever teeth, and ears that hang down as crisply as the sleeves of a new dinner jacket on an austere maître d'hôtel. "Smart as he was," says Pops reflectively, setting the scene, "that's how mean he was." Samson becomes Brother Bear, a figure of more muscle than mind: "As big as he was, that's how strong he was." Preacher becomes Brother Fox, another black and bony figure, wearing a morning coat and a flat hat, who is not so much religious as besotted with manias unbeknownst: "As wild as he was, that's how *wild* he was." Their friendship becomes a hymn to swaggery, unkempt style, and defines it: Style is to possess the town. Style is to be resolute. Style is not to commit suicide, like all those whites who jump off Brooklyn Bridge. Style is to attack life as hard as Brother Bear paws a piano when this boxer of a musician plays it. If you are a woman in Harlem, style is not to fall prey to the lure of running downtown. There is a drawn sequence of a woman who has been left, sitting beside a bed with a baby in it: a beset, courageous being, somewhat worn out, lifting a sharp-angled profile. She is shown half the time in filled-in color and half the time in a bright-blue silhouette that behaves like a hectically pent-up ink blot. The baby's father is a runaway. She lets us know in brassy soliloquy about how she got things to work for a time: "After a while, I don't try too hard to hurt him, and he don't try too hard to run." But then he did run: downtown, to the white world. Maybe the affair was not much, we are left to conclude. But it was something. Style is to state things without comment. Style is to live in the last ditch and not say so. Style exists in bedrock. We leave her on a piece of soundtrack commanded by the impatient click of one of her shoes tapping on the floor as she sits with her legs crossed beside the baby's bed.

"Coonskin" is a very sympathetic, tough-spirited imagining of the lower depths. We are in a world of skinny, magenta-lipped tarts in magenta bikinis; of very poor people salvaging terrific finds of wrong-sized cotton sweaters from garbage cans; of a tight, furious, foul-mouthed, and desperate black fraternity in Harlem, where Brother Rabbit decides that black-racket money is going to stay. This brings him into collision with a fat and hairy dirty-white cop called Mannigan, whose enormous flesh is drawn with a choking disparagement that sometimes makes the line of the animation seem aesthetically out of control. Mannigan demonstrates every phobic anxiety of the middle-class white male analysand about black sexual superiority and white sexual ambiguity. His key scenes begin in a Harlem joint where he falls for a beautiful black showgirl: a photographed figure, half naked, who sidles up sumptuously through the smoky air, sways for a while on a platform, and disappears. Before he knows it, Mannigan is upstairs, in a drawn sequence, with a husky-voiced androgyne lying back on a bed. Again before he knows it, the nightmare about exchange of gender has melted into one about exchange of race, and Mannigan finds his face turned black. He slaps his hands to his cheeks, and then to his chest, leaving appalled black palm prints on a torso that has suddenly become feminine. Animation has always used the device of metamorphosis: Bakshi's metamorphic scenes are centaurlike and perturbing. When his waxy line softens and slithers and changes form, there is often an element of the truly shocking in the change.

Brother Rabbit's decision to keep blacks and their racket money together also brings him up against the Godfather, another enormous pile of flab, with facial features drawn as if they were dents made by stitches in an eiderdown. The Godfather and his family live in the subway, because that's where everyone is. Of his five sons, four are homosexuals, with bright-red or brilliant-candy-pink hair. Detractors think he is too old to run New York. From a Times Square-Grand Central shuttle train, a coffin holding the ashes of a massacred son is shoved out. The ashes fly in the victim's mother's face like scraps of charred newspaper. And then she is mowed down by bullets herself, and in her death throes dismayingly turns into a big-breasted and very Wasp flutter-lidded butterfly who looks like a sentimental late-Disney creation. A white English-



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speaker is likely to be moved by her when she appears to be Italian, and so to belong to an ethnic minority, but to find her a flatulent creation when she is transferred to the ethnic majority. The metamorphosis is a sophisticated means of discovering prejudice.

This kind of sophistication in Bakshi's film may be the very thing that will make it suspect in the eyes of some blacks. (Though Bakshi is white, he was brought up in Brownsville, and he moves with obvious ease and affection in the world he depicts.) It is true that his movie is at the opposite pole from, say, the black director Michael Schultz's "Cooley High," the sweet-tempered current film about a bunch of Northern black high-school kids in 1964. They react to life with unscarred gaiety and cheek, partly because we are seeing them before the civil-rights movement fully affected every black; "Cooley High" has some of the same spirit as John Berry's "Claudine." But this is not to say that blitheness and simplicity are the only genuinely defining qualities of movies made by blacks. Melvin Van Peebles' films have much the same sting as Bakshi's, and much the same deliberately shocking urbanity in playing the game of going too far. The flaws in "Coonskin" do not lie in the ironic worldliness of its wit. They stem from the very characteristic that also generates the work: its extravagance of energy. There is a certain flailing and, I believe, unmeant vindictiveness here, and much hatred of flesh. The hatred is unlike George Grosz's, with his icy drawings of the people of early Nazi Germany: his beaky women carrying pampered poodles as if they were expensive crocodile handbags, and his prosperous men with rolls of dangerous-looking fat packed across the backs of their necks like bundles of dynamite sticks. Bakshi's vision is more gamy than that. It is less intellectual, more reckless, more debonair. "Coonskin" has been accused by some black groups of being racist, but this is true only in the sense that it is merciless to everyone: whites, women, homosexuals, sons, mothers, Italians, and however divisions go. The very flagrancy of Bakshi's tone is a cover disguising a compassion extended to the lot of us, except upholstered racketeers. People's lives are hard, he says: nearly everyone's; and if people themselves become hard, it is because of their having spent an existence in combat.

The film is very rough going, but it is vitally human, and graphically a triumph except at the banal moments when Bakshi drops his inventive doctoring of photographs so that they look like etchings, or his mixing of photographs and animation, and collapses into a form of cartoon drawing whose chief weapon is a perverse exploitation of neon vulgarity. It should be remembered that he not only wrote the equally neon-colored yet very gifted laconic dialogue but conceived the tale as well. "Coonskin" celebrates a group of poorly placed, ill-treated people pretending to themselves with all their might that they are worth something: that Harlem is a world of brothers and sisters living on top of the heap, and the hell with soft-shoe dancing and being obliging. The way Bakshi shows the harsh, jaunty dignity implicit in the click of the abandoned Harlem woman's shoe heel is piercingly admiring. It stands for the best in the film, which is the assault that Bakshi makes on privileged glumness and any dilution of bravery. In the scheme of things he consistently creates in his films, bravery and bravado amount morally to the same thing.

YOU see "Dundee, 1890" printed across a photograph of a doorway. There is a passageway, no door. Nothing whatever happens. Then another caption says sternly, "Later the same day." A coffin appears, lettered "Dying can damage your health. Every coffin carries a government warning." We are watching "The Great McGonagall," directed by Joseph McGrath. Conceived in an outburst of awe at the poetical pearls of William McGonagall, Poet and Tragedian, it is acted by the greatest of the Goons, Spike Milligan and Peter Sellers. Spike Milligan is McGonagall, a severe though lousy lyric poet, who wears either a kilt or a nightshirt. Peter Sellers is Queen Victoria, looking rather peaky, and dubbed by the film "the Mark Phillips of her day." There is also a Tennyson—Valentine Dyall—looking very busy in bed with a black Maud.

Not everyone knows that McGonagall really existed. His poems are among the great artistic legacies of Victoriana. In middle age, as an unemployed Scottish weaver, he decided to retire from non-work and devote himself to poetry. A rhapsodist of an uncommonly methodical turn of mind, he was much given to putting practical technical advice into his poetry. Bathos struck no terror to his heart, and he clung to the least chance of rhyme, disregarding metre. He wrote a lay about the Tay Bridge:

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER

...I must now conclude my lay
By telling the world fearlessly without the least dismay,
That your central girders would not have given way,
At least as many sensible men do say,
Had they been supported on each side with buttresses,
At least many sensible men confesses,
For the stronger we our houses do build,
The less chance we have of being killed.

He was also a dab at elegies, always packed with not easily accommodated detail:

THE DEATH OF LORD AND LADY DALHOUSIE

Alas! Lord and Lady Dalhousie is dead and buried at last,
Which causes many people to feel a little downcast.
And both lies, side by side, in one grave,
But I hope God in his goodness their souls will Save.

...Those that sent wreaths, were but very few,
But one in particular, was the Duke of Buceleugh [sic],
Besides, Dr. Herbert Spencer, and Countess Rosebery and Lady Bennett,
Which no doubt, were sent by them, with heartfelt regret.

And:

THE FUNERAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

The Authorities of Berlin in honour of the Emperor considered it no sin,
To decorate with crape the beautiful City of Berlin;
Therefore Berlin I declare was a City of crape,
Because few buildings crape decoration did escape.

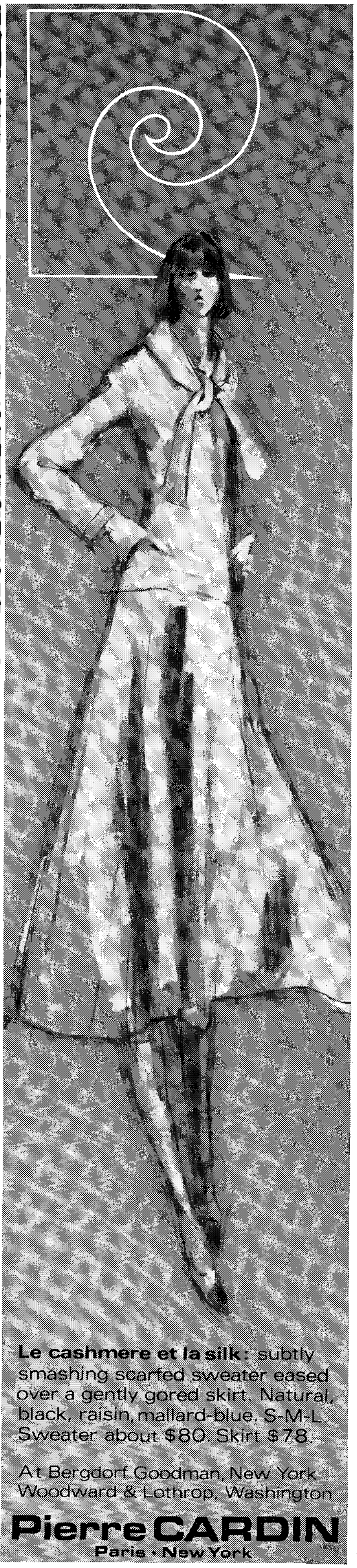
His first poem, according to the movie, was an ode to a cow:

The Hen it is a noble beast
The Cow is more forlorner
Standing in the rain
With a leg at every corner.

The film was shot mostly in a music hall in Cable Street, in the East End of London. For reasons best known to the Goons, a horse sometimes wanders through the small auditorium. The tale is a sad one. McGonagall had no idea of how rotten a poet he was. Every fresh disaster, especially to royalty or a bridge, made him spring to his pen. The Goons, it has to be remembered, were the genius BBC radio forerunners of the spirit of Monty Python. Their history of McGonagall is not exactly documentary; it is simply respectful, flighty of mind, very funny, and recklessly loopy. The respect is mostly for McGonagall and his art and heart. Spike Milligan, with a nose like a quill pen that is about to dash off an ode to Prince Albert's tonsils or the measurements of the newest railway line, gives McGonagall a stoic pathos as he trudges through visibly artificial snow to have tea with the Queen. But the Queen, speaking in Peter Sellers' most monarchical and decisive mezzo-soprano voice, is also reverently treated. Her fondness for the gillie Brown (who is played, in a conglomeration typical of the cheerful mess-hall muddle of the film's dream-cum-reality, by both Valentine Dyall and Victor Spinetti) is handled with kid gloves fit for her to open a dam with. She looks thinner in the face than we remember from coins, and very heavily rouged. Prince Albert (Julian Chagrin) is first glimpsed by McGonagall and us at a music hall where he has gone with his sovereign wife to watch an enactment of the anti-Papist Gordon Riots of 1780. Back home, the enslaved royal fan and his wife sleep charmingly upright in two armchairs, under a quilt, and inside the frame of a brass double bedstead with a perfectly orthodox head and foot. In a dream of McGonagall's, brought on by exposure to the snow and by royal imaginings, we see him being dubbed "Mr. McGonagall, Poet Laureate," having earlier been greeted by Prince Albert playing a huge theatre organ that rises magnificently through the floor. Awake, and going to the gates of Balmoral, McGonagall is treated as a madman, and treks back home without having had anything to eat.

The whole story is draped—figuratively speaking, and often actually—in a Union Jack, which the Goons were among the first public figures to treat as a beloved extinct object: dead as a doornail, but something to be commemorated. Their feelings about patriotism are both real and surreal, both skeptical and doting. Their way of seeing the behavior of late empire builders as a mixture of sobriety, endurance, and bashful arrogance was the forerunner of much of the best current humor in America as well as in England. Their film is delicately absurd, and full of sublime falls from fantasy onto a trampoline of common sense from which we bounce upward again revived, and unbruised except for laughing.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT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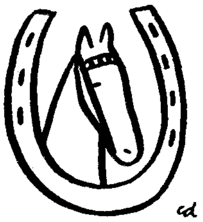
THE RACE TRACK

Wajima by Ten



ALTHOUGH Wajima won it by ten lengths, the hundred-and-sixth running of the Travers Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday was one of the more disappointing shows in the history of the classic. It promised a meeting between Foolish Pleasure, the top three-year-old in the East, and Forceten, the new star of the West, but Foolish Pleasure was left out of it for reasons best known to his stable, and Forceten developed a swelling—horsemen call it a "filling"—in his right hind leg, and he, too, was withdrawn. Only five contestants were left, and the race they put on would hardly compare with some of the previous Traverses. Valid Appeal, a brother of Desert Vixen, was quickest out of the gate, and led for about a mile. Then Baeza, who rode Wajima, tapped him once with his whip, and that was that. Media took the place by nearly four lengths from Prince Thou Art, who at one time must have been at least a sixteenth of a mile behind the leader. The time for the mile and a quarter was 2:02; platers can do that. Wajima, as you probably remember, is the Bold Ruler colt who brought $600,000 at the 1973 yearling sales; he won the Monmouth Invitational recently for the East-West Stable, and has earned $259,808 toward his purchase price. He's not a big fellow, but he's deep through the heart, and he's game, so he should go far. By the way, the crowd that turned out for the Travers numbered 32,344—the largest ever recorded at the Union Avenue course. How they managed to bet $2,592,084 in that crush I'll never know.

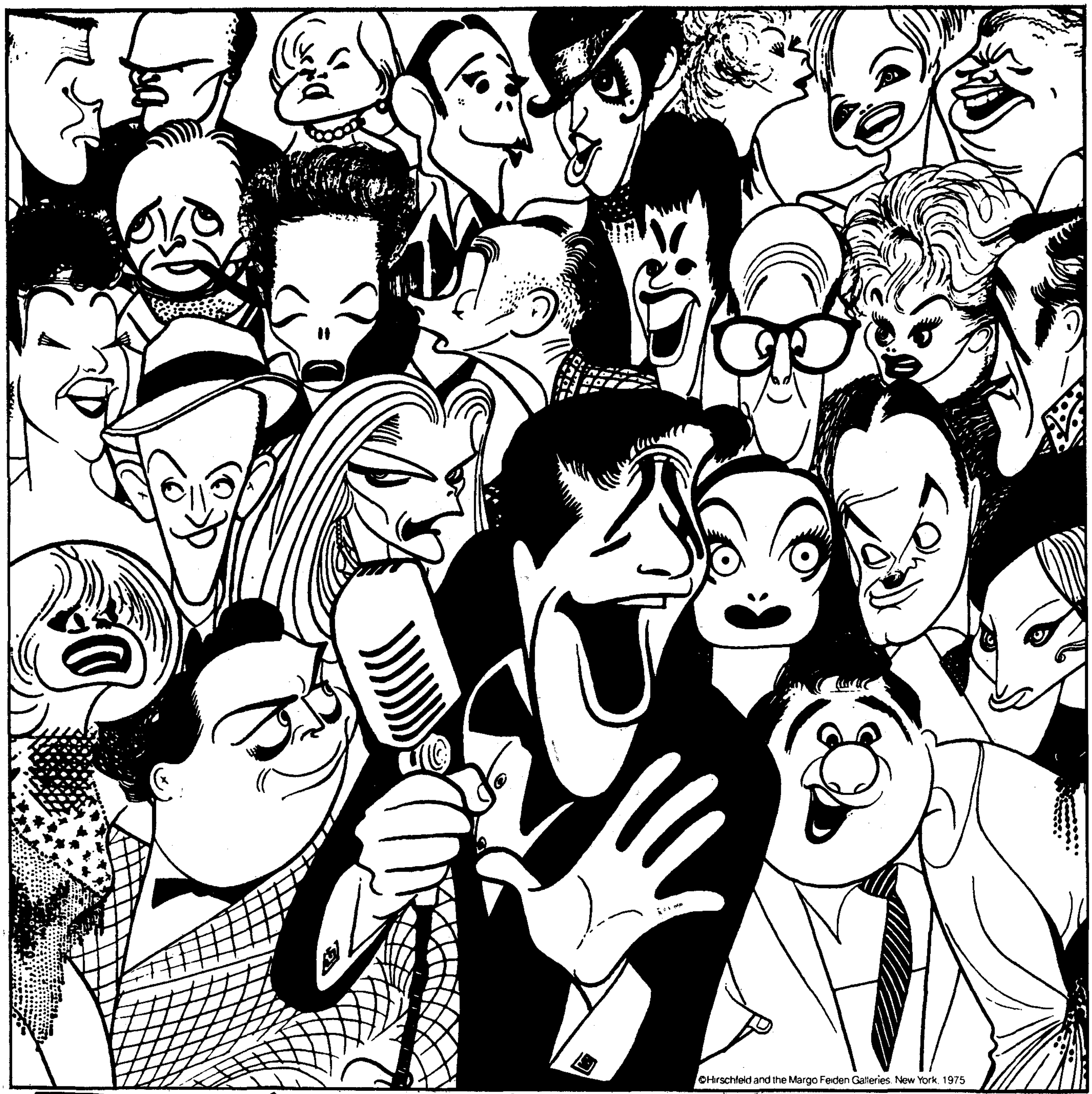
TO get back to Foolish Pleasure—there had been rumors for days that he might not run, but nobody believed that John Greer would skip the chance to show that his Kentucky Derby winner was cock of the walk. When the entries closed, though, LeRoy Jolley, his trainer, said the colt needed more work. Then, too, Foolish Pleasure is being syndicated for four and a half million dollars, and no doubt those who have already bought shares felt that a defeat in the Travers would lessen his appeal as a stallion and discourage other breeders from putting up $125,000 for a piece of him. As for Forceten, it is much too soon to know, but I hope nothing serious has happened to his leg.

TRAVERS WEEK began with a Sunday crowd of 21,000, which saw a dead heat in the Bernard Baruch Handicap—the first at the Spa in forty years. The last one was when Red Rain and Coldstream divided the $7,000 purse of the Saratoga Special. In the Baruch, Salt Marsh and Ward McAllister took down $18,060 each. . . . Zen, the colt by Damascus that horsemen say will be the *Wunderkind* of the season, ran a temperature before the Sanford Stakes and was scratched. (He's out of Saturday's Hopeful, too.) So the Sanford was a ding-dong battle down the stretch in which Calumet Farm's Turn to Turia beat Iron Bit. Turn to Turia will be one of the choices for the Hopeful—a race the stable hasn't won since Whirlaway did it in 1940.

THE best news for racing in New York is that Tommy Trotter has been rehired as racing secretary and handicapper for the New York Racing Association. He will take over in October from Kenneth Noe, Jr., who replaced Trotter when he was dismissed in 1971. No reason has been given for the change. None ever is. But the management hasn't been happy about the small fields in races, and Trotter, who is popular with the horsemen, will bring a number of stables to the Big A for the winter racing there.

SUSAN'S GIRL is still going strong. For the second time in three years, she won the rich Delaware Handicap on the closing day at Delaware Park. This time, she carried 125 pounds, giving from five to eighteen to her opposition, and beat Pass a Glance, to whom she gave nine pounds, by nearly three lengths. Pass a Glance saved second place by a nose from Raisela. It was Susan's Girl's twenty-sixth victory in fifty-seven starts, and she increased her total earnings to $1,111,802. Not bad for five seasons of racing. Fred Hooper, who watched her from a box in the grandstand, said later, "I don't think she's ever run better than she has this year. I'd been thinking of retiring her to my breeding farm; she won a service to Secretariat in the Matchmaker at Atlantic City, you know. But I may change my mind."

—AUDAX MINOR



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

Washington, D.C.—April 17th

THE hallways of the Old Senate Office Building are long, wide, dim, and high. The scale is monumental and the distances are vast; the colors are those of old railroad stations. The walls are pale custard, the huge doorways dark brown. Voices ring out from unseen places; shoes tap far away on gray marble. Most of the doors are closed. A person approaching appears tiny and indistinct for a long way, and then—passing one of the few open office doors—is briefly illuminated, perhaps is identifiable, blurs again. He becomes a silhouette, lit from behind; coming closer, he can be seen distinctly for an instant, and then is gone. Room 431 is the office of Senator Edward M. Kennedy.

Phnom Penh has fallen. "SAIGON PERIL GROWS," says the *Times.* In Washington, the morning air is warm, the sky is blue, the trees are beginning to bloom. Kennedy, in his office, is on the phone, talking to United Nations Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim about Vietnamese refugees.

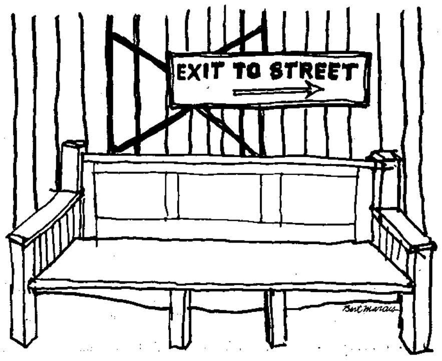
On a routine busy day earlier in the week, Kennedy drove downtown after a breakfast-hour tennis game at his home, in McLean, Virginia, and spoke on health care to twelve hundred people attending a national conference on rural America at eight-forty-five; at ten, he addressed seven hundred members of the Communications Workers of America Legislative Conference; at ten-thirty, he chaired a Senate subcommittee hearing on a medical-malpractice bill; at one-fifteen, he spoke before a national conference on black aged; and at two he chaired another hearing—this one of the full Judiciary Committee, on the Vietnam-refugee situation, with Philip Habib, who is Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and South Pacific Affairs, testifying for the State Department. At four-thirty, he taped a television talk show with Percy Sutton, the borough president of Manhattan, at a recording studio; at five-thirty he attended a reception for the Israeli Ambassador, and then went to another reception—this one for Republican Representative Silvio Conte, of Massachusetts, and fifty home-state businessmen. After that, he went home, taking with him two Massachusetts insurance people for an evening discussion.

Kennedy's office has five rooms. There is a mail room assigned to him nearby, and some of his staff members have space in another office in the building. There are about thirty people on his Senate staff. Two thousand letters a day is not unusual; the telephones are constantly busy; there is almost always a handful of visitors waiting in the reception room.

An Administrative Aide

"ON the administrative side, the casework never ceases. The range is enormous; the volume is tremendous. A guy can't get his veteran's pension; somebody has an immigration problem; the city of Holyoke wants a sewer grant; we're trying to save a shipyard or an Air Force base in Massachusetts. On the legislative side, there are bills, committee hearings, speeches. A new senator gets assigned to two committees when he arrives, and that begins to define your issues. It doesn't restrict you, but many issues stem from that. Kennedy got assigned to Judiciary and to Labor and Public Welfare. His refugee interest came out of the Judiciary assignment, and he used it as a handle to look at Vietnam, Bangladesh, Biafra, and the Middle East. Under Labor and Public Welfare, he has now got major responsibility for health legislation in the Senate. The Administrative Practice and Procedure Subcommittee assignment led to the investigation of the Civil Aeronautics Board, for example. He has gone into other things simply because he wanted to, such as Indian problems and Rhodesian chrome, or because of who he is, or because the issues were important for his state. Or all three. The anti-busing forces in Massachusetts have brought a year of grief. Sometimes it's a spur-of-the-moment response to the news. I remember that in 1969 there was a place in Vietnam called Hamburger Hill; we were throwing our troops in, killing so many of our men, and we knew that when we got that hill it couldn't mean anything, but we kept on doing it, pouring them in. The Senator was outraged, and he made a speech about it and got attacked from all sides. They said he was helping the enemy and all that. Well, a week later Hamburger Hill was lost again, and it *hadn't* meant anything.

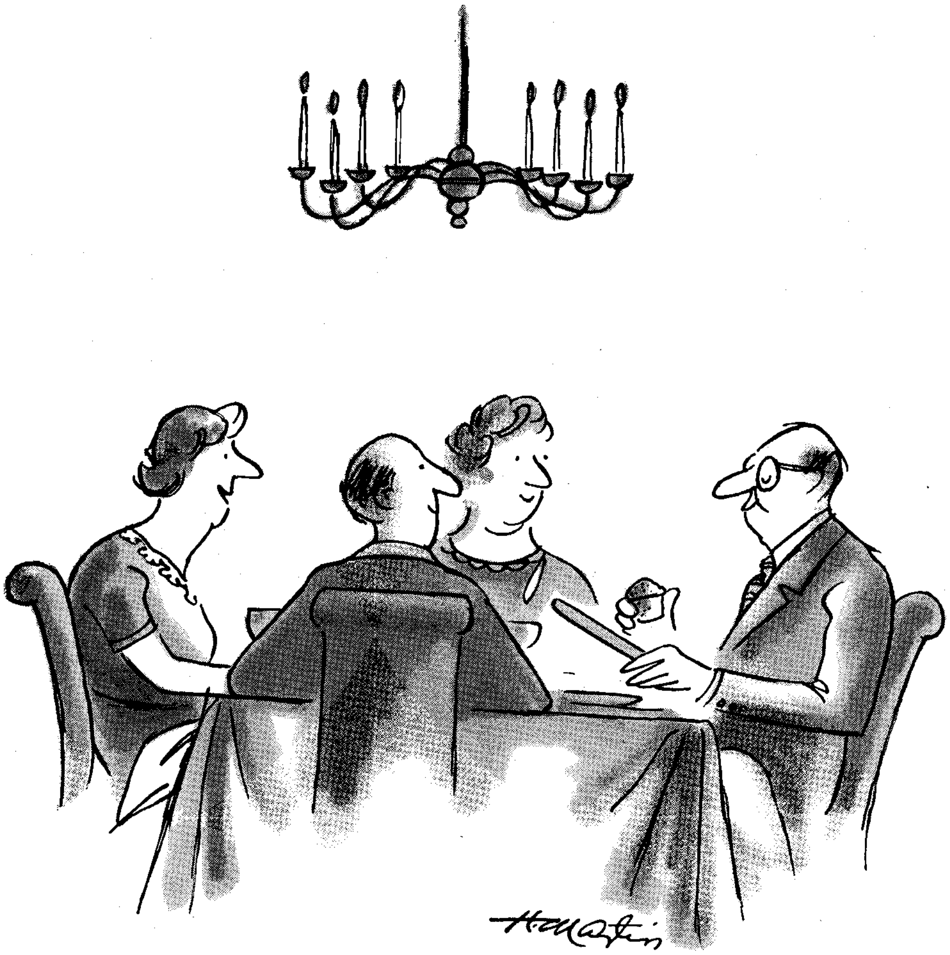
"He has to be informed and up on everything. He's flying to Boston and he sees something in the paper, and he wonders if they're going to hit him with that. He's fair game. What Kennedy answers to a question can make headlines in a distant place. When he says something, it's a significant policy statement even if it isn't. So he has to be on top of things more than others. And he is. He works hard."



A Legislative Aide

"PART of this job is to be a funnel into the Senator. To keep up with the bills on the floor, to make sure he's well prepared, to find experts and get solid, substantive views—to get the best thinking. The Senator has a natural constituency and looks aggressively at populist issues; there's no lack of initiatives. On some things, people simply call us up cold, but generally an issue doesn't come up in a vacuum. Rand or Brookings may have done a study on it, or with a couple of well-placed calls we can get six or seven names. On economic things, we might start with Arthur Okun and Walter Heller. A group will meet out at the Senator's house and talk in the evening. He thrives on a fourteen-hour day, with a different issue every fifteen minutes. He's a very quick study. He can absorb a vast amount. He's one of the few senators who talk to the authors of books. He isn't a nine-to-five senator, and his staff isn't a nine-to-five staff. His biggest attraction is that he makes it happen. He can write the bill, hold the hearing, report it out of committee, take it to the floor, and get it passed. When you couple the name with the influence, the result is action and movement on an issue.

"One challenge is finding a window to push an idea through. In 1970, Kennedy laid the groundwork for lowering the voting age to eighteen (an idea whose time had come twenty years ago) by finding a way to act by statute when it had always been thought that it would take a Constitutional amendment. He hooked it on as a rider to a bill, and it was passed. He has a willingness to try new alternatives. When the health bill got pocket-vetoed in 1970, during a recess, it was an insult



"Millard is a corn-muffin freak."

to Congress. Kennedy went to court on it himself, and the Court of Appeals held Nixon's veto un-Constitutional. Ford tried it, too, during a longer recess, so we're taking it into court again. Kennedy often works with another powerful senator, frequently a Republican. He joined with Hugh Scott to break a filibuster; the combination was irresistible. But he sometimes loses some support on the floor because he is seen as partisan by some Republicans, and some Democratic senators who feel they are competing against him will vote against a bill despite its merits.

"You try to be in the forefront of issues to come, but things happen very quickly. If anything is shortchanged, it's the long-range things; they get pushed onto the back burner. He tries to anticipate ways of making the Senate more effective, and the payoff is great. For example, an eight-to-seven vote today in the Armed Services Committee against authorizing more military aid to Vietnam was directly related to the changes in committee memberships that Kennedy worked on last January.

"He thrives on the work. He believes, I suspect, that the Senate is the best possible forum—the place to be for change. He is always accessible; he doesn't want any staff member to feel inhibited. He doesn't have preconceptions. The more radical the idea the more he wants to hear it. He has instincts that help him. A lot is pragmatic. I'd say he's eighty per cent active, twenty per cent contemplative."

An Administrative Aide

"PART of the job is maintaining relations with national politics, liaison with people around the country, working on schedules, and making judgments on what's best for Senator Kennedy—given his legislative program and the campaigns of 1972 through 1976, when he's up for reëlection. We look at things in regard to the political dynamics and suggest what he might do or not do.

"On political matters, if it's good news he delivers it. If it's bad, I deliver it."

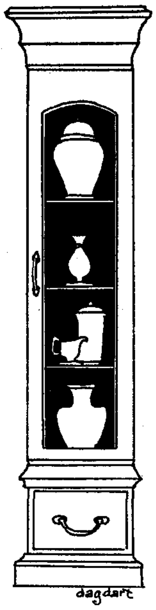
A Hearing Room in the Old Senate Office Building—12:15 p.m.

KENNEDY and Senator Adlai Stevenson III, of Illinois, sit side by side at a table facing TV lights and cameras, holding a press conference to announce a proposed new gun-control bill—one that would require the registration of all handguns and the licensing of handgun owners and would ban the manufacture, distribution, and sale of any handgun with a barrel of less than six inches. Stevenson speaks to the cameras and the sparse audience first. He looks and sounds a lot like his father. There is the familiar phrasing; the broken, emphatic rhythm; the prim precision and scholarly, didactic manner. "Violent crime is rising at eleven per cent a year," he says. "Ninety-five of the one hundred and thirty-two policemen murdered in 1974—seventy-two per cent—met death at the point of a handgun. . . . Handguns now account for seventy-five per cent of all armed violence in the United States." Kennedy—tall, burly, wavy-haired, show-business handsome—is a sharp contrast to Stevenson. It is interesting to observe these two together—products of such different forces, representing dissimilar cultures, once hostile *clanns*, and conflicting styles, but with a shared heritage of political obligation and opportunity. They are both translucent—their eminent relatives show through, and to some people they must appear as stand-ins. Yet the past is hazy and irrelevant; both men come into focus as themselves, joined in a simple and probably hopeless cause: an attempt to prevent Americans from shooting one another. Kennedy, with his flat Boston accent, speaks next: "We'll have the complete opposition of the National Rifle Association. They will, I'm sure, answer with a list of charges and countercharges," but their arguments "have been responded to with the blood of tens of thousands of Americans over the last ten years. We took some steps in '68, and there was a very substantial decline [in handgun deaths] for a short time. Three years ago, the Senate passed a 'Saturday Night Special' bill, but the Attorney General refused to take a position. We feel a more hopeful attitude with the new Attorney General. We think there's a different atmosphere." He answers questions and says he thinks there is no possible sporting use for a handgun with a barrel of less than six inches. "You couldn't hit that door over there," he says, indicating the entrance to the hearing room, fifteen feet away. "There is one purpose of these less-than-six-inch handguns, and that's killing human beings."

12:50 p.m.

A SPECTATOR standing near the Supreme Court and looking toward the Capitol may be knocked flat by schoolchildren at this time of year as chartered buses pull up, open their doors, and the students come spraying out. Teachers cry "Stay in line! Stay together!" but it is futile: the students hurry, gaping, toward the Capitol. This is one promised marvel that is not diminished in the seeing. The Capitol is bigger than imagined, and more spectacular; the dome is outrageous, the color sublime. It is—despite its pretensions to grandeur—grand. From two hundred yards away, the building is as splendid and unlikely as the idea of democracy itself. The only accents of color are the small, brilliant splash of an American flag at the base of the dome and, far below, the multicolored bouquets of students on the steep gray steps, getting their pictures taken with their congressmen. Kennedy will pose with dozens of such groups as well as with bunches of home-state tourists during the coming week: Massachusetts schools are on vacation; the cherry blossoms are in bloom. Even the South Boston groups who have opposed Kennedy's position on busing will stand beside him and smile. *Click.* Twenty years from now, on a kitchen wall in, say, Dorchester, this scene will still be alive. "There's Kennedy," a voice will say; then the finger will move across the photograph. "That's me."

The gun-control conference over, Kennedy, a press aide, and two staff members of the health subcommittee emerge from the Old Senate Office Building, greet a delegation of political-science students from Sarah Lawrence College, who are waiting on the sidewalk, then hurry toward the Capitol, where Kennedy is to floor-manage a bill on the regulation of medical devices. As the four men cross the sunny street, one of the staff men tells Kennedy of a particularly vicious column about him that has appeared in a San Francisco paper. Kennedy turns to his press aide. "Did you plant that one, Dick?" he asks. He laughs delightedly and claps the aide on the back. "Thanks a lot!"



The Senate—1:30 p.m.

THE Senate floor is almost deserted, but the visitors' galleries fill and empty and refill. The tourists look about hopefully, mildly curious, but it is the lunch hour and there isn't much to see. A young page runs across the chamber on some urgent mission; then it is quiet again. Around the walls, just below the ceiling, twenty blank white marble eminences gaze out from twenty alcoves. There is a somnolent air. The chamber is lit softly from high above; there are shadows under the old desks. It could be twenty years ago, fifty, even more. A desultory roll call; some senators drift in. John Stennis and Robert Byrd, chatting; Kennedy, accompanied by one of the health-subcommittee staff. A page places a tall, old-fashioned reading stand on Kennedy's desk. Jacob Javits comes in, is given the floor, and speaks on marijuana; Stennis urges additional military assistance for Vietnam. The bell rings for roll call. Abraham Ribicoff walks in, Charles Percy, Robert Taft. Kennedy, standing at his desk, asks passage of S. 510. He asks that there be the same standards for medical devices as there are for drugs, and he cites statistics of deaths caused by faulty heart devices and I.U.D.s. Senator Gaylord Nelson offers an amendment, and Kennedy responds with the customary senatorial courtesy: "The Senator from Wisconsin has contributed immeasurably. . . . This amendment . . . is entirely acceptable to me." Now the chamber begins to fill rapidly. Lunch is clearly over. It is like the beginning of a play—or, more accurately, a grand opera—where, in the opening scene (the village square, under unreal amber sunlight much like this), the extras move about here and there, hailing one another, chatting in groups of two and three; an air of anticipation; the first notes from the orchestra. But there are major differences. Most of the men on the floor are not extras; they are stars, and their names are familiar to the audience, if not their faces. ("Which one is that?") Also, it is totally American, and it is—for better or worse—real. It has elements of a convention of hotel managers or municipal-bond lawyers; there is a lot of hearty greeting, jokes and kidding, the swift exchange of confidences. Yet for all the drifting and idleness, boredom and maddening routine (the elaborate courtesies, the roll calls as monotonous, repetitious, and drab as the alphabet heard over and over again), there is an electricity here: the knowledge, perhaps, that in this precise spot, over years and years, through processes that seem glacial, men like these, not much different from the people in the galleries, have shouted; fought; slept; been drunk; hit each other with canes; slid into senility; stupefied one another with filibusters; wept; gone mad; double-crossed their friends; destroyed their enemies; told lies; lined their pockets; schemed; blathered and harangued; and yet somehow managed to accomplish, from time to time, certain concrete measures that kept the country moving along (or stopped it cold), altered its course, affected and defined to some degree the kind of life that people in America—in fact, the world—would live. James Eastland, smoking a vast cigar, enters slowly. The bell rings. The roll call starts again.

The Capitol

THROUGHOUT the labyrinth of the building, there are doors with no signs on them. Some of these are rooms assigned to senior senators. Sightseers stream by all day; these doors are locked for the long nap, the cold glass, the secret negotiation, the hasty ham-and-cheese-on-rye. One of the rooms is Kennedy's. The ceiling is high and arched, painted with soft-hued Brumidi floral designs. There is a tall window—curtained, since it does not look out on anything—and a desk, a sofa, tables, chairs. On the walls are family photographs, memorabilia, paintings by Kennedy and others. The feeling of the room is warm, subdued, and pleasant.

The Old Senate Office Building
Midafternoon

THE visiting class from Sarah Lawrence ("Decision-Making and Institutional Change in Contemporary Society") is seated in Kennedy's office, on the chairs, sofa, and rug, facing the desk, where the Senator—coatless, drinking a can of Fresca—sits answering questions from the students and their teacher, William Haddad, an aide of John Kennedy's in the 1960 campaign and, later, associate director of the Peace Corps. Kennedy's replies are swift and relaxed. He talks about regulating the use of D.E.S. (diethylstilbestrol) as a contraceptive: "Nineteen cases where the daughters of women who used D.E.S. to prevent miscarriages developed cancer of the vagina or of the cervix. The Administration is opposed to a ban. We ask careful monitoring by the F.D.A." And about the health bill itself: "The President says the budget can't stand it, which shows he doesn't understand it. It won't be funded for the first two years, except for six hundred million to set up the program. The cost will be only seventy-six billion, which is sixty per cent of what you're spending now, and it will cover seventy per cent of all personal health needs. It will require better planning by the Administration. For example, right now there are sixty-seven thousand hospital beds that we shouldn't have."

What's the key issue for 1976? "The economy. The whole thing is recession. What we have to do is stimulate the economy."

"What's your standard answer about being a nominee for President?" asks Haddad.

"It's my standard answer," says Kennedy, smiling.

What about Governor George Wallace, of Alabama?

"He's going to run in the primaries," says Kennedy.

Would you accept a draft?

Kennedy's hand goes across his mouth. "No, I wouldn't accept a draft," he says briskly.

On President Ford: "He's a nice, honest fellow, but he's not handling the problems here or abroad."

On Secretary of State Henry Kissinger: "I supported him on step-by-step negotiations in the Middle East, but I'm strongly critical of him on Chile and Vietnam."

He touches on oil-depletion allowances ("Senator Hollings and I led the fight on that"), unemployment benefits, tax reform, gun control, and committee assignments.

Haddad remarks, "You were very effective in blocking Jim Allen from the Judiciary Committee. You did your homework on the rules."

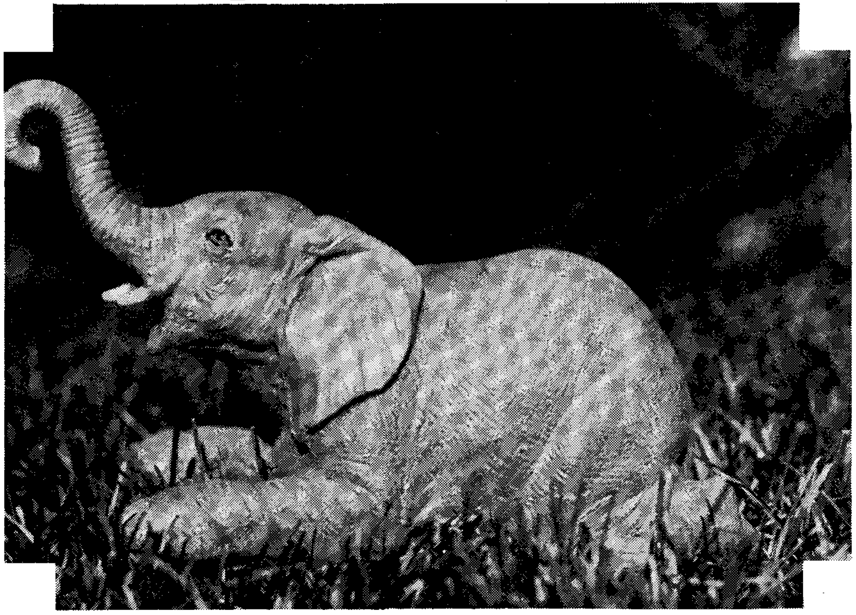
"That's one example of when the makeup of a committee will make a difference," Kennedy says. "All along the line, the older men are being replaced. There are now three liberal freshmen on the Armed Services Committee; now we'll be able to get some debate on weapons systems."

On the C.I.A.: "I think they should end covert activities. It's terribly counter-productive. Their record is just dismal, and it should be ended. They should retain their intelligence-gathering. Senator Church's committee is good, I think. I don't know what they'll recommend."

Haddad says that the students are skeptical about what can be accomplished by a senator and that they wonder about the nature of compromise.

Kennedy says, "The question is: Can you take steps that will lead irreversibly down the road to your goal? You have to decide whether one step will make the next step easier or

Aynsley Animal Kingdom



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harder." He cites an example of compromise on the medical-devices bill. "Senator Nelson wanted to require regulation of everything, for absolute safety. But if you do that you knock out about half the manufacturers, some of whom have been rather imaginative and may come up with an important development. So what do you do? Maybe you set up a panel and judge each case. Our life here is composed of small compromises. But not on the big things. I never considered compromise on Vietnam."

The time is up. "How's Bill?" Kennedy asks the students. "Is he a good teacher?" There is laughter and assent. Kennedy shakes hands with each student as the class leaves. "Nice to see you. . . . Thanks for coming. . . . Hope to see you again."

Abba Eban, the Israeli Foreign Minister, is ushered in next, for a private meeting. Eban comes out; Jack Valenti, the president of the Motion Picture Association of America, goes in. Valenti comes out; a nominee for the National Science Foundation goes in. The door opens, the door closes. The reception room is stacked up: former Representative Seymour Halpern; Sam Bornstein, the executive editor of the Boston *Herald American;* the father of Allison Krause, one of the girls killed at Kent State.

Outside the Old Senate Office Building—Early Evening

Kennedy stands by his car, chatting with a young staff member about a possible trip that the aide may take this summer with Kennedy's son Teddy. He jokes with the young man; they laugh. Kennedy puts his heavy briefcase into the back seat of the car. Tomorrow morning, he will appear on a local TV program, put in a day of work and meetings in his office, then fly to Boston, where he has been invited by President Ford to join in the Concord-Lexington Bicentennial observances on Saturday. The invitation is somewhat in the nature of a command performance, and Kennedy's aides are apprehensive about the occasion, because of the probable presence of the Boston anti-busing demonstrators who follow him, as well as the People's Bicentennial Commission protesters, who are an unknown quantity at this point. Kennedy seems unconcerned. He starts to get into his car. He looks as fresh as when he arrived at the office in the morning. The air is warm; the evening will be mild. Kennedy says good night to the aide, gets in; the car eases away from the curb,

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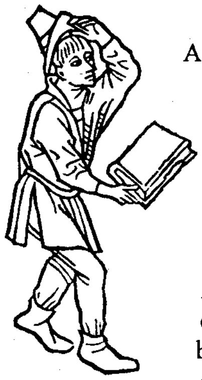

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moves up the hill to Constitution Avenue, joins the traffic moving west, and is soon out of sight.

Boston—May 1st

"THIS is the Senator's state office," says a woman staff member, standing in Kennedy's office on the twenty-fourth floor of the John F. Kennedy Federal Building. "Its purpose is to serve the home-state constituents." There are three rooms. This one is furnished with products and souvenirs of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, a decorative theme unrelated to aesthetics: there is a garish blue braided rug, orange-brown maple chairs, an old painting of Boston harbor, a football from Athol, a grandfather clock, a facsimile of the first Bell telephone, a hockey stick with the Boston Bruins' autographs, assorted awards, plaques, and statuettes, and a Triassic dinosaur footprint from Granby. The desk belonged to President Kennedy. "For the most part, we do casework," the staff member goes on, "helping people who are having trouble getting through red tape. We try to expedite things. We have eight federal employees, a number of volunteers, and we get anywhere from one hundred to three hundred letters a day. The phones are always busy. If there's a certain issue in the news—like right now it's Vietnamese refugees—we're inundated with calls, besieged by irate people pro and con, with positions ranging from 'We owe the Vietnamese' to 'They'll take our jobs.' I get the busing calls—oh, boy. They vent their anger at the Senator, and I listen. They don't understand the way it happened. It was their own legislature that did it, and Judge W. Arthur Garrity, Jr., was simply implementing it. We'll send a letter with the Senator's position in writing, if they like, or we'll try to arrange a meeting. He's met with representatives of the School Committee, the parents, the ROAR group (Restore Our Alienated Rights), the Boston City Council—all of them. Sometimes, after a meeting, they'll say, 'At least, we understand each other a little better,' and then they'll attack him in the streets." She walks over to one of four tall windows on the north side of the room. The view over the old North End to East Boston and Chelsea is spectacular. "See that building to the left of the entrance to the Callahan Tunnel?" She points down at the old Haymarket area. "That's where his grandfather was born. Over there, there's a red roof—the Senator can tell you which one—where his mother was born. And across the harbor there in East Boston—the building's gone now—that's where his father was born. This is where it all began."

A Staff Aide

"HE always covers the state at least once a year, sometimes twice. I do scheduling. So far this year, we've covered almost every area except Cape Cod. You do the state in sections. If you're in the Springfield area, you know it will take two full days to do the area right.

"I have files of pending invitations and come-any-time invitations that he could accept on short notice, so when the Senator calls from Washington on a Wednesday and says, 'I'm coming Friday. What can you put together?,' we might begin with those. We might hit a service-club lunch, a high school or a college, a home for the elderly, a consumer group, a temple, a communion breakfast, a hospital, or a professional group. He doesn't want a minute when he has nothing to do. But sometimes he says, 'When do we eat? Do you think we could arrange *that*?' He wants to hear what the people are concerned about, so he always does Q. and A.—that way, he gets an idea of how they feel, and a lot of people get to present their problems. It's challenging to keep up with him, but I admire the fact that he comes back to the people as much as he does."

The Streets of Boston—3 p.m.

JAMES KING is driving an old car around Boston, checking all the places where Kennedy—who arrives by plane at 6 P.M.—will appear tonight and tomorrow. Each location has been studied carefully by King earlier—arrival and departure streets selected, contacts established, advance men briefed, arrangements made with the police, hotel personnel, banquet chairmen, and others—but King retraces every step. A street may have been excavated this morning, a hallway closed off for painting—who knows? Everything must run smoothly, on a precise schedule, with no surprises. King, who is forty, is in charge of Kennedy's Boston office. He is six feet four, plump, red-faced, with wavy hair descending his forehead. He looks like one of those merry, tippling monks in nineteenth-century genre paintings. He is given to funny, exuberant storytelling—wild and lurid speculations—in which his eyes dart about, growing wider and wider, his face grows more crimson, his hands flail the air, and it

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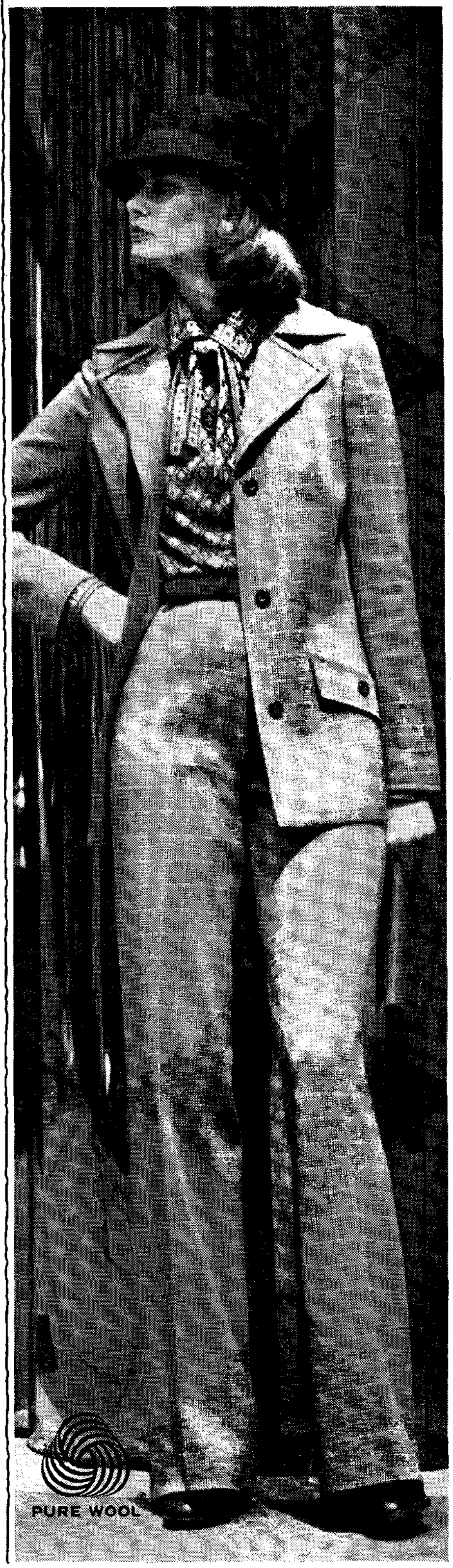

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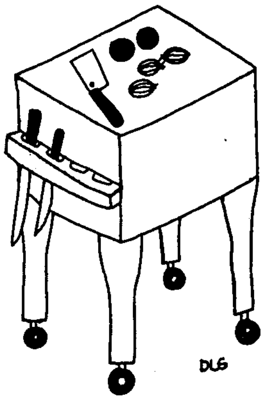
seems possible that he may explode prior to the dénouement. He has known Kennedy for seventeen years.

King circles the Copley Plaza Hotel a couple of times, parks in front, and enters. He moves through the lobby swiftly, his glance sweeping this way and that; he enters a large ballroom and inspects it in silence; walks down a hall; rides an elevator; gets out; walks down some stairs. He is totally absorbed, peering around, opening doors. Only occasionally does he make an observation aloud. Passing what appears to be an unused door, he notes its shiny handle. "You can tell a lot from a doorknob," he says. "How much a door is used." Moving at a rapid pace, he swings through various floors of the hotel without any hesitation; he retains a sure sense of the layout.

Back into the car, and on to the next hotel.

"Organization is my real interest," King says. "If you tell me you want to be first selectman of a village, I can tell you what you have to do. It's the same for Congress or for President. It's just multiplication. Here's the key to politics: ask. Most people want to say yes. They don't like to say no. Your job in politics is to create a climate where 'yes' is reasonable without selling yourself out or asking them to sell out. Where it's not quid pro quo. You have to find a formula that enables them to say yes. Everyone thinks politics is 'Macbeth'—these three people get together, and one throws in a newt's eye, and another puts in a bat's wing, and they mix up a potion called victory. That's ridiculous. For us, Massachusetts is just over two thousand precincts. They vary in size, but once you understand how they operate, that's the key. It's over five million people. First thing: Who do I want to reach? Voters? O.K. That cuts the figure in half right away. Now, there are three hundred and fifty-one cities and towns, and about eighty-one per cent of the Democratic vote comes from forty-eight of them. My organization is an inverted pyramid, with the campaign manager at the bottom. Massachusetts breaks up into twenty-six bite-sized pieces. I have a book on each precinct, a profile of where there are voter problems. We have canvassing, and tabloid distribution. The first benchmark is where is the voter going to vote? A precinct varies from around forty to an average of nine hundred. I want to move him from his house to the polls. Then, are the voters registered? Make sure." King stopped at the Sheraton Boston Hotel, went in, checked it over, and returned to the car. The next stop was the Harbor Campus of the University of Massachusetts, in Columbia Point.

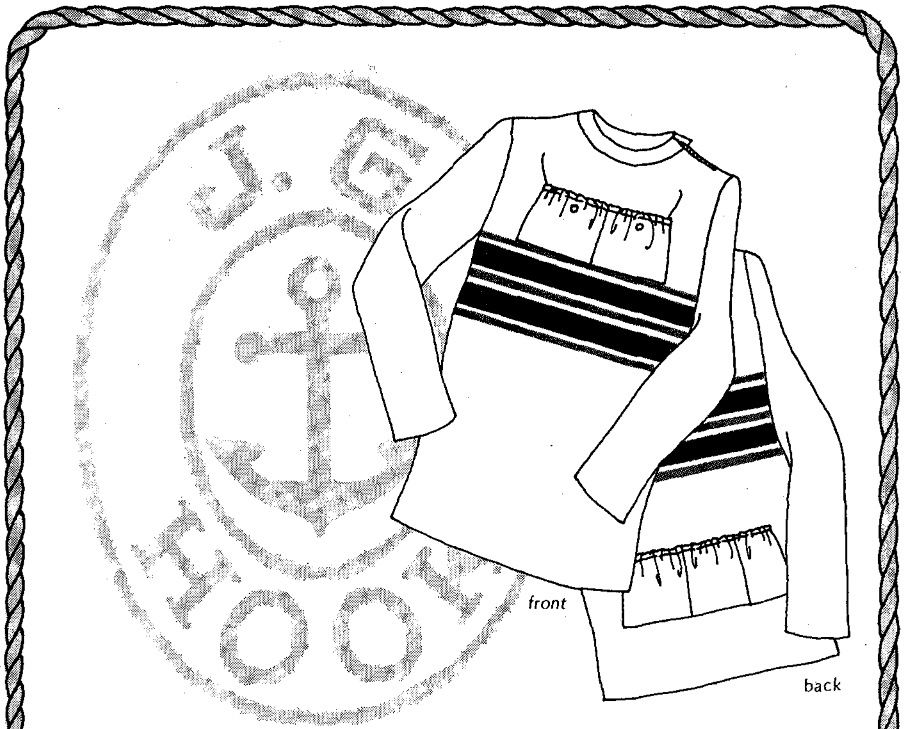
"There's a skill to handing out literature," King was saying a few minutes later. "If I want you to read it, I say something to you, and I extend it with the print up, so you see it right away. The size of the paper is important; you've got to be able to hold it. Size, shape, handling—how many times have you been handed something upside down? You won't look at it. Do you know how to shake hands at a factory gate or in a crowd? You want to be in control of the other guy's hand, without intimidating him, so you can be the one to let go. You want to engage him briefly. You reach *under* and grab deep. Two or three seconds. It's a fleeting contact, but you've got to maximize that moment. 'Good morning'—hand him the literature. They see the name in print—'Meet So-and-So.' They *hear* the name, they shake *hands* with him, and they go away thinking, He seemed like a decent guy; he had a nice handshake. At a factory, you try not to go to a gate where cars go in. You'll sprain your wrist reaching through car windows. Avoid factories when they're letting out. You'll get run over.



"If you're going to have any commitment to change, you've got to teach and share. Otherwise, you've failed. If good people get elected, the spin-off continues. I like to work in local elections and help people I like. I recently did the town treasurer in Brookline. He said, would I stand near a precinct polling place with a bundle of cards. That's what he needed that day, and that's what I did.

"I was doing programs for the elderly in Holyoke when Kennedy asked me to work in his office. I thrive on blue-collar communities. I come from Ludlow, which had the world's largest jute mill. It has one of the highest Democratic registrations in the state, too, largely because of the world's largest jute mill. When I was a kid, the mill owned all the houses and the bank. The two best things that happened to my family were the Depression—the company sold off the houses that they had been renting to the workers, so we got ours—and the Second World War, which meant that my father, who had been harassed for union activity until he quit, could get a job again. He was a machinist, and an organizer for the International Union of Electrical Workers. My grandfather was at the Lawrence, Massachusetts, strike of 1912. He worked for the railroad, but he adopted strikers' families and brought them into his home. He lived into his eighties. Delightful. In those days, they were playing off the Irish against the Italians. The municipal government was behind the company, and the police, too; the churches, sadly, also sold out. When I was a kid in Ludlow, I remember, there was a W.P.A. store, and the sidewalks, bridges, and schools were W.P.A.-built. The jute-mill whistle blew fifteen minutes ahead of work, five minutes ahead, then on the hour. It gave me a sense of order. I knew where I was going in life—to the mill. But I always liked organizational stuff. I worked with my father. I'd handbill. My father was kind of a pacifist; he had no capacity for violence. He felt things had to change collectively, legislatively. Unless there was a federal minimum wage, he knew, the plants would move South. He became involved in Democratic politics, and in 1956 he was an alternate delegate to the Chicago Convention. When I was fifteen, I lost a front tooth outside a plant in Greenfield. A group showed up from a competing union. I got hit by a car once, been hit by police—police in those days didn't like anybody who disturbed the status quo—and over the years I've taken two hundred stitches, including the military, but the risks were minimal and the work had to be done. On my eighteenth birthday, I dropped out of school just before graduation. I'd had incredible conflicts with the school administration. I went into the Army for three years, then finished high school in all my gloom. I was the only registered voter in my senior class. Then I went to work on the three-to-eleven shift at the Chapman Valve foundry. My father went with me to buy my first lunch pail. I asked him why. He said, 'I want to make sure you get a good one. You're going to be using it for the next forty years.' I thought that over for a while, and then enrolled in the American International College, in Springfield."

King drives into an enclosed parking



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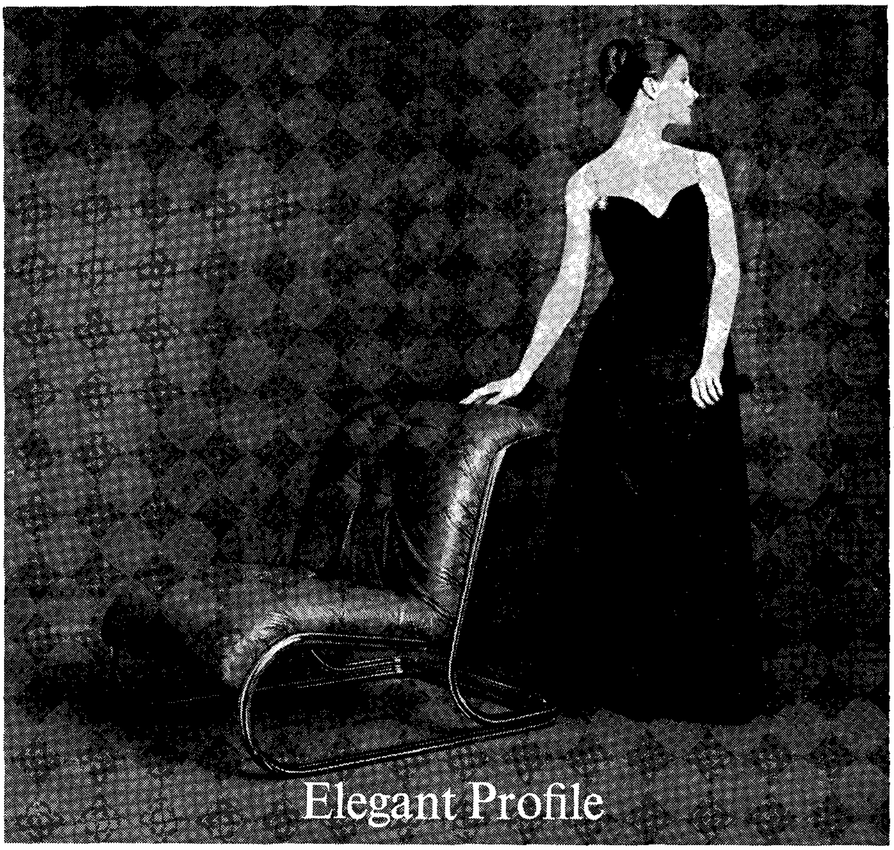

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area at the Harbor Campus and makes a rapid but comprehensive tour of the main building. On the way out, he drives around the campus, using various roads, then heads back toward the office at the John F. Kennedy Federal Building.

"Kennedy is fortunate," he is saying. "He's got people that are loyal and interested, and they carry over from one campaign to another. Our phenomenon is every six years—it's rough. We'd prefer every four years, to stay in touch. But he travels. He likes people. It really is easy working with him. He has superb political instincts. Even without input, he invariably does the right thing. He has a genuine understanding of people, and he sees them as individuals, not as a mass. We're in the people business. I worked on the health hearings. They were brutal, and Kennedy had no friends for miles. No other senator seemed to want it. Same with the refugees. He sat through ten years of hearings. It was not good political mileage. How many people are committed to a ten-year fight on health? In this business, we're all moths—born in the morning and die in the night. Kennedy's forty-three years old now, and he's been in the Senate twelve years; almost two-thirds of the senators have been there a shorter time than he has. He's acquired a lot of savvy, but there's still a lot he doesn't know. In the old days, he was much more happy-go-lucky; he has matured a lot. He still responds to a jab and humor, and he still has an effervescent delight in the first encounter of the day, whether it's a factory gate or a meeting, or whatever.

"If the Senator goes to Haverhill, some people say, 'I see he's strengthening his base,' and if he goes out of state, they say, 'He's going national.' "

The tall buildings of downtown Boston are now straight ahead, rising above the traffic on the Southeast Expressway. "Politicians are the most responsive people in the world," King remarks. "Compared to any other members of the establishment—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, educators—they're the easiest to change. When the people find out a politician is a horse's ass, he's out. Immediately. In business, it takes years." He beams.

THE COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
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THE anti-Kennedy demonstrators have somehow discovered exactly where the Senator is going tonight and precisely when. The ROAR pickets are waiting for him, circling in front of a

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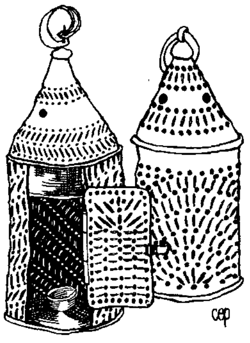
hotel entrance on Dartmouth Street, chanting, shouting, clapping, cheering, singing "Oh, Teddy, won't you come out tonight." They carry anti-busing signs ("The Kennedys Can Choose Their Schools"); display copies of "Teddy Bare," a Chappaquiddick-exposé book; wear tam-o'-shanters and wave Irish flags; hold placards with anti-abortion messages and pictures of babies. Other, independent demonstrators move up and down the sidewalk: a man carrying a large "Don't Tread on Me" flag, another dressed in a white doctor's costume that is spattered with blood-red paint. Around the corner are eight Tactical Police Force patrol cars and one van. A handful of policemen with walkie-talkies stand near the pickets. "It's the same people every time," says a gray-haired officer, "but the group's got smaller." A few weeks before, the ROAR demonstrators had attacked Kennedy in a Boston suburb, mobbing him. At a school, they placed an infant's head in a door to prevent it from closing, held a child beneath the wheels of Kennedy's car to prevent his departure, and then pursued him into a subway; earlier, they had roughed him up during an appearance at Government Center. Tonight, they do not seem particularly menacing—there is no visible leader; most are women and children, and the men a mixed lot, with only a few who look like fighters—yet there is a hatred in the air and a queasy sense that violence might erupt in any direction. The loop of pickets goes around and around, performing in front of the TV cameras, the photographers, and the policemen; so far, it is a media event. Suddenly, there is the thunder of approaching motorcycles. The demonstrators seem hit with adrenalin. They snap around, expecting to see Kennedy—but it is only a couple of helmeted policemen zooming past; the cops wave gloved hands and are gone. The pickets subside and resume their trudging. It is apparent from the faces, clothes, postures, and utterances of these people that life has given them little of what they want; they are a constituency of disappointment, outrage, and frustration. Their fears have aroused and their anger channelled into one area of protest, one cause, one villain. Since fear is a powerful factor in their lives, they regard it as a potent weapon—one to use on others. These people are ragtag resistance fighters, yet they are probably losers even in this, their protest against losing.

The walkie-talkies sputter softly. The police put blue barricades of sawhorses across the sidewalk on either side of the hotel entrance, and move the demonstrators back. Kennedy's car pulls up; the singing and chanting instantly shift to a steady, ear-splitting bleat of booing. Kennedy gets out of the car, wearing a sleek tuxedo and a ruffled white shirt, and, with policemen and reporters, moves swiftly into the Copley.

The lobby is orderly, and full of prosperous, cheerful, expectant people in evening dress. The alumni of Boston College Law School are entering the grand ballroom for their annual Law Day banquet. Kennedy cuts a swath through the lobby: a hearty greeting here, a dazzling smile there, a swift, firm handshake, a look into the eyes, a hand on the arm, a pat on the back, a quick, funny comment, a sympathetic word. The contact is brief, warm, and flattering—"Good to see *you*"—and as the recipients of all this gregariousness and glamour look pleased, and even a bit dazed, Kennedy is already shaking the hands of the next bunch. He handles large groups of people as naturally as a shortstop handles grounders. He makes it look effortless, and he makes it look like fun. He maintains enough restraint so that it does not seem like a sweaty, effusive performance; he projects dignity, good will, and that respectful liking for folks that may be the sine qua non of vote-getting. People may forgive a lot in a politician—Boston's Mayor Curley governed the city for five months from his jail cell—but they do not tolerate aloofness or disdain. (The unforgivable sin of Richard Nixon was perhaps one revealed by the tapes: not high crimes or misdemeanors but his deep and shocking contempt for people.) Kennedy is about to address the banquet, but first he trots downstairs to greet a roomful of particularly distinguished lawyers, who accept the attention pleasantly; he hurries back to the lobby and gives a quick radio interview about the fall of South Vietnam ("What is important is to find where we *do* have interests, and the American people can understand it. . . . I don't think we should have the C.I.A. bringing down a government. . . . We should be more concerned with humanitarian programs");



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then he enters the ballroom to cheers and applause, and takes his place at the middle of the long white dais, amid twenty-eight judges and lawyers, and twenty-eight thin, pale-green slices of honeydew melon.

The ballroom is gold and blue, with architecture that blends Venice and Ben-Hur: columns, chandeliers, boxes, and, at one end, a small orchestra with violins—is there still tea-dancing at the Copley?—playing nineteen-thirties fox-trots. After the roast beef, Kennedy ducks out briefly to make a ceremonial phone call to a dinner somewhere else in Massachusetts, complimenting the guest of honor in a style that indicates the conversation is being amplified to an audience at that location—“Everybody who loves Cape Cod loves Ed Cross,” says Kennedy enthusiastically—and then he hurries into a smaller dining room, where he makes some ad-lib remarks to members of the Human Life Foundation, who are holding a symposium on human reproduction. He gets a big hand, comes out, and greets a delegation of young Russian government workers, who are here on an exchange program. They nod and smile vigorously as their translator explains what Kennedy is saying, or what he thinks Kennedy is saying. Kennedy spots an acquaintance who has just left the banquet. “*I* see you leaving before my speech,” he exclaims. “You got caught!” The man and his wife shake hands, very pleased, and offer explanations. A woman approaches Kennedy, saying, with great formality, “May I have a word with you, Senator?” She gets a pleasant greeting and what seems to be an attentive ear, but as her statement goes on she gradually perceives that Kennedy is accepting a greeting from somebody else, then from several people, and then he is gone, back into the ballroom.

James King, having escorted Kennedy through an earlier reception—the New England School of Law, at the Sheraton Boston—and accompanied him here, is sitting, bearlike, at a tiny table in the lobby, surrounded by potted palms, quietly writing a letter.

During the cold chestnut soufflé with Grand Marnier sauce, Kennedy goes over his speech. Cigars are lit around the room, and the master of ceremonies rises, clears his throat, and is faced—inevitably—with a faulty sound system. “Can you hear me now?” Pause. *Skeek. Awwk.* “Can you hear me *now?*” The microphone begins to perform; the speeches start.

“I've been told that I may have only two minutes,” says a speaker who

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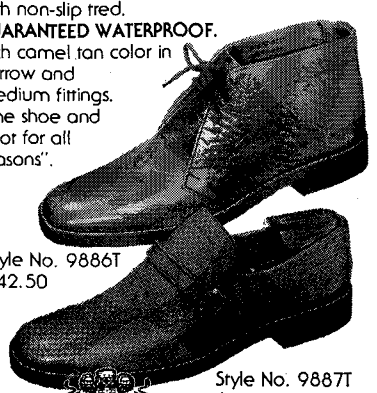

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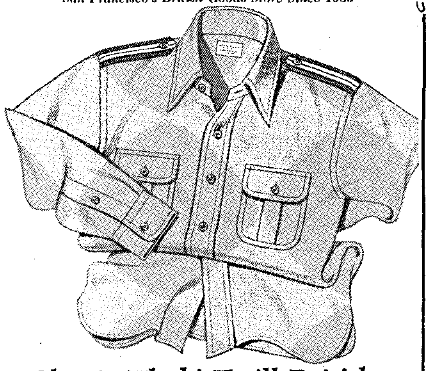

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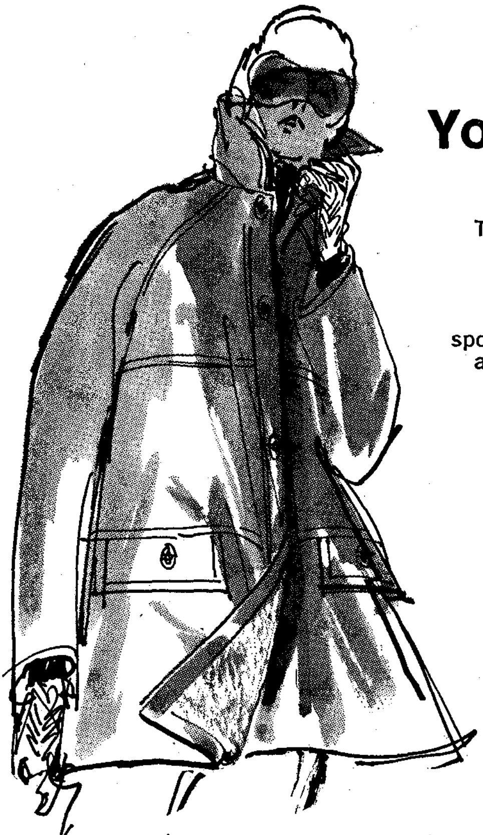
clearly regards this as an amusing injunction. Mischievously, he goes on for ten. The next speaker has a twenty-minute overrun. The high ceiling of the ballroom is pale blue with delicate pink clouds, and as the speeches, reminiscences, and sentimental tributes unfold—slowly, slowly—one's eyes and attention slide irresistibly upward to the soft, puffy dreamland overhead, and slip away into that limitless blue. Abruptly, there is a bumping between the tables, a moving of chairs: the string bass goes by; the orchestra is heading home.

Kennedy's turn comes toward 10 P.M., and he begins with a tribute to the Law School alumni and the honored guests, and then says, "The President this week felt compelled to say that he is running for President in 1976. He and I have similar problems. I have said I am not running for President, and everybody says I am. He says he is, and everybody says he isn't." There is appreciative laughter, and then Kennedy starts reading his speech—a lengthy one. "The tragedy of thirty years of war and bloodshed is over. Saigon has fallen. The American Embassy is empty and silent. . . . There was never a light at the end of the tunnel. There was only a long tunnel, made longer by our presence. Peace has now come, not by our power, not by our design, not by our hand, but it has come. . . .

"The human tragedy of the war goes on. . . . We must not fail to meet the needs of the Indo-Chinese people. We must do what we can to meet our clear responsibility to help salvage the battered lives of those who remain behind. We cannot ignore the millions of homeless people in Cambodia and South Vietnam. We cannot ignore the needs of orphans, of the wounded and the maimed, and of the countless other war victims in Indo-China who cry out for protection and help. . . . The time is overdue . . . for the President to declare our country's support of international efforts to rehabilitate their lives. . . .

"In the aftermath of the war, I hope that we have acquired a deeper understanding of the aspirations of ordinary peoples in other corners of the world. In Vietnam, we never understood the character of the war. We denied it was a civil war. We denied the roots that ran deep in the colonial past of Indo-China. Long after we abandoned the notion, in great-power relations, of Communism as a monolithic world juggernaut relentlessly advancing at our expense, we clung to the



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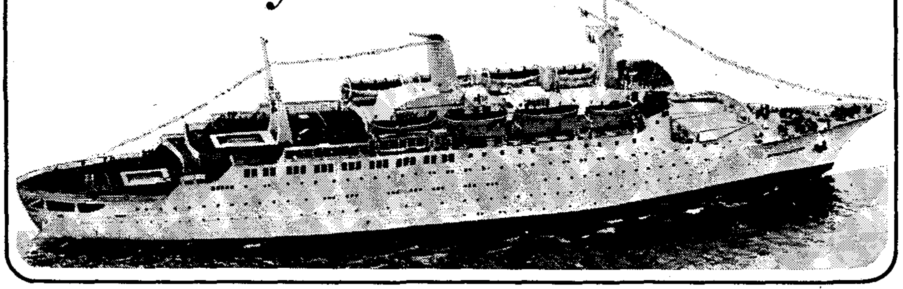

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theory in Vietnam. And it distorted our perception of the deeply national forces at work in Indo-China. Too many of our leaders still cling to that notion. . . . How different might have been the history of the past thirty years in Indo-China if America had understood the tide of events and change in North and South Vietnam and tried to work with them. . . . In the search for short-term stability, we have too easily sided with oppressive governments and unpopular dictatorships. Is it any wonder that people who have liberated themselves from dictatorship in Greece and Portugal do not look to us as champions of their freedom? . . . Is it any wonder that our own people rebel when the C.I.A. acts to help plunge Chile into a new tyranny? . . . We cannot be deaf to the voices of other people straining to be heard, of people struggling to share in freedom. . . . It is not too early to try to begin working with new governments in Indo-China. . . .

"The futility of America's military involvement in the war should give us and other nations a fresh incentive to seek political, not military, solutions. . . . There is room for pride in the role of Congress in ending the war, and in the renewed vitality of the institutions of our democracy. The evolution of Congress from the nadir of the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution in 1964 to the success of the end-the-war amendment and the War Powers Act of 1973 is one of the few bright chapters in the Vietnam war. The excessive shift of national power toward the Presidency was clearly checked. A more effective balance was restored. . . . The futility of the violence in Indo-China must encourage us to deal more effectively with the violence that scars our nation and corrupts our own society. . . . We know that some societies can be so closed, so unresponsive to the people, that change can never come except by the threat of force or by citizens taking to the streets. . . . Violence feeds on itself. It breeds reaction and repression. Invoked for the best of causes, it becomes the vehicle for countermeasures for the worst of causes. . . .

"There is a darker side to the American tradition, a violent aspect that lurks close to the surface of our national character and that is never easily controlled. . . . How long will we ignore the faces of violence in our society? How long will we ignore the need for gun control, or the violence on our streets and in our cities and in our schools, and even in our homes? How long will we ignore the violence on our television and movie screens, and even in our sports? How long will we ignore the violence on our highways? How long will we ignore the subtle violence of racism and drugs and poverty and hunger and unemployment and disease and inferior education and prisons and corruption in government, and the countless other conditions of society that breed hopelessness and despair in so many of our citizens? . . . Now, as Vietnam and Watergate recede, we have our best opportunity in many years to answer these questions. . . . To say that violence is the nature of America is unacceptable. A nation that tamed this wild continent a century ago can also tame the forces that threaten to divide us from within. . . . Today, as we rededicate ourselves to the rule of law, let us pledge a greater effort to achieve reconciliation among ourselves. . . . There is no secret formula . . . to make the law prevail. The ancient virtues that built this country and made it great before are the selfsame virtues that will keep it great today—courage and hope, work and duty, faith and sacrifice, truth and justice, the worth of the common citizen. Without these . . . the rule of law is helpless. The Constitution becomes just another parchment under glass. . . . Pericles said, 'The secret of happiness is liberty, and the secret of liberty is courage.' Across the centuries . . . these words are as true for America today as they were for ancient Greece. That is the real message of the rule of law in 1975, and that is the message I leave with you on Law Day here in Boston."

The audience stands and claps. The next speaker is introduced and, during the applause, Kennedy leaves inconspicuously. He hurries through the lobby—the Russians nod and smile—and goes upstairs with King and some other aides. Kennedy goes into a two-room suite, takes off his coat, and begins to make phone calls and hold private meetings in one room while the aides wait in the other room or stand in the hall. One of them remarks, "Seeing these people once this year is worth three meetings with them next year, when it's election year."

BOSTON—MAY 2ND, 9:30 A.M.

THE sky is sodden, overcast—a grayish brown—and the old buildings around the Common are ochre, umber, sienna, rust: a wall of uneven, stately dignitaries solemnly assembled. Inside this rigid perimeter, the trees of the park are showing leaves as delicate as smoke—soft, dusty greens.

The Boston *Globe* has two Kennedy stories this morning: "KENNEDY HITS U.S. ON INDOCHINA" and "SHRIVER SAYS TED MAY RUN." The Senator hurries out of the Ritz-Carlton door that faces the Public Garden (both this door and the one facing Newbury Street have signs over them that say "Not an Accredited Egress," but if the Ritz has an accredited egress its whereabouts is not revealed to non-Bostonian guests) and gets into a car. He has been holding meetings inside the hotel since 8 A.M., and now, with King and others, he drives to the Lenox Hotel, on Exeter Street, to address a conference of public managers, sponsored by Suffolk University and the American Society for Public Administration.

A hundred and fifty people are seated at tables in a small upstairs banquet hall. Kennedy begins with a slightly complicated anecdote. He tells it diligently, and it gets a reasonably good laugh, considering the hour, and then he talks about how important public managers are in carrying out legislation, such as a health-maintenance bill passed two years ago. "The kind of managerial techniques required to make that kind of program work and work well . . . are a real challenge," he says. He discusses how federal employees who criticize the Administration get fired or transferred out of their areas of interest: this past week, he says, the Judiciary Committee's Administrative Practice and Procedure Subcommittee, of which he is chairman, heard a witness who had been fired from the Defense Department because he had criticized cost overruns on the C-5A transport plane; two Indian Health Service nurses who had been transferred after they spoke out on the appalling conditions at a Navajo reservation in New Mexico; and Jacqueline Verrett, an employee of the Food and Drug Administration who made critical studies of thalidomide and cyclamates and was subsequently relieved of her major responsibilities. Kennedy says, "We're considering a Freedom

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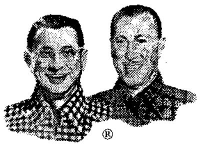

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of Government Employees Act to provide protection so that these people will feel responsibility not to the Administration but to the public interest. . . . I would welcome suggestions or comments by those concerned with public administration." He favors a Freedom of Information Act, because "what happens within government agencies is public business." He concludes, "No matter what we achieve on the floor of the Senate, if that program is really going to reach out to the people, it's going to take you as a profession to make the system and this country go." The audience rises and applauds, and Kennedy offers to answer questions.

The first question is about Vietnamese refugees.

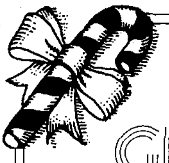
"One hundred and thirty thousand are entitled to come here under parole authority, which lasts two years," Kennedy says. "We absorb one and a half million illegal aliens each year, and four hundred and forty thousand immigrants are coming in any event, so I don't see why everybody gets shook up about a hundred and thirty thousand refugees. The cost is only a third of what we spent on Indo-China last year. It's rather poorly managed. I can understand the chaos in Saigon in the last hours, but we knew they were coming and we weren't even ready for five thousand! We ought to be hopeful and humanitarian and charitable. . . . I am distressed about some of the kinds of refugees that got out, such as the ones that paid two thousand dollars for exit visas."

Somebody asks whether Secretary Kissinger should step down.

"The President should choose his own advisers," Kennedy says. "But Kissinger's solutions have been in terms of great power. . . . Human beings have been left aside. They're the soul of foreign policy. . . . We've been quiet on Chile and Brazil and Cyprus. The Turks were going to win on Cyprus, and if we wanted to keep our bases in Turkey we had to be quiet. . . ." Time is up. The audience stands and applauds. Kennedy hurries out.

9:50 A.M.

THE Senator's car is moving through the streets, heading toward the Harbor Campus of the University of Massachusetts, fifteen minutes away. Kennedy sits in the front seat, glancing at a black notebook containing notes on the day's schedule. He looks rested, ruddy, at ease; serene but interested. He reads for a moment, then looks straight ahead, his mouth slightly open, his mind on something



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distant—something he is preparing for, perhaps, or remembering. Then his eyes go back to the notebook. Presently, he puts it aside, turns, and talks to the others in the car about the group he has just addressed. They were intelligent, concerned about issues: a good sign. A police radio cuts in, giving a message in code: it is clear that Kennedy is the subject. He laughs at the elaborate deception, then turns and looks out the window. "What's that?" he asks, indicating a large building under construction.

The others look out the window. "It's a new school," one says. Their attention moves elsewhere.

Kennedy is still looking. "What kind?" he asks.

The University of Massachusetts—10:05 a.m.

THE Harbor Campus is a barren landfill with six huge, stark concrete and brick buildings that angle this way and that. It is new; little grass, few trees. The car parks in a vast indoor garage; Kennedy and his party take a freight elevator up, climb some stairs, walk down a hall. Abruptly, one is aware of bodies in the hall—seated; legs and feet. A sit-in protest? ROAR again? But immediately it is apparent that these are very small legs and feet. Hands wave, there is the sound of high, cheerful voices. It is a day-care center, and the children have been seated along the walls, awaiting the Senator. He shakes their hands, greets them, asks them a few questions, and then enters an auditorium beyond, where several hundred people—members of the Massachusetts Health Council, attending their annual meeting and conference—are waiting.

Kennedy places two small white index cards on the podium—they have a few reminders printed on them—and then speaks ad lib for seventeen minutes, unconsciously poking at the cards from time to time with his fingers, straightening them but not looking at them. He speaks of "the maldistribution of medical services . . . too many specialties in some areas, too little primary care in others. . . . Here in Boston, and across the nation, many services are under-utilized, for which taxpayers are paying hundreds of millions of dollars. . . . We're considering malpractice legislation now. Malpractice suits are a great threat to many. . . . On health insurance, one of the prime concerns is quality. The A.M.A. wants the state to regulate quality, but I ask you: How many state insurance commissioners have the slightest idea about what is necessary to improve the quality of health care?" The various proposals for health insurance "are confusing, because the head of the A.M.A., the hospital people, the insurance people all use the same words, but they mean different things. I myself have seen here in this state the best health care anywhere, and I have been able to receive it myself. There should be the same kind of health care for everybody. That is one of the real challenges. . . . I know the people in this room have spent a lifetime . . . offering a decent quality of health care."

There is general applause, and then questions. A somewhat angry man in the audience asserts that national health programs will mean "the destruction of the country." He has seen what has happened, he says, in England and Sweden.

Kennedy replies, "England, for example, has twenty-one-per-cent inflation, but this can't be blamed on their health care. I've been to England, Sweden, and other countries, and I've heard complaints of doctors, but never of patients. I don't know a single political leader in those countries who wants to alter the health-insurance program. . . . I'm hopeful we can achieve a program here. In the greatest country in the world . . . you're getting some of the worst medical care. I want to provide quality medical care as a matter of right."

A man says, "We are begging the basic issue: to keep people healthy. I favor preventive medicine."

Kennedy replies that he couldn't agree more, and advocates "total programming."

A man in the audience says, "I'm concerned about the creation of a bureaucracy."

"I think we should do it through Social Security," says Kennedy. "The basic record of Medicare under Social Security is a good one. It has current problems, but it's worked reasonably well, and it's already reaching almost every hospital. I'm opposed to the profiting on private health insurance. Each one of the companies tries to target their plans so they exclude some groups—usually the elderly and the sick—so they can reduce premiums on the healthy and offer competition on low-price plans. They exclude the people who need it most." His voice is loud, hortatory, almost angry.

Columbia Point—11 a.m.

IT is pouring rain. Dozens of school buses stand empty in a parking lot here; these are the buses that do the

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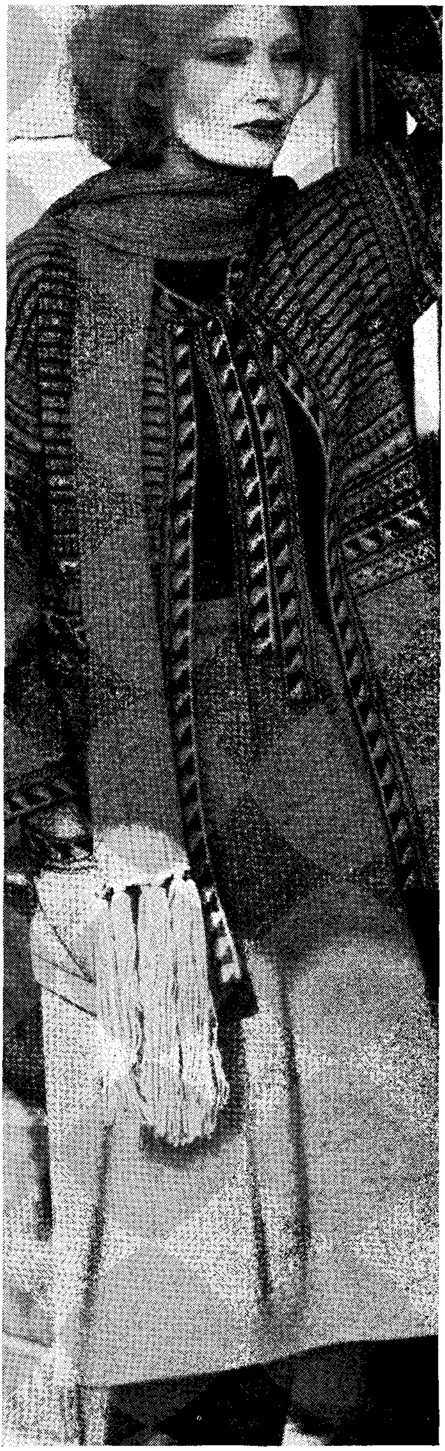

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actual transfer of schoolchildren—black to white, white to black—in the South Boston-Roxbury schools. They look like any school buses, but they have been the focus of violent hatred during the past year. One bus is full: inside are motorcycle cops who escort the buses to their destination each morning and lead them home each afternoon. Kennedy walks through the downpour and climbs into the bus. The cops are drinking coffee from plastic cups; some still wear their helmets. Kennedy says hello and accepts a cup. "How are you? How's it going?" He moves down the aisle, shaking hands, chatting. The reception is polite, restrained. The men are perhaps curious to see him, but many surely resent him. They are white, probably from this very neighborhood, and each day—twice a day—they face hostility and danger, putting themselves on the line for a cause they most likely deplore. Some mumble greetings, accept the proffered hand; others are outspoken.

A burly cop stands in front of Kennedy and loudly tells-it-like-it-is: "It's going to be terrible in September, I promise you that," he declares.

One of the motorcycle cops is, surprisingly, a slender, pleasant young woman, sitting alone, her helmet on the seat beside her. She views the school situation with sadness. "It's not too bad recently," she says, "but I never thought it was going to go on this long. I sometimes wonder what would happen if we just went away and left them all alone. Maybe it would be all right."

KENNEDY'S OFFICE—11:30 A.M.

ON the way up in the elevator, Kennedy has given a quick interview to a radio newsman, and now he is meeting with a delegation from the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith. Eight men are seated around Kennedy's desk, bringing up in turn their fears about Arab investment in this country, a threatened boycott of Jewish business here and abroad, and United States policy toward Israel. Kennedy listens, and then makes two suggestions: that they provide specific examples of Arab influence on their businesses, and that they send their lawyer to Washington to discuss possible legislation with Kennedy's staff. The men seem satisfied, and they leave, to be replaced immediately by a group of Dorchester residents—four men and a woman—who are upset at the impact of school desegregation on their neighborhood. These are not

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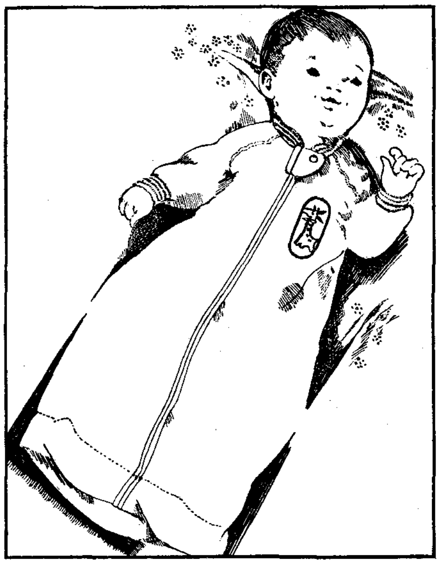

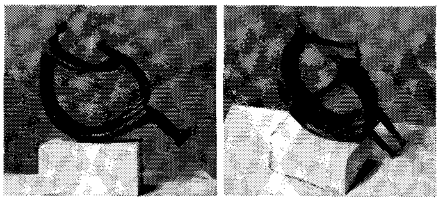

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ROAR people; their approach is reasoned, and they feel that the new plan has not desegregated Dorchester but segregated it. They claim that it is now reduced to twenty-five per cent white, and they insist that they have been denied a hearing by those who are drawing up the plans for September. Kennedy hears them out, then asks, "What specifically do you want me to do?" They ask him to help them obtain a hearing, and he says he'll try to do that. The group departs.

It is time for Kennedy to return to Washington. Joseph Kennedy, a burly, handsome twenty-two-year-old, who is the oldest son of the late Robert Kennedy, is waiting in the next room to accompany him. Joseph is one of the sixteen Kennedy children—his own, John's, Robert's—for whom Edward Kennedy now bears responsibility. They exchange greetings; then Kennedy grabs his briefcase and raincoat, and they rush for the airport. From the tall north windows of the Senator's office, Logan Airport is barely visible in the fog and rain, but the planes, at intervals—tiny and dull—can be seen taking off.

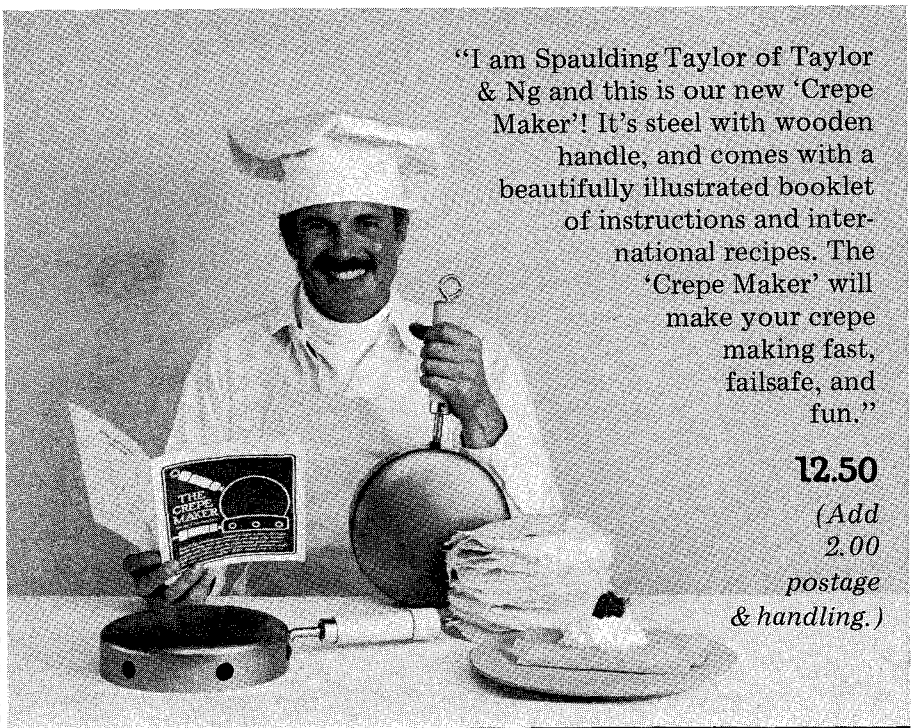
NOTES ON THE PAST

EDWARD KENNEDY, from Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy's autobiography, "Times to Remember":

"[My father] was a motivating, dominating, powerful force with very high expectations—especially for his sons. . . . You felt powerful demands on you."

Edward Kennedy, from "The Fruitful Bough," a privately printed collection of essays about Joseph P. Kennedy by members of his family and his friends, assembled by Edward Kennedy in 1964:

"I have always felt the greatest gift Dad gave to each of us was his unqualified support. . . . His criticisms were always positive and constructive and made sense. His guidance was for our own good. . . . Even when he was away from home, he made sure to get reports on our conduct. . . . No matter how busy he was, he seemed to have a moment to listen and to encourage us. Dad wanted us to be natural and able to smile no matter how tough things were. He wouldn't let any of his children feel sorry for himself. . . . Yet he was quick to scold a child who tried to smile too readily or to charm his way through life. . . . Although we loved him as a father, we also admired him as a man, who was eminently successful, extraordinarily knowledgeable, and thoroughly enjoy-



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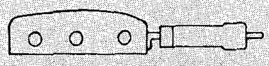

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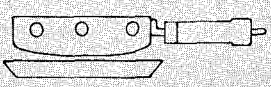
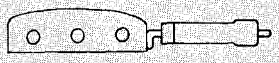


2. DIP: flip pan over and dip in batter



3. COOK: flip pan again & cook til done!

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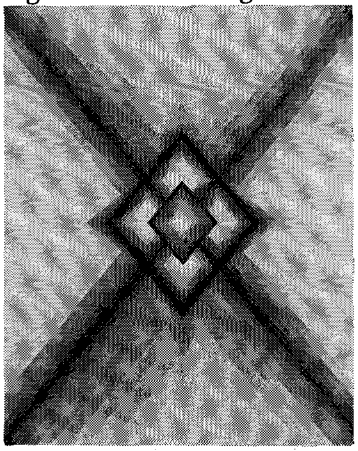

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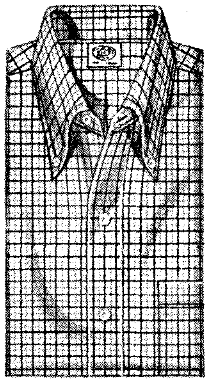

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able. His handshake was strong and firm, and he looked you straight in the eye. His broad smile and wholehearted laugh were infectious. His welcome was warm and genuine—a special one for each of us.

"He was generous to a fault, but woe unto him who made the mistake of taking advantage of it. Dad was a taskmaster, too. He was . . . quick to admonish us for errors. He tolerated a mistake once, but never a second time. Because he was interested, because he did care, because he wanted to help, he brought out the best in each of us. We were ashamed to do less than our best because of our respect and feelings for him."

A FRIEND

THERE are three or four men—perhaps five or six at the outside—who are close friends of Kennedy's today. They have in common certain qualities, such as a love of sports and strenuous physical activity, a sense of humor, and a capacity for having a good time; they are discreet and loyal, and have all known Kennedy for a long while. In a sense, they perhaps serve as the brothers he no longer has.

One of the close friends talks about Kennedy for a couple of hours one afternoon, mostly in general terms, with a reserve compounded of protection and affection. The friend, like Kennedy himself, is not much given to abstractions, psychological hypotheses, or speculations, but he is intelligent and perceptive; what comes through most clearly is his absolute dedication to Kennedy as a person. His memories are largely of shared good times—long-ago football games, sailing in the Bahamas on Kennedy's sloop. They are cheerful, funny, sunlit recollections, full of physical exertions and practical jokes. Kennedy recreations are never restful: even aboard the sloop, Kennedy is up early, studying the charts, setting a definite course for the day—this island at that hour, that island at this hour. He gives orders; everybody works. There are jobs to be done, destinations to be achieved. They go scuba diving for crayfish in a lagoon, but it is not an idle search. Kennedy, partly joking, makes it a contest to see who can catch the most. Yet these voyages, the friend feels, provide Kennedy with the greatest possible release from the pressures of his life.

The friend is conscious of the hostility many people feel toward Kennedy—the suspicion and distrust and disapproval—but he feels that people are polarized today; there are those

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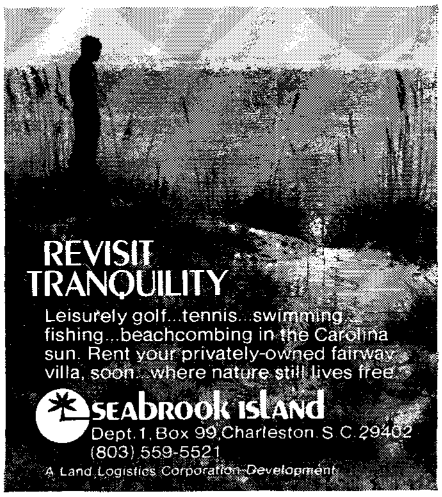

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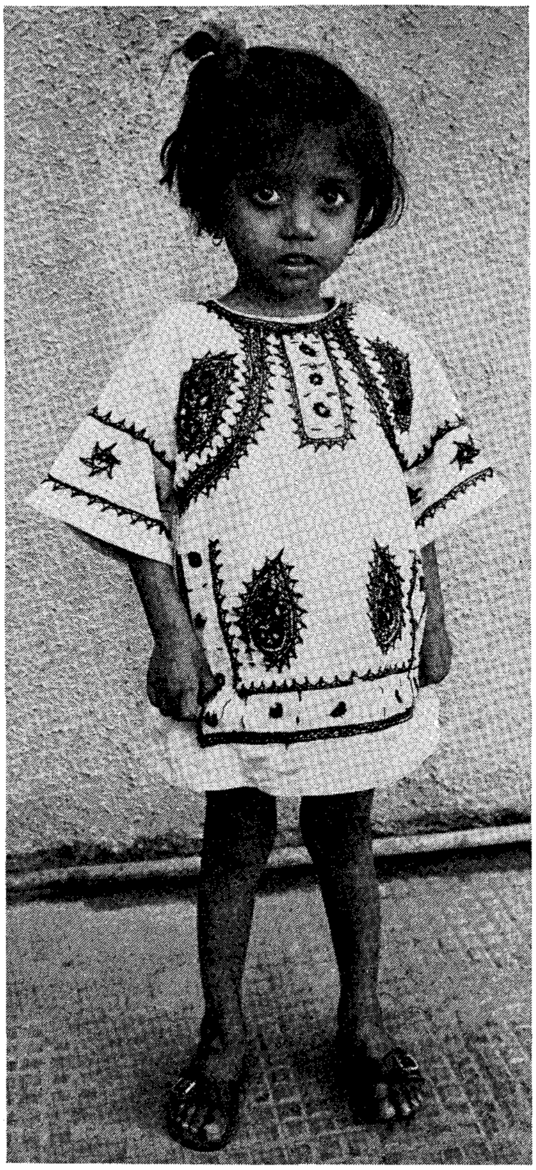
who tell him that it isn't Chappaquiddick that disturbs them so much as the cheating at Harvard. *That* reveals the real person, they say. Others tell him the opposite. The friend, naturally, sees Kennedy in a very different light: a strong and good man, who is stoic, courageous, and kind, haunted by family tragedies past and present. The family problems hurt him much more than he shows, the friend feels. Some of them are particularly painful in that he must rely on hope rather than action, passively awaiting what may come next; this attitude is totally against his nature.

Politically, the friend feels that it would be most natural for Kennedy—ambitious, combative, goal-oriented—to run for the Presidency, if it were not for the personal matters that preoccupy him. The friend has talked with Kennedy about the danger implicit in such a move—the inevitability, as he sees it, of some crazed person going after him—and has pointed out that Kennedy in his role as senator might become as effective as any President. Kennedy listens, absorbs the argument; whether he is persuaded or not remains a question.

PICTURES

KENNEDY began painting in 1964, when he was in a Boston hospital, his back broken in a plane crash near Springfield. He used acrylics, and his first paintings were small, pleasant, unexceptional: the primitive starts of a person who sees something he likes and tries to express what it is, define it, or make permanent something of its elusive quality. They were snow scenes and seascapes; they had some vigor and a certain balance. By the summer of 1966, he was painting more—boats, sails, sea. There was some indication of a developing sense of composition, of colors relating well—a serenity and lightness. The painting had become more important than the subject. Then came the dreadful year of 1968, and then the tragic, harrowing summer of 1969. In the late fall of that year, Kennedy painted a few pictures. They are forced, anguished, tormented—the paint applied thickly, as if greater effort alone might make a picture. Instead of graceful sails on an open sea, now there is a single, ungainly boat, beached in the foreground on a melancholy shore; it has no sail. A few sailboats in the distance do not seem to be moving; they are trapped, wallowing in a channel of thick, pasty paint. Abruptly, there is another painting that is almost abstract: a red channel marker or buoy



Venita has known a lot of suffering.

Venita is a shy little girl with big, dark eyes. You can see by her wistful expression that she has known much suffering in her short life in India.

She hardly remembers her parents. Her mother was in ill health when Venita was born. She died when Venita was only two years old.

Her father earned very little and lived in one room in a tenement in Delhi. He was unable to support and care for the frail little girl. He asked a children's Home, affiliated with the Christian Children's Fund, to take care of his daughter.

There is still a sad, haunting look that lingers in Venita's dark eyes. But she's improving. Gradually she's losing her shyness, and she smiles and plays with other children who share the same room at the Home.

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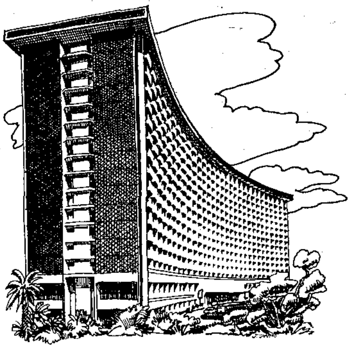

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on a yellow background; spinnakers like colored balloons come toward the viewer. The colors are harsh and strident. It has an unreal quality, almost disturbing. In 1971, Kennedy painted a shoreline with twisted mountains and the sea, and a small red structure—a house, perhaps, or a barn—at the base of the mountains, facing the sea. It has the appearance of a made-up scene, or a memory recaptured; it is rather peaceful, somewhat lonely, sad, balanced, subdued. Kennedy has not painted any pictures during the last four years.

A LETTER

FROM Edward Kennedy to the children of Robert Kennedy, November of 1968:

"All of us will miss him, and each will remember him in a different way. When I think of Bobby, I shall always see Cape Cod on a sunny day. The wind will be from the southwest and the whitecaps will be showing and the full tide will be sweeping through the gaps in the breakwater. It will be after lunch, and Bob will be stripped to the waist and he'll say, 'Come on, Joe, Kathleen, Bobby and David, Courtney, Kerry, come on Michael and even you Chris and Max—call your Mother and come on for a sail.' One of the children would say, 'What about the baby?' and the father would reply, 'Douglas can come next year.' They push off from the landing. The sails of the Resolute catch the wind, and the boat tips and there are squeals of laughter from the crew. And Bob says, 'I think today is the day we'll tip over' and there are more squeals and the Resolute reaches toward the end of the breakwater with a bubbling wake left behind. Beyond the breakwater, its bow rises and falls with the rhythm of the sea, the children are covered with spray, and he will dive overboard and catch hold of the line that trails behind, inviting the children to join him. Child after child jumps into the water, grabbing for the line, and those who appear to miss it are pulled toward it by his strong and suntanned arms. The boat heads out into Nantucket Sound. The tide is gentle—the sand shifts—the sky is blue—the seagulls watch from above and the breeze is warm. And there will be happiness and love and we are together again."

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE
MAY 9TH, 1 P.M.

THE Keene Air Terminal is a one-story building that sits in a flat valley near the southwestern corner of New Hampshire. There are low hills around the airstrip, and Mt. Monadnock, not far away, stands stylish, stubborn, and lonely; the other mountains seem to have gone home. This midday the sky is blue and full of clouds. In the hot, treeless parking lot of the terminal there are about thirty cars; four of them are empty police cruisers. There is no roar of aircraft here; the mooing of a cow would be more likely than the whine of a jet. A police radio inside one of the cruisers rasps messages from time to time; the officer is inside the airport coffee shop with the other policemen, waiting for the arrival of Winnipesaukee Aviation Flight 403 from Boston (one stop at Worcester). Kerry Kennedy, a lovely fifteen-year-old blonde with large brown eyes, who is the sixth-oldest child of the late Robert Kennedy, is standing on the airstrip apron, wearing a white shirt, a denim skirt, and sneakers, watching the sky. With her are Barry Mallis, who teaches at her school—the Putney School, in Putney, Vermont—and Mallis's wife, Lupy.

Shortly after one, a small yellow-and-white Piper circles the terminal and comes in for a landing. Flight 403 has arrived. Senator Kennedy can be seen in a window, removing his glasses, putting papers in his briefcase, then waving. The door opens, and Kennedy descends and crosses the apron. "Oh, *Kerry!*" he says with great affection, receiving a big hug. All four climb into the Mallises' green Volkswagen and start the forty-five-minute ride across the hills to Putney.

The school—an early innovator in secondary-school education—prides itself on its spirit of inquiry and on its music and art, and it requires participation in farm and school-maintenance work. For two days, it has been holding a "Spring Symposium on Food, Population, and Natural Resources: What Should Be Our Country's Role—Isolationism or Internationalism?" Kerry tells her uncle that on the previous day Yale's chaplain, William Sloane Coffin, Jr.—one of the main speakers—made an enormous impact on the students. Kennedy tells Kerry that none of his own children or any of his other nieces or nephews will let him speak at their schools—she's the only one. There is an exchange of family news and joking; it is apparent that they are very fond of each other. He reports that her sister Courtney will be starting shortly as a volunteer in his Senate office; Stephen Smith, Jr., a nephew, is just completing a stint there, and Caroline Kennedy worked in the office last summer. "What are *you* going to do?" he asks.

"I'm going to France," she says, with delight.

Kennedy describes a recent visit of her grandmother Rose Kennedy to Washington. Mrs. Kennedy, approaching eighty-five, insisted on being shown the Senate, the House of Representatives, and everything else, according to Kennedy; she walked up to groups of sightseers and introduced herself, saying, "I'm President Kennedy's mother," then ate a few crackers for lunch, and accompanied Kennedy back to his office, where she decided to sit in on a meeting of his with an Asian ambassador. She listened for a while, he says, then got restless and bored, excused herself, and "while I was making some momentous point to the ambassador" roamed around the room, poking at things and examining the pictures.

Kennedy talks about a forthcoming trip to the Near East. He is looking forward to it, but says a lot of time is lost from the Senate on such a trip: intensive briefing and preparation beforehand, then several days of catching up on things afterward. His constituents feel "Iran's all very well, but they want to know about employment in Chicopee." He has been meeting with many people in Washington—a few nights earlier he dined with Joseph Kraft, who had just come back from the Near East; a correspondent from Cairo; a Persian Gulf expert from Johns Hopkins; and a specialist from the State Department. "You get insights on who to see over there to make sure you get various viewpoints." He stresses the importance of meeting foreign leaders in a personal and non-official way. He describes talking with Communist Party First Secretary Leonid Brezhnev last year during his trip to Russia, recalling what a real sense of a person he obtained from their conversation, and how open Brezhnev was under the right circumstances. He mentions that he has seen Georgy Arbatov, the Russian strategic-studies expert, a couple of times in Washington since meeting him abroad, and he feels this kind of continuing contact is very useful. "It's interesting," he says, speaking of Brezhnev and the heads of other countries, "that these men are almost invariably special people; they all have an extra dimension."

Somebody asks about American leaders: Are they special, too?

Yes, says Kennedy. There are senators who are very unimpressive on the floor, granted, but when you see them

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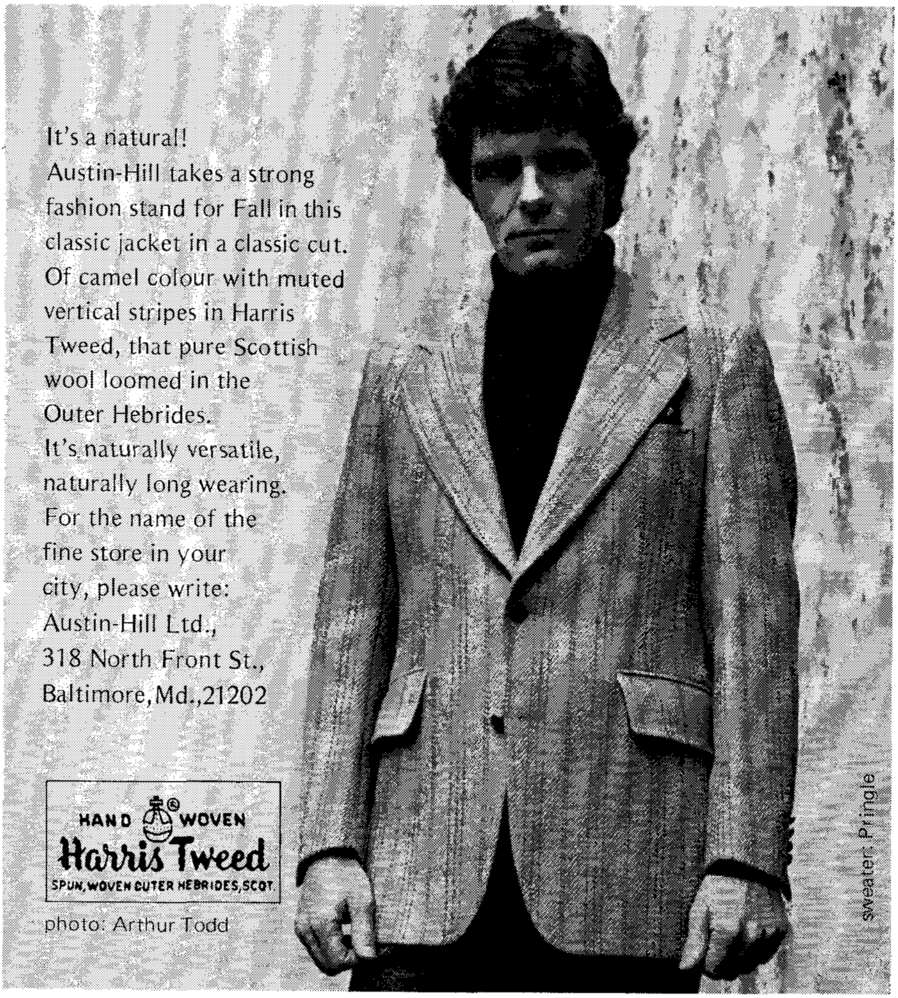

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back home in their own districts you generally find that they are outstanding in some way. Perhaps in their grasp of the people's needs, their judgment, or their ability to accomplish things—something of that nature. He talks about Presidents Ford and Nixon, and is asked about the 1976 Presidential election. "Reagan will move," Kennedy says, and, as for the Democrats, the fact that no front-runner has emerged so far means little. "One of them will win a primary, and he'll be on Cronkite, and public interest will begin to build."

At Putney, Kennedy speaks to the students from a low platform in the dining hall; the long room is filled, and people are standing against the walls. "Equal with the nuclear-arms race, hunger is the most important issue of our time," he says. "Food has been manipulated as a weapon of politics. . . . Some say, Why should we support our economic-aid program when half of what we appropriated last year went to Indo-China, with thirty million people, instead of to Bangladesh, with seventy-three million? . . . In Latin America, why should we perpetuate a policy of stabilizing regimes of right-wing dictatorships and not reaching out to the people? . . . We should make sure our food programs put humanitarian needs as the first priority. . . . My interest in food problems stems from the refugee subcommittee and from the Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, which is focussed principally on hunger in the U.S." He discusses the interlocking of food policy and military policy. "I still hear voices of hunger from Ethiopia, where [we held back] because we were unwilling to displease Haile Selassie. People and hunger have taken a back seat in terms of policy. . . . Last year, in the Senate we made a start to insure that at least seventy per cent of all humanitarian assistance in food would go to areas on the basis of need. This has been against a background where food was used as a sale commodity to make up some trade deficits." He speaks of the impact of genetic engineering on food technology, the need for more study of weather and of production, processing, and distribution techniques, "so some of the wastages we see today could be minimized." On allocation, he says, "Many say we should feed the hungriest and neediest in India and the Sahel; others say, 'But India is devoting her own resources to nuclear development. . . . This is an issue . . . but I feel the criterion we must use is the criterion of

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need. . . . Are we going to let it go through a junta in Chile? Or are we going to prohibit food to a hungry child in Chile because it has a repressive dictatorship?" He speaks of the Bucharest conference on population control: "This information and technology must be made available to the world, but not imposed upon it. It must be tied to the interests of individual countries." On resources, he says, "We consume one-third of the world's raw materials. What a poor idea it was to suggest that we should gather all the industrial nations [for a conference on our needs]. What kind of a message to the Third World and Fourth World countries is that?"

He speaks of the important role of young people: "In the nineteen-sixties, young Americans sat at lunch counters for Martin Luther King, Jr., and helped bring about the passage of equal rights. Young people marched in the snows of New Hampshire in 1968, and awakened the conscience of the nation on Vietnam. Young people [have led the way] on environment . . . served in the Peace Corps, worked in the inner cities. . . . The challenge of world food, population control, and food allocation is as important as these earlier ones. . . ." The Founding Fathers caused "a wicked tragedy," he says. "They failed to deal with racial equality, and eighty-five years later there was civil war, and we bleed now in Boston. . . . Two hundred years from now, will people ask, 'What was wrong with us?' We had exceptional prosperity, exceptional bounty, exceptional resources. Will they say, 'They had the opportunity to do something about hunger, and they refused to address it'? It is an issue before us today. I challenge you to meet it."

There is lengthy applause from the students as he finishes. A faculty member announces, "You are all invited to a workshop on triage." Then Kennedy offers to answer any questions. They deal with the Fourth World ("The Third World is beginning to take off," says Kennedy, "but the Fourth World—Bangladesh, the Sahel, the Calcutta area of India—has very little hope of doing so"), and with what sacrifices Americans will have to make ("If we're serious, it will take a great deal more planning in the allocation of resources," he says. "We're going to have to have a much more planned society . . . more effective anti-trust laws. . . . We're facing institutional changes. . . . Energy is in eight different Senate committees; health is in

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seven different committees. If they don't stop you one place, they stop you further down the line. . . . Beyond institutional changes, we need an early-warning system [on things like energy] of talented people. . . . We need education . . . leaders. . . . I have seen young people shaming their parents into their views on civil rights and the war"). Kennedy is asked about the chances of passage of a national health-insurance program. "I'm hopeful," he replies, "but it's an uphill battle. . . . The A.M.A. increased their contributions to congressional candidates last year. Look at what the insurance companies gave. We must have limitations on contributions to the House and Senate." In reply to a question on arms, he says, "We gave or sold cheaply only a little over a billion last year in any kind of food, but look at what we're doing in the Persian Gulf: over five billion in arms. We sold nearly four billion to Iran alone. We say, 'If we don't do it, other countries will'—but we've never challenged these other countries. We've supplied arms to India and Pakistan for years to have 'leverage,' but we're unable to influence India or Pakistan, or Turkey or others, when they're at each other's throats." The questions end, and Kennedy says, "Let me thank you and commend you on your interest in this first issue of issues that is before the world." There is another round of applause, and the students begin to stream out of the building into the warm, sunny afternoon.

"He was good," one student says.

"He beat around the bush on a couple of questions," another says.

An older member of the staff says, "All that charisma—I wasn't really listening." He chuckles.

Mt. Monadnock is visible between a school building and the trees: pale blue, miles away. The students disperse. Kerry and the Senator walk slowly along a dirt road, talking, toward the woods.

KEENE AIR TERMINAL—4:45 P.M.

KENNEDY has just been interviewed by a radio man in the lobby; the questions concerned the renewed interest in the John F. Kennedy assassination. Now he sits in the coffee shop with Kerry: she is flying home to Washington (change at New York); he is flying back to Boston (one stop at Worcester). They talk quietly, idly; it is for Kennedy a moment when nothing is scheduled except waiting. A few people come to his table and ask for an autograph. He gives it. Looking out at the airfield, he reminisces about 1960, when he piloted a small plane around the West, campaigning for his brother. He speaks about the extraordinary beauty of that country—Montana down to Arizona, in particular—and then recalls getting lost over northern Arizona with a nervous lawyer as a passenger. When he finally located an airstrip, it was—to his horror—buried in a foot of snow. He had never landed in snow, but there was not enough gas left in the plane to go elsewhere. He started to bring the plane down as the lawyer asked anxiously if it was difficult to land in snow. "I've never had any problem before," Kennedy replied. The plane touched down and slid softly to a stop.

They talk about Putney and other schools. Kennedy laughs as he remembers going to eleven different boarding schools as a child. He was sent to Portsmouth Priory when he was seven years old. His brother Robert was a student there, and his parents assured him that Robert would look after him. But his brother was thirteen, and not terribly interested in taking care of a seven-year-old. Kennedy remembers a sister coming to pick up Robert in a car: "What about *me*?" cried Edward.

"Oh . . . O.K.," said the brother and sister. Kennedy smiles.

At nine, he went to Fessenden, which still featured corporal punishment, then on to other schools. He admits that he was "miserable" at all of them and never learned anything until he went to Milton, which he liked. He says he would not send a child of his to boarding school unless the child insisted on it.

He says that there is no field other than politics that appeals to him. It takes years to learn the way the Senate works. If anything, he might choose someday to focus on fewer issues, more intensively, at a slower pace. But his pace is dictated now by the number of things he feels must be done, as well as by concerns of his late brothers—issues that must be carried on. He wonders about how many groups (like the A.M.A., the gun people, the anti-busing people, the insurance companies) he can antagonize and still retain a base of support that will enable him to be effective. He mentions the constant, critical problem of deciding when and where to fight. As for the widespread hostility toward him, he simply accepts it. He doesn't particularly mind being booed. "Many more things have happened to me that are much more painful," he says. He is looking forward to some time off this summer, and he hopes to take the children sailing. "We may get four weeks this summer, for the first time," he says. "When I first went to the Senate, we were lucky to get a week or two. I remember Frank Church stood up years ago in the Senate and said, 'I've got small children. Can't we organize it so that—' *Bam!* Dick Russell hit the desk. 'We've got appropriations and you've got to *be* here!' Five years later, Church stands up again, makes the same speech. Russell looks around, looks at all the young faces. 'Good idea,' he says." Kennedy grins.

His plane is here. Kennedy says goodbye to Kerry, takes his briefcase, and climbs aboard. The door closes; the engines start. Kennedy waves to Kerry; then he is putting on his glasses—the briefcase is open. He is reading now. In moments, the plane is climbing over the low New Hampshire hills, then gets smaller and smaller. It glitters in the late-afternoon sun, and then it is gone. —JAMES STEVENSON

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From a letter received by a publisher*]

DEAR MR. B——:

A few days ago, 12 Japanese women transplanted rice-seedling in a paddy-field near the ancient Sumiyoshi shrine in Osaka.

This annual ceremony is designed to remind the Japanese people that one cannot forget the cycles of the season . . . that warmth soon begets cold, and that warmth will then return again.

An ancient ceremony such as this may seem in strange juxtaposition with the bustle of modern-day Japan. But ancient ceremonies still have value and meaning to the Japanese people.

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Decades ago, the traditional gift at Rice Festival Planting time was a specially-composed haiku, or other special gestures of personal respect and affection. People visited their parents, paid respects to teachers, and gave thought to the changing seasons.

Today, gifts are still presented, but haiku are less common. Most often in modern-day Japan, the usual gift is a bottle of Suntory Royal, Japan's luxury whisky.

•

Reid beat Okker a couple of weeks ago in a doleheader at San Diego. Raz couldn't do a thing last night except shave his head when forehands would sail over the lines and backhands would plop into the net.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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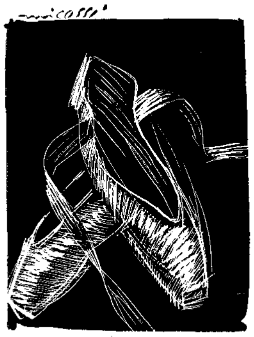

THE Broadway shows "A Chorus Line" and "Chicago" are dance musicals, in the sense that both were devised and directed by choreographers—"A Chorus Line" by Michael Bennett and "Chicago" by Bob Fosse. I don't think anyone should go to the shows just for the dances, because these aren't distinguished and, curiously enough, they don't aim to be. Choreographer-directed shows, in which the choreography works as an element in the staging, have been with us for a long time, and so has the choreographer as a triple threat—not only arranging the dances and directing the show but also in whole or in part "conceiving" it (as the credit line usually says). But not until now has the viewpoint of the choreographer-director-conceiver taken over the function ordinarily assumed by the writer of a show's book. "Chicago," which is based, not very soundly, on Maurine Watkins' 1926 play of that title, has a book by Fosse and the lyricist Fred Ebb, but anyone who has seen such former Fosse productions as the film "Cabaret" and the show and film "Sweet Charity" will immediately recognize in "Chicago" the imprint of Fosse the *auteur.* And the circumstances that led to the creation of "A Chorus Line" are already famous. In a *Times* interview shortly after the show opened, downtown at the Public, Mel Gussow printed the following:

> Mr. Bennett, who began his career dancing in the chorus (at seventeen in "Subways Are for Sleeping"), met with twenty-four dancers. "We danced for hours," he recalled, ". . . and then we went into a room and talked about it. I wanted to know why they had started dancing. In a sense, I wanted to know why I had started—and hadn't I lost something along the way?"
>
> From this original, long rap session gradually grew "A Chorus Line." Before a word of the show was written, he chose his cast. . . . "It is their lives," Mr. Bennett said, referring to the performers, "although they are not necessarily telling their own stories. A couple of stories about my youth are there." From this material and their own imaginations, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante began fashioning a book.

The book that Kirkwood and Dante fashioned may be said to have the banality of truth, but it also has the banality of show business. The show takes the form of an audition: seventeen dancers line up, give their résumés, and answer questions put to them from the dark by the choreographer-director (Robert LuPone) about why they started dancing. This inquisition is never rebelled against; one might almost think it part of any Broadway open call. And in fact it has been a part of Bennett's continuing auditions for replacements in the show and for second casts. A *Times* followup story reports, "'How did your family feel about your being in theatre?' Michael Bennett, who conceived the show and was running the audition, asked." In the real as well as the staged audition, the dancers respond to Why did you start? and How did they feel? with the stock answers: I used to dance in front of the mirror. I put shows on in the garage. I got interested in my sister's dancing classes. My mother pushed me into it. My parents were unhappy. I had to get out of Buffalo. I saw "The Red Shoes." But this small change of dancers' biographies grows into the common currency of commercial theatre when the contestants start hitting the "truth" part of the game. In quite a few Broadway and Off Broadway shows of recent years, the action consists of people coming together in tight situations and confessing. In Harold Prince's "Follies," a musical that was choreographed and co-directed by Michael Bennett, the characters spent a great deal of time raking up the past and accusing themselves and each other of misspent lives. "A Chorus Line" is nothing like this orgy of disembowelment, but it takes its cue from it, both in the setting (a dark, empty theatre) and in the assumption that recitals of past humiliations are synonymous with character revelation. The dancer-characters of "A Chorus Line" are in their twenties or just past thirty, and what they reveal of their lives are their childhood encounters with sex or the pain they felt at being "different" or their resentment of parents and teachers who did them dirt—all fairly innocuous stuff by Broadway standards but mediocre stuff by any sterner standard. When the show is over, we have our choice of two conclusions—either that we haven't discovered who these people are or that they're actually as shallow as the show makes them out to be. Those who go to "A Chorus Line" hoping to learn something about chorus dancers, their life and work, will gain approximately as clear an insight as could be had from the "All About Eve" musical adaptation "Applause," in which the same sort of energetic, desperate, hard-bitten youngsters were on view playing supposedly fresh and charming chorus boys and girls. "A Chorus Line" is a little like "Applause" crossed with "The Boys in the Band;" as in the latter show, there's an array of representative types—the cast is a statistical sampling of ethnic and geographical origins, class divisions, and levels of professional experience—but all this variety has no expression in the performances. Nearly everybody is overearnest and strained or cute-tough; the only character who doesn't fit the Broadway-juvenile mold is the cool, wisecracking Miss Been Around, and she's a fixture of long standing in the backstage musicals we used to know.

The powerful illusion of this show and the source of its appeal are that dancers are onstage playing out their own lives. Bennett keeps the pressure-cooker intensity of the audition building even unto the final judgment, when the dancers who are asked to step forward turn out to be the ones who have been rejected. (Good old false suspense; it worked in "The Red Shoes," too.) One illusion the show can't sustain is the worthiness of a dancing career on Broadway; especially at the chorus level, conditions haven't been so bad since the days when show dancing consisted of hack routines that the able-bodied could pick up overnight. Vocational miseries creep into the show in the plight of Cassie (Donna McKechnie), a failed star trying to come back by starting again in the chorus, and in the plight of Paul, who loses his place in the lineup when he injures his knee, and in the plight of all of them when they hold a solemn symposium on the subject "What do we do when we can't dance any more?" (with lines like "Dreams don't pay the rent"). There's a polemical tinge to the aggrieved feelings that pile up, and Edward Kleban's lyrics—which, together with Bennett's staging, are the best element in the show—make sardonic use of these feelings in several comedy numbers. One girl sings about a Method-acting course that nearly destroyed her, but nobody sings about the aesthetic content of the dancing that they are asked to do. It doesn't

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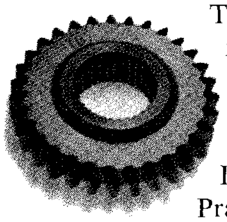

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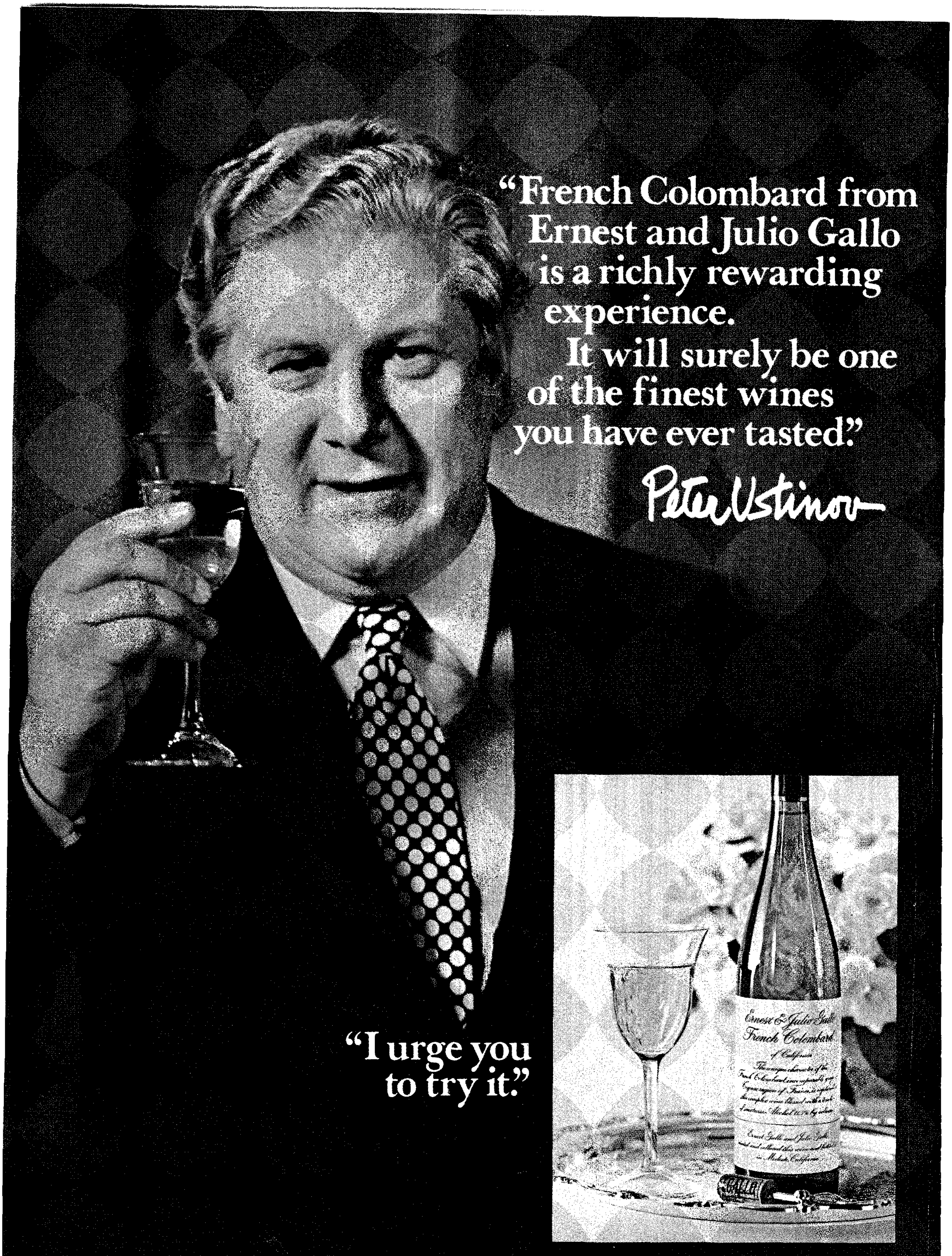
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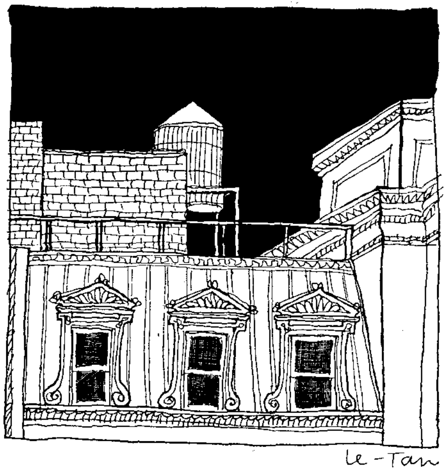
take more than a few visits to musical shows to see what the real tragedy of the dancer is. He's inherited a vacuum. His training, compared to what it was even ten years ago, is weak, his tunes are uninspired, his choreography is stale, and his performing style is corrupt. "A Chorus Line" is one of the shows that reveal this sad state of affairs, and one of the saddest things in it is the dancers' vision of Broadway as a refuge for talent, a haven where you can still shine even though you won't become a ballerina or a star. The emotional tone of the show isn't rousing—it's sweaty and sad—and when the cast recovers its spirits with a hymn to the theatre which is meant to wipe away all anxieties and regrets ("What I Did for Love"), and when those spirits are pumped still higher in the grand finale ("One"), I don't believe in it.

This finale and a solo for Cassie are the only two real efforts at choreographing dances which Bennett makes, and his craft is nothing a dancer can live on. "One" is a conflation of the kind of supercool mannerisms that are primarily associated with Fosse (in fact, it looks very much like a Ben Vereen number from "Pippin") and with Rockettes-style line dancing. The solo, in which Cassie tries to prove what she's got if only she can have a chance to use it, is one of the sorest letdowns of the show. The choreography is frantic and unfocussed, and McKechnie, who has the most evenly developed technique in the company, *can't* show what she's got. The firm, lifted upper torso, clear waist, and columnar neck that look so lovely when she's standing still are never brought into play by the dance, and she stiffens her back against the jagged phrasing. The other dancers are technically weak in every kind of movement that they can't use peak force to control, such as a high kick or a turn; they have neither an easy rhythm nor a convincingly nervous one. The Fosseisms, which glue the feet to the floor and keep the center of the body pinched against the pelvis, conceal their awkwardness, but they're also seen competing in the various combinations that form the obstacle course of the audition (ballet, Latin jazz, tap). These combinations are given just the way they would be in a real audition. In the ballet combination, which is taken across the floor four dancers at a time, each lurching quartet performs a gag extraneous to the dancing, though it would be more honest to let the dancing be the gag. For a show built around dancers, "A Chorus Line" is loath to release any of its meanings through dance. Perhaps Bennett doesn't feel much of a commitment to dance as a source of expression. There's a terrible dialogue scene, painful in its factitiousness, in which Cassie and the choreographer-director, who are former lovers, have one of those career-versus-romance quarrels, and he tells her she never understood what his career meant to him—how if he succeeded he wouldn't be "stuck just making up dances." The dances in "A Chorus Line" show us exactly how dreary a fate that would be.

Bennett's talent is evident in the tight pace of the show and the smooth integration of the various confessional arias. Some of these are spoken or sung without interruption; in others the staging splinters and intercuts the material in such a way as to transcend its bathos. And Bennett's staging of "One" transcends his own trite choreography. His device is repetition. So many repeats take place before Robin Wagner's mirrored backdrop (which reverses to disclose a gold-and-silver sunrise) that the formula steps are dramatized into an eternal ritual, an apotheosis of routine. The chorus line seems to stretch into infinity doing its same dumb dance—the only dance that Broadway knows.

ALTHOUGH the limitations of Bob Fosse's dance style became obvious long ago, it is still the pervasive style of Broadway. Its method of closing down and hugging the figure so that the only way it can move is by isolating and preciously featuring anatomical parts makes it a good vehicle for narcissistic display and slithering innuendo. "Chicago" cheapens the style even further, but it is only part of the décor in a generally cheap and vicious show. The tale of a dizzy chorus girl who shoots her lover and then showboats to fame on the publicity surrounding the trial might have made an excellent musical; the song-and-dance styles of the era come practically ready-made. But Chicago in the twenties was probably too easy a subject for Fosse to get wound up in. He has expanded the yellow press and the shyster lawyers of Cook County's worst decade into malign forces with perennial roots in American life. You won't catch anyone doing the Charleston in Fosse's "Chicago;" this is a universal allegory, and Roxie Hart is Arturo Ui.



Even with this preposterous overload to carry, the story might still have worked if there had been some wit and tension in the writing, but there isn't one line that scalds, one clever characterization or turn of plot. Instead, there are wormwood jokes in the staging, like the one about the innocent imprisoned girl who goes up a circus ladder while the band plays merrily and then swings from the gallows in silhouette. "Chicago" goes beyond "Cabaret" in the putrescent horrors of the life it puts before us; I think it goes beyond any other show I have ever seen. Fosse tells us that we not only permit evil to flourish in our midst but actively enjoy it and love making stars out of scheming whores like Roxie Hart. In both its shock imagery and its scabrous text, the show is a frontal assault on the audience. The lawyer (well played by Jerry Orbach) sings a song called "Razzle Dazzle," the burden of which is that with a little glitter before its eyes the public can always be fooled and any no-talent can get by if he knows the tricks. When Roxie and her girl friend from murderesses' row reach the big time in their vaudeville act at the end of the show, they toss roses to the audience, because "you made us what we are." The cynicism is appalling, but the audience takes the bait and applauds as if it were really being complimented. Fosse knows all the tricks; does he want us to think he's a no-talent whose success has been too easy?

With Fosse, as with many choreographer-directors, the image seems to come first, then the meaning that will support it. Many of his images in "Chicago" are unsteadily supported, because he is trying to force a correspondence between Chicago and pre-Nazi Berlin which has no basis in reality. Roxie's husband, a sad fat man, is given a solo in a clown rig that makes him resemble Emil Jannings in "The Blue Angel." "Chicago" is full of odd, elusive conceits like this, which keep it from being boring and may cause people to think of it as a well-staged show,

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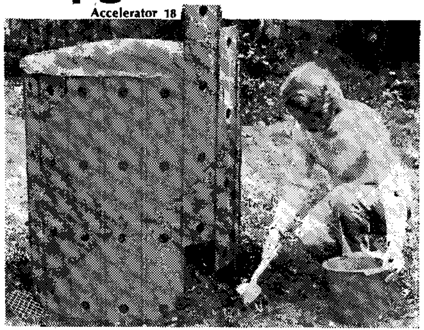

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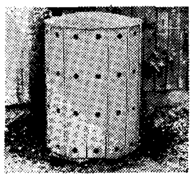

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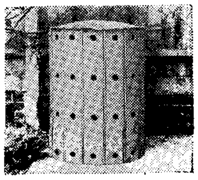

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but it's really an overstaged show—the height of theatrical decadence; everything that we're meant to react to is in the staging. It's strange to think of Fosse as the last German Expressionist—strange that his own decadence as an artist should take such a visually corny and alien form. With Liza Minnelli in the role of Roxie for the next few weeks, the link to "Cabaret" is strengthened, but Liza Minnelli is so easy to take that Fosse's conception of the role is vitiated by her presence. Minnelli is a warm, happy performer whose eagerness to please the audience contradicts Fosse's intention of affronting it. She just can't offend. When she throws the roses, at least part of the applause is a response to her personally. I haven't seen Gwen Verdon do the part, but she doesn't seem to have had much dancing in it; all the strenuous stuff is handled by the hardworking, cheerless Chita Rivera.

Dancers and choreographers were once credited with raising the standards of the musical, but that was in an era when those standards were already high. Music on Broadway has declined along with dance; the two are interdependent. When an art form is in trouble, its practitioners may grow self-serious in an effort to assert the stature of their work. Many show people are looking deep into themselves for something to say and finding that the only subject they know is show business. "A Chorus Line" and "Chicago" are about show business, and each reflects an attempt to make the subject rise to some level of significance above mere entertainment. Musicals are proclaiming their stature; now they're being taken with solemnity by people who never could take them at all.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

The nostalgic craving for the "good old days" is responsible for the boom in the sale of wicker furniture. It provokes thoughts of lawn parties, little girls in white eyelet embroidered dresses playing cricket and Mom and Dad lounging on the porch in wicker rockers, sipping lemonade in long, frosted glasses. —*Dorsey Connors in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

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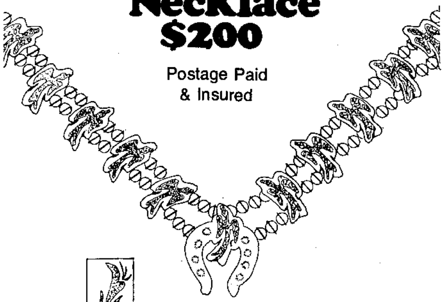

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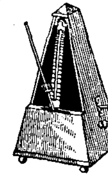

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BOOKS

Short of Goodbye

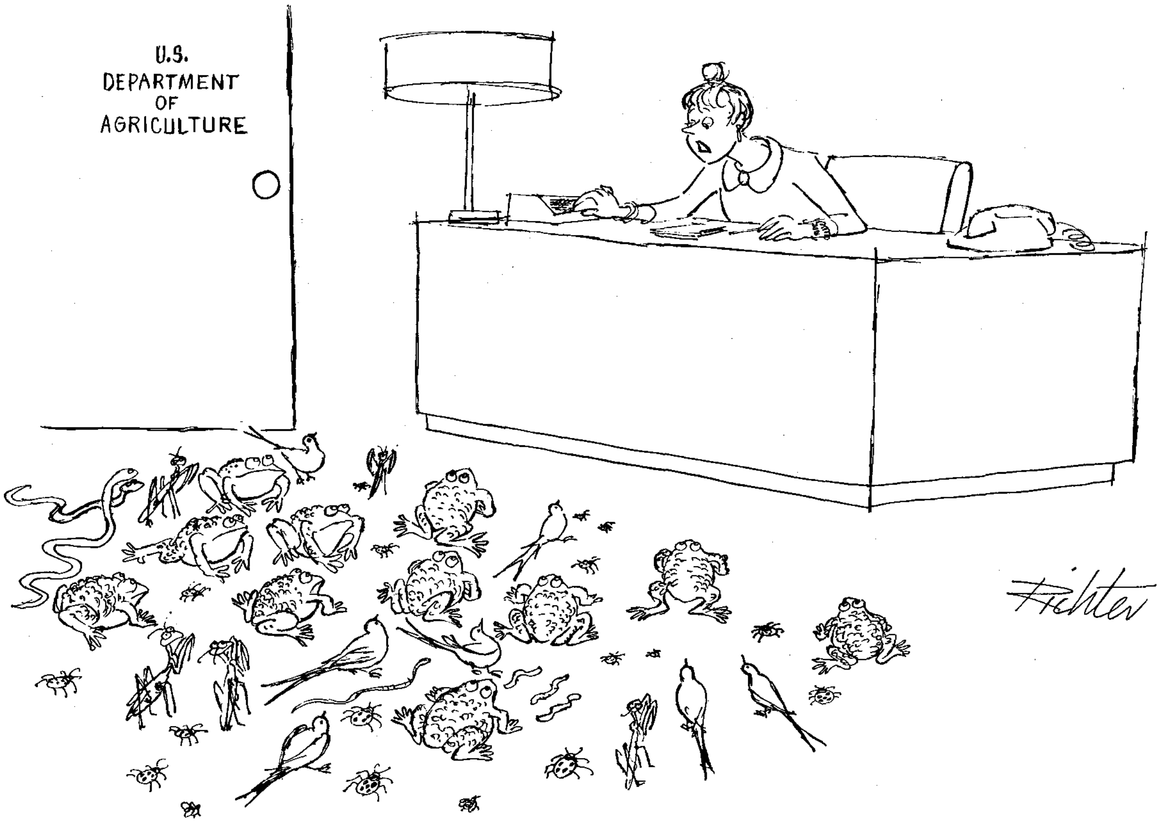
FEW things are harder to fashion than a becoming valedictory. So much to say, so much that it would be wiser not to say! Moreover, one must resist a couple of contrary temptations—the temptation to make one's audience laugh by cocking a brave snook at the miseries and ignominies of age and the temptation to make one's audience weep by hinting at one's imminent escape from every bodily infirmity. The moment is treacherous, the risks high; even the smile, long practiced in secret, with which one confronts the never-to-be-outwitted enemy may prove the occasion for a sudden loss of composure on the part of one's fellows.

Sudden but not unwelcome; one glimpses stout comrades swallowing hard and one imagines them wondering, When will such another come again? In all modesty, that is precisely what one has intended them to wonder. It is why one has chosen to utter a valedictory in the first place. Not in order to speak prophecy, which would soon be found to be untrue, and not in order to give advice, which would be certain to be ignored; rather, to be assured by a visible response, however great or small, that one will be for a little while missed. That incomparable tiny boon, to be experienced only in anticipation—who would not turn somersaults on the loftiest circus platform to achieve it? But somersaults are far from suitable at so late an hour ("You are old, Father William"); they must be turned in youth and not at a leave-taking. No time remains for acrobatics, clown's motley, impudent cries. The note to be struck is that of the dying Socrates to his friends: a note cheerful, matter-of-fact, unencumbered by hope or dread. Remembering that the sacrifice of a cock is owed, and to whom it is owed. Observing with interest that one's extremities grow cold. Speaking the words just short of goodbye.

Jean Renoir's "My Life and My Films" (Atheneum) is a model valedictory. The voice, still vigorous, is never raised in anger, never strident with grimly husbanded grudges. The author has lived a long time, and he has had a good time; with God be the rest. Or possibly not so much with God as with gods, for Renoir is a pagan, an old believer, and he appears to have little confidence in a conventional Christian Heaven, swarming with resurrected friends and lovers. From time to time, he pays lip service to that *grand peut-être*, as when he writes of his assistant Jacques Becker, "I cannot get used to the idea that Jacques is dead. He was my brother and my son; I cannot believe that he is now rotting in his grave. I would sooner think that he is waiting for me in some corner of the next world, waiting for us to make another film together." It seems plain that while Renoir would "sooner" think one thing, he actually thinks another; the ring of conviction is reserved for "now rotting in his grave." To the pagan, that is what this lovely, ever-to-be-cherished life must come to. It is what must be faced without regret or remorse and even with joy.

Renoir was born into the Mediterranean sunlight, and he played as a child under the olive trees at Les Collettes (where later he was to shoot the film "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe"). The fauns, nymphs, and satyrs among whom he was raised—and who, in order not to upset the neighbors, conveniently took the form of cats, dogs, rabbits, monkeys, and especially lizards—taught him to value the testimony of the senses and to be skeptical of the intellect, with its damnable eagerness to dissect the world. Young Jean's skepticism was much strengthened by his cranky, delightful father, who at Jean's birth was in his middle fifties and could therefore be looked up to almost as a grandfather, with the diminution of male rivalry within the family that that relationship implies. Renoir has written lovingly and at length about his father in an earlier book ("Renoir, My Father"), and we sense the old man, sharp-tongued but affectionate, as a continuous presence in the background of this one. For the artist-father has been the supreme figure in the life of the artist-son, as the son has no difficulty in acknowledging:

> I have spent my life trying to determine the extent of the influence of my father upon me, passing over the periods when I did my utmost to escape from it to dwell upon those when my mind was filled with the precepts I thought I had gleaned from him. When I started to make films I went out of my way to repudiate my father's principles; but, strangely, it is precisely in the productions where I thought I had avoided Renoir's aesthetics that his influence is most apparent. I use the word "aesthetics" because I can-



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not think of a better. My father would not have approved. In fact, it was a philosophy which he practised as much in life as in painting. He considered that the world is a whole, comprised of parts which fit together, and that its equilibrium is dependent on every piece.

This belief in the oneness of the world manifested itself in Renoir in his love of all living things. When he walked through the fields he would do a curious dance to avoid crushing a dandelion. He believed that in destroying an ant one might be upsetting the balance of a whole empire. It is my subconscious faith in the clear-sightedness of Renoir that causes me to be attracted to those beings whom the world calls "simple" but who probably possess a small fragment of the eternal wisdom—for example, Pierre Champagne.

The felicitously named Champagne deserves a paragraph or two to himself, not only on his merits as a character but because Renoir's way of writing about him, as about many other dear friends, displays a combination of tenderness and stoicism which one thinks of as typically pagan and still more typically meridional: there are mistrals blowing along that shore as well as sunlight dazzling it. It appears that Champagne had two grand passions: one was helping Renoir make movies, and the other was Bugattis. "He would sometimes stop alongside a Bugatti and address its owner," Renoir writes. " 'Excuse me, Monsieur. Would you mind if I raised the bonnet of your car?' [The translation from the French, by Norman Denny, is into English English.] The owner would stare at him in astonishment. 'But what do you want to do that for?' . . . 'Just to have a look at it.' . . . He was tall and thin with a profile like an eagle's beak. He looked like Don Quixote. The owner of the car would smilingly consent. One has to humour the insane. Pierre would raise the bonnet, stroke the engine, check the level of oil, congratulate the owner on the admirable lubrication of the brake pedal and go on his way, leaving the owner charmed by their encounter."

Renoir notes that people were astonished by his insisting upon using Champagne as a performer in his movies: "They could understand my need to associate with a 'simple' man but to go so far as to admit him to the noble profession of acting was excessive. . . . Such as he was, he invested the parts he played with an unanswerable authenticity. Unfortunately, it was not an authenticity which applied to the characters he thought he was interpreting. . . . This inability to change himself obviously worked to the detriment of the plot. When he appeared on the screen it was as though one were watching another story. I did not let this trouble

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me." In almost the same lighthearted, conversational tone, Renoir tells of Champagne's horrifying death:

> When, after "Marquitta" [Renoir's first commercial film], in which he played the part of a taxi-driver, Pierre Champagne at last realized his ambition to own a Bugatti (but, mark you, no ordinary Bugatti, one of the "Brescia" type), his first thought was to take me out for a trial spin. He drove at full speed along one of the roads through the Forest of Fontainebleau. A car in front of us had had an oil leakage and left a slippery patch behind it. The Bugatti went out of control on this patch of oil and spun around, flinging us both out. Pierre landed on a heap of stones and was killed instantly. I landed on a grassy bank and woke up to find myself in a van filled with game. It belonged to two poachers who were going to sell their bag in Paris, at Les Halles. In going out of their way to take me to hospital they risked being arrested. I am profoundly grateful to them. Moreover, I owe them the idea for my stage play, "Orvet."

A cool customer, Renoir! Like all artists, he finds that whatever befalls him, whether fortunate or unfortunate, is grist to his mill, and he can scarcely wait to begin the grinding of it. Pierre, whom he truly loved, is dead, and his death is disposed of in eleven words. Renoir himself has just enjoyed the narrowest possible escape from death, and, lying in the back of the van, he begins to speculate upon the nature of his rescuers. He is helpless not to do so. Almost any change in the circumstances of his life is apt to demand that it be expressed in his work. The results of his labors, if they are successful, may be termed art, but Renoir is impatient with the word. "Art is not a calling in itself," he writes, "but the way in which one exercises a calling, and also the way in which one performs any human activity. I will give you my definition of art: art is 'making.' "

All his life, Renoir has been an impassioned maker, and it is for this reason that he writes, in old age, of his astonishment at finding himself retired. He has been describing his adventures in the First World War:

> My time in the trenches was cut short by a German bullet. I was wounded in the leg, and this had a great influence on me. I was destined to limp for the rest of my life. Paradoxically, I consider this an advantage. A person who limps does not see life in the same way as someone who does not limp. But I directed films as much with my legs as with my head, and the result of that wound, which never healed, was that four years ago, at the age of seventy-five, I had to abandon a career which, to my mind, was only just beginning.

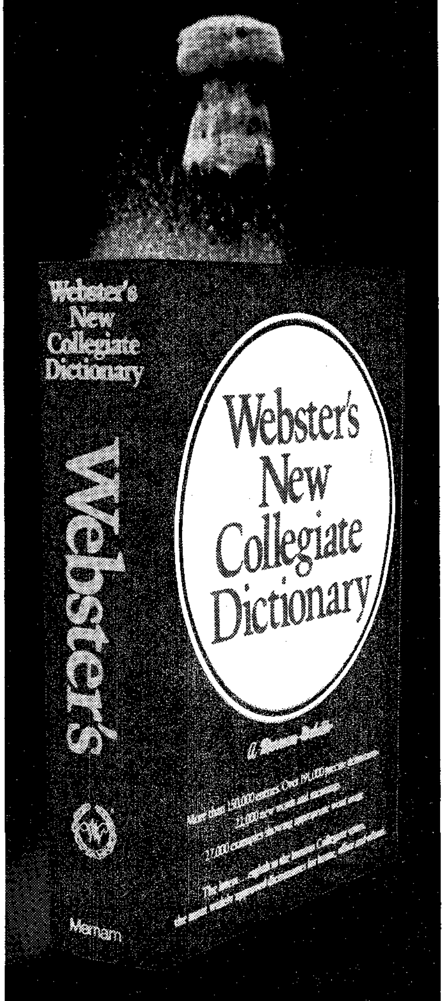
It was a career in the course of which he directed almost forty films, in France, the United States, and India. The title of the book hints that we will be hearing as much about the films as about his life, but it is not so. Having explained that the book does not contain a catalogue of his films because that work has already been done elsewhere, by André Bazin, he proceeds to discuss eight or nine films largely as the occasion for anecdotes about "those persons and events which I believe have played a part in making me what I am." On filmmaking as an occupation he is often witty:

> Throughout my life I have tried to make filmmaker's films, not from vanity but because God instilled in me the desire to establish my identity and proclaim it to an audience that may be large or small, brilliant or lamentable, enthusiastic or scornful. What I like about the filmmaker's form of exhibitionism is that he does not manifest himself physically but modestly conceals himself behind the characters who bring his works to life. God has not made me a hero. I am afraid of violence and I find it highly convenient to send actors to suffer in my place. Subsequently I have to pay for this false security, but the fact that I have no contact with the public during the execution of the work fills me with daring. I own a dog who is like that.

"I own a dog who is like that." A man capable of setting down those words is likely to prove irresistible, and the temptation to keep on quoting from such a man is also very nearly irresistible, but resist it one must. If Renoir is a model valedictorian, it is in part because he knows that one does not fill the goblet of wine to the brim, does not talk the candle down to its guttering; to a nicety he has gauged our eagerness to have him tell us more, and so with a wave of his hand he slips away: a smiling old man who remains uncannily the good-hearted, golden-haired child whom Gabrielle, cousin and nursemaid and model, held in her arms as the fierce old father painted them.

At seventy-three, Harold Clurman is far from ready to speak his valedictory. He calls his latest book "All People Are Famous," giving it the parenthetical subtitle "Instead of an Autobiography" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). It is plain that to his way of thinking autobiography is for people some decades older than he and weaker in wind and leg and joy in living. One imagines Mr. Clurman preparing to undertake his life story with undiminished noisy clurmania—the "Merck Manual" curiously fails to define "clurmania" as "an irrepressible state of exceptional excitement and well-being"—on his hundredth birthday. This pleasing event will no doubt be celebrated at the Russian Tea Room, among a large

ef·fer·ves·cent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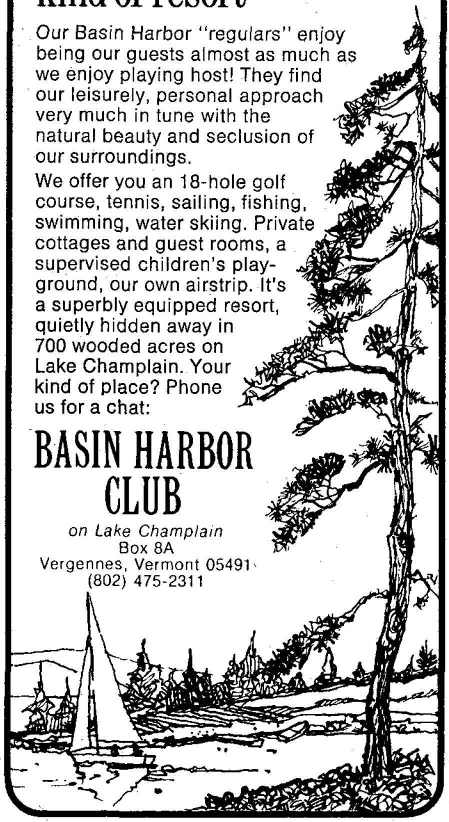

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army of vigorous and distinguished companions, invisibly accompanied by a still larger army of vigorous and distinguished ghosts. The author scatters with relish across his pages the names of many living friends—Pamela Tiffin, Andrew Sarris, Harold Prince, Andy Warhol, Maureen Stapleton, Harold Pinter, Kenneth Tynan, Jacqueline Onassis, Edward Albee, Claire Bloom, Arlene Francis, Penelope Gilliatt—and, enviably gifted and attractive as these contemporaries may be, they cannot fail to seem to the goggle-eyed reader but a patch on the great dead with whom Clurman has found himself in some relation or another throughout his life. One observes with reluctance that a few of the relations noted in the book have been literally passing ones (as a pedestrian in Paris in his youth, Mr. Clurman fell in with the funeral cortège of Saint-Saëns, and neither party to this transaction can be said to have been much the gainer from it), but the number of world-famous people with whom Clurman has achieved a fruitful intimacy is formidable. He does well to let us share this intimacy with him.

In person, Clurman tends to speak in short, fervent bursts, not unlike so many Chinese salutes exploding in the sunny air of a particularly happy Fourth of July. The wise reader of "All People Are Famous" will picture at least one or two exclamation points per anecdote in the case of Maeterlinck, Dreiser, John Barrymore, Odets, Boulanger, George Jean Nathan, Ralph Richardson, Irwin Shaw, Copland, Sinclair Lewis, Stravinsky, and the like. Clurman's breathlessness of tone is an endearing weakness; he has an excellent mind, and it is natural for him to make an effort to discover his peers and to enjoy their company. He mentions that a former wife, Stella Adler, once chided him "for not seeking out, in fact for deliberately avoiding, people who had 'made it.' It seemed to her that I cultivated the obscure." A singular rebuke to have addressed to Clurman, and what is still more singular is that he appears to believe it. The fact is that of some sixty persons listed on a single page of the very long index—a page chosen at random—not a one had failed to "make it" to an extravagant degree. And why not? There is no more virtue in being obscure than there is vice in being celebrated. Clurman the director and critic has written in earlier and perhaps more serious books about his professional career. This book is of another sort. It has been written *en pantoufles*, in praise of friends and in praise of life. The words that spring naturally to the author's lips are not those just short of goodbye; they are a drumfire of ebullient hellos. Someday Clurman may write a book about the adventure of old age, but that day is a long way off. In spite of the adage, it is nearly always earlier than you think and not later. That is what the lucky people know, and Clurman is one of them.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Looking on Darkness, by André P. Brink (Morrow). Political injustice and the indignities and horrors of South African race hatred are the subjects of this novel, which was banned by the South African Supreme Court for being "pornographic, blasphemous, and Communistic." While it is certainly none of these things, neither is it by any means the "major literary achievement" it is being called by its publisher. For one thing, Mr. Brink is white, and his narrator—an actor of mixed European-African descent who has been imprisoned for murdering his white mistress—simply never sounds right. The tone of outrage seems real enough, but there's more European-café than backwater-slave-quarter in his voice.

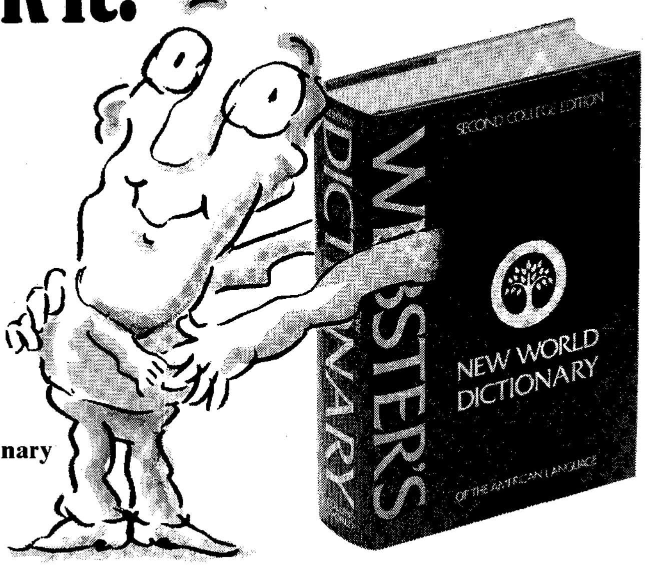
Duo and Le Toutounier, by Colette, translated from the French by Margaret Crosland (Bobbs-Merrill). Two short novels, both originally published in France in the nineteen-thirties. Although they were published five years apart ("Duo" in 1934, "Le Toutounier" in 1939), the two are linked in story and mood. The first, which is set in a summer house in the Dauphiné, tells the story of a couple whose ten-year marriage is destroyed when the husband discovers that his wife has had a brief affair with a colleague a while earlier. Eventually, the husband commits suicide. The second novel follows the woman to Paris, where she finds solace and shelter in her warm, disorderly childhood apartment, still shared by two of her three big, emotional, eccentric sisters with "Annamite noses." Neither book, alas, shows Colette at her best. In the first, the usual lyrical descriptions of flowers, light, country smells, and common household objects are, for once, intrusive. In the second, the fey, sensual, anti-masculine world of the sisters is charmingly described, but Colette's frequent use of the cloying private girlhood language of the sisters ("My *jolie!* My little blue *guézézi!* My little *boudi!* Just see how badly everyone's treating you! My *picouciau*") is indicative of the precious, sentimental quality of the story as a whole.

Money Is Love, by Richard Condon (Dial). This satirical fantasy about a tussle between the Hellenic gods and the angels and devils of the Judeo-Christian pantheon over the souls of a few venal, oversexed New Yorkers comes close to posing a recipe for an unreadable book: Begin with a thin idea, add absurd complications, cast them in your own jargon (the angels and devils are called the Joint Commission for the Evaluation of Sin), reduce all the characters to Punch-and-Judy puppets, and sprinkle everything with strained allusions and banal jokes. The only sign of a good book here is that Mr. Condon—a successful author, admired by many intelligent readers—seems to be enjoying himself. How that state was induced is a mystery of the first order.

GENERAL

Young Thomas Hardy, by Robert Gittings (Atlantic-Little, Brown). Thomas Hardy tried to shape his posthumous reputation by writing his own biography and destroying many papers that would support a different version. The biography, published under his second wife's name, tends to suppress his lower-class roots and gives the impression that, in Mr. Gittings' words, "Hardy had no contact at all with young women from the time he was sixteen to the age of twenty-nine, when he met his first wife." The natural result has been the opposite of what Hardy hoped: many readers have assumed that he had something to hide, and a number of them have invented lurid stories to fill in the gaps. Mr. Gittings' admirable book debunks a notable recent example of such speculation and, through a careful examination of the remaining evidence, shows which tentative hypotheses might make sense; his acquaintance with the traditions and records of Hardy's native Dorset is particularly impressive. Far from avoiding women, the young Hardy appears to have been infatuated with several of them, and, before his marriage, must have found himself in a ticklish two-timing situation. In

To know it is to grok it.



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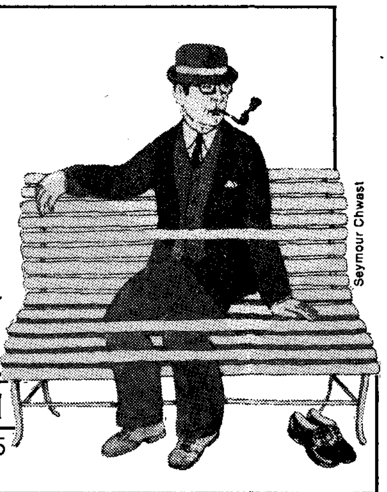

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other respects, he was somewhat conventional—the plucky lower-class lad who makes good—and Mr. Gittings shows special interest in the less conventional aspects of his story. Prominent among these is the sad figure of Hardy's friend and mentor Horace Moule, who reviewed books for *The Saturday Review*, was always generous and encouraging, never fulfilled his own academic promise, and killed himself at the age of forty-one. Mr. Gittings argues that after Moule's death Hardy's writing took the deep, sombre turn for which it is chiefly known. Indeed, as Mr. Gittings shows, some of the most intense symbols in Hardy's writing had their origin in the youth he was so reluctant to admit. This book is distinguished for its biographical research, and also—not surprisingly, since Mr. Gittings is himself a poet—for the good taste of its poetry criticism.

CLOSING TIMES, by Dan Davin (Oxford). The author, a New Zealander of Irish extraction now a resident of England and an officer of the Oxford University Press, recalls in this splendid memoir the pleasures he had for many years in the company of seven writers and boon companions, all of them more or less recently dead—Julian Maclaren-Ross, W. R. Rodgers, Louis MacNeice, Enid Starkie, Joyce Cary, Dylan Thomas, and Itzik Manger, an obscure Yiddish poet. These friends (with the possible exception of Cary) were all "hard men"—good drinkers—and the scenes of Mr. Davin's recollections are largely the pubs of London and of (in Cary's phrase) that "hotbed of cold feet" Oxford. There is much talk here of writing, and many good, gossipy anecdotes, but very little intellectuality; the author preferred "to avoid the more intellectually ambitious kinds of conversation." There is also good feeling—a warmhearted appreciation of happy, idle hours and of strongly talented people working, not always successfully, against the inevitability of closing time. Portraits of the author's friends.

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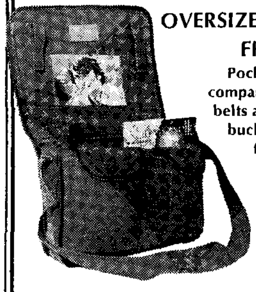

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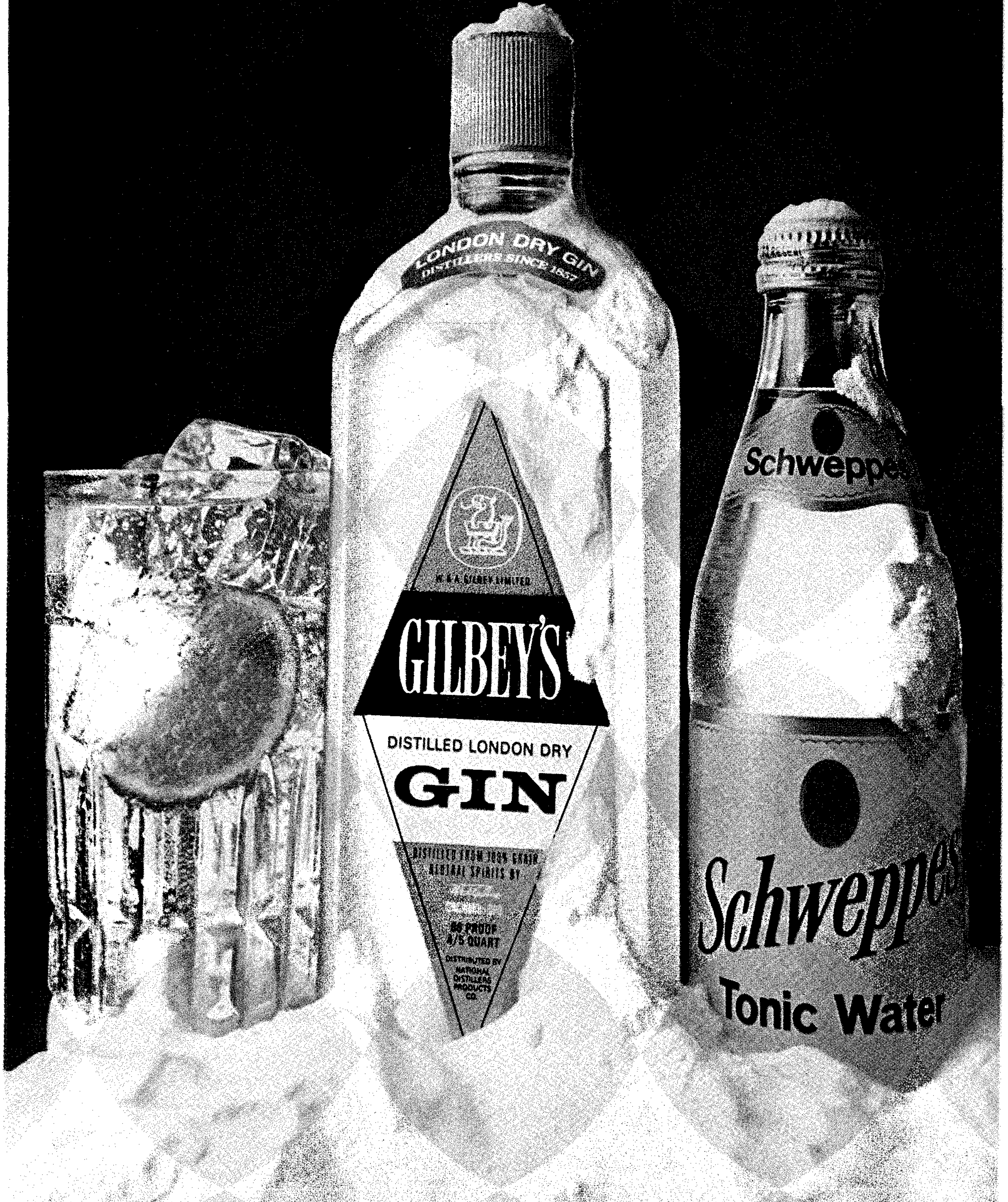
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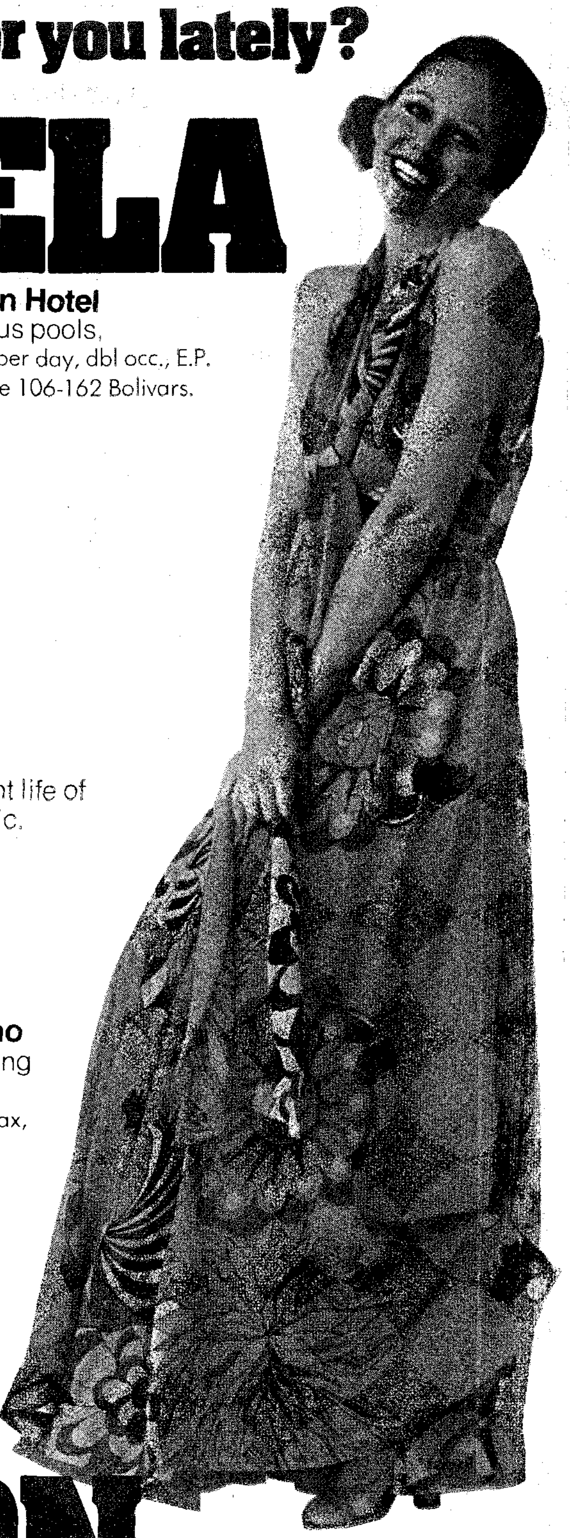

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